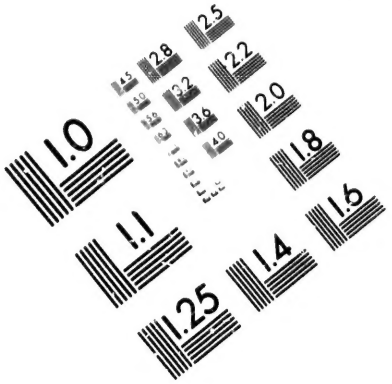

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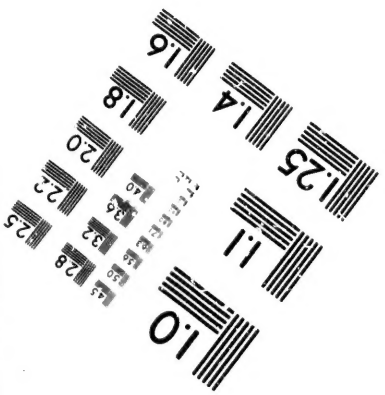

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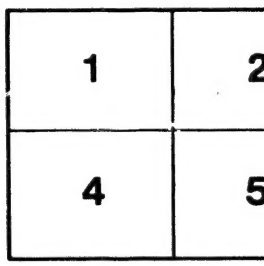

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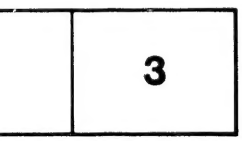

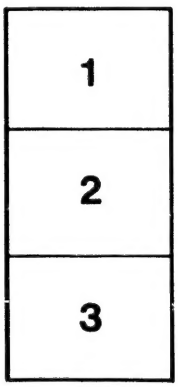

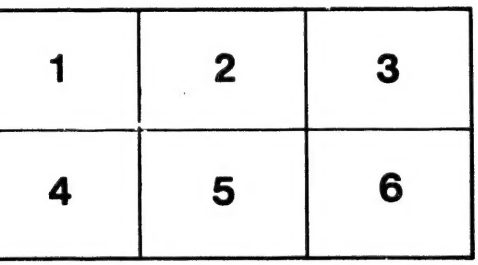

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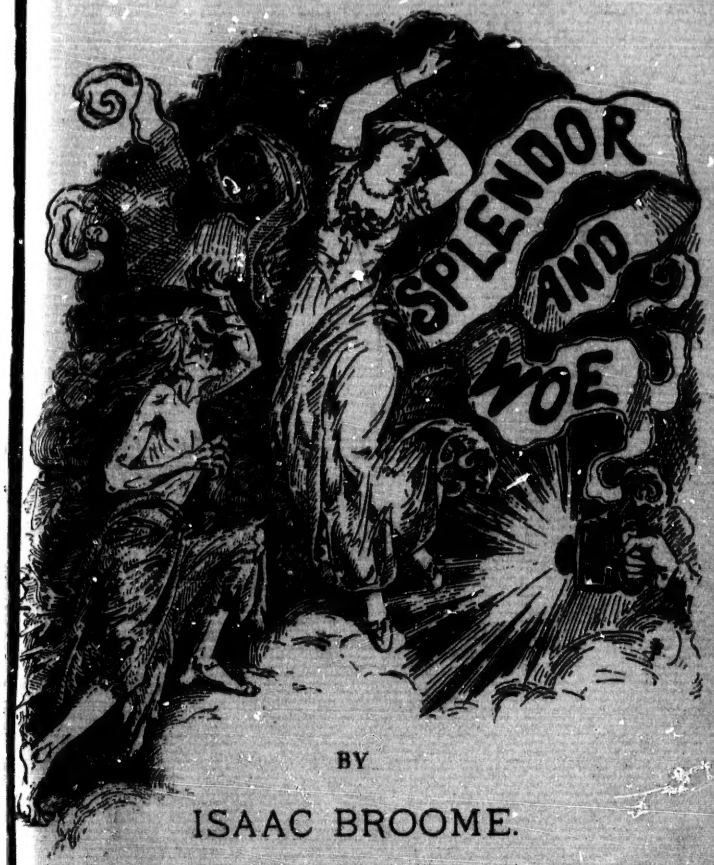

BY

ISAAC BROOME.

PATERSON, N. J.:
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1890.

[PRICE] [35 CTS.]

"THE BROTHER."

Splendor and Woe.

BY ISAAC BROOME.

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"It is a condition, not a theory,"

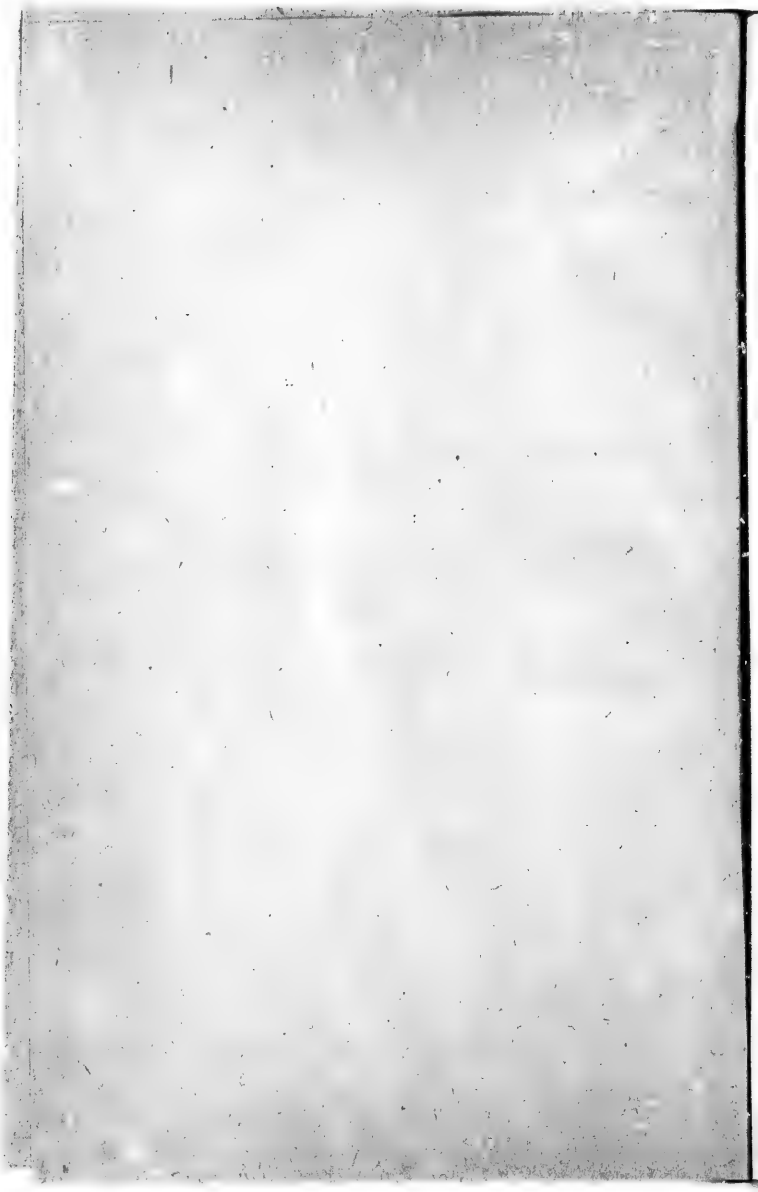
GROVER CLEVELAND.

"What are you going to do about it?"

WILLIAM TWEED.

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



PREFACE.

Some work in sculpture that I had to do for the Paris Exposition of 1889 brought me back to New York City after an absence of twelve years, affording me an opportunity to observe what social changes had occurred in the metropolis during that interval. The silent press invited the natural supposition that the labor reform movement inaugurated at the time Henry George's book, "Progress and Poverty" made its appearance, was completely dead. Imagine my surprise at finding the largest audiences in New York City attending "the American public School and anti-Poverty crusade" under the leadership of the excommunicated priest McGlynn, who in a competitive vote for the most popular citizen, received nearly 156,000. I found also that the Socialists were holding well organized meetings all over the city. Labor societies were studying economic questions. The Single Taxists were active and abundant. The Philosophical Anarchists had large, successful gatherings under the leadership of Hugh O. Pentecost, who had left the pulpit for that purpose. The Nationalist movement through the philosophy presented in Bellamy's story of "Looking Backward," had rapidly sprung into great life, spreading like wildfire over the United States. While numberless lectures and debates by advanced thinkers on economic subjects were listened to by

anxious, inquiring throngs of people. President Cleveland had been downed by the private corporations of the country on account of his message to the 50th Congress warning the people of the danger of trusts. And his successor had been elected by a powerful capitalistic combination to represent and care for their special interests in grasping all the material wealth of the United States. In England a gigantic, business paralysing strike had succeeded under the sudden emergence of Socialistic power and the leadership of John Burns. The "Times" conspiracy to destroy Parnell and the Liberal movement in Ireland had met with disasterous failure, causing breaks in the Tory ranks. The downfall of Bismarkian tyranny was witnessed in Germany, caused by a powerful increase of State Socialists votes at the elections. In one short and memorable year Ballot reform was inaugurated and established. The press everywhere had abandoned its open hostility to economic ideas and movements, and even the most conservative magazines were made interesting by the astonishing introduction of economic articles, for which an universal and eager demand seemed to suddenly spring up among the reading public.

In addition to all this the Centennial celebration of Washington's inaugural took place in New York City with unusual pomp and ceremony; an account of which is given by the spirit of Edward Pureheart in the second century after. To all of which we will introduce the reader through the kindness of the unfortunate Comus, whose raillery against absurdities brought him so many calamities.

"THE BROTHER."

CHAPTER I.

COMUS' ARRIVAL. THE NEW ZEALAND COLONY.

Sounds of merriment were heard proceeding from a group of people who were enjoying the summer evening on the sloping bank of a broad river. The twilight had ended and was but faintly visible on the western horizon. Night had fairly settled in and the group had provided for the darkness by some strange instrument, which they placed on the grass lawn, that illuminated the place like an electric light. Evidently they were preparing to retire to avoid the evening dews and were having some mirth-provoking pleasantry among themselves before their departure to a mansion that stood on a terraced rise of the slope near by.

Suddenly a noise in the air like the whirr of a sky rocket was heard and the group was startled by seeing the figure of a man come tumbling through the air and rolling over and over on the grass near where they stood. A stream of sparks of red fire was in the sky in the direction from whence he came that as suddenly retreated, disappearing from view leaving a dis-

agreeable sulphurous odor behind.

The man who tumbled on the grass as though he had been shot out of a cannon, appeared to be unhurt and sat up at once; looking around to see where he was, the light on the lawn and the group of people seemed to surprise and amus him, for immediately he began to laugh. This conduct dispelled the fear of the group at the singular introduction of this stranger from the skies, who continued laughing violently as he said, at the way the Devil was fooled; old 'Cloots' thought to banish him to the desolate island where New York formerly stood, but here were people, lawns, houses, and a good place to live in. If the old Devil had only chased him a little farhter and had not been so blinded by anger he would have found people hefe and pretty soon an old time New York lawyer would have been commissioned to get him some customers; and again he commenced laughing heartily.

"Have you many people here?" he inquired, when he had regained his breath.

"Yes, a great many," the group replied.

"Well, well, well; you must be all angels, for the Devil doesn't know it, ha! ha! ha! None of your folks ever get down to see his drawing room, ha! ha! ha!"

"Are you crazy that you carry on in this way?" asked one of the gentlemen of the group.

"No, I am not crazy; far from it. I am perfectly conscious and quite sane, I assure you."

"Who are you then?"

"Who am I! My name is Comus."

"Where did you come from?"

"I came from Hell. Did you not see the streak of fire the old Devil left behind when he landed me on the barren island, as he thought? Why, I can smell the sulphur yet. He always smells strongly of sulphur when he is mad, ha! ha! ha!"

"You take us for children, or superstitious savages," replied a gentleman in the group.

"Oh, no, I think nothing of the kind. You can believe what you please about my statements, but I assure you that was the Devil that you saw in the air; and he chased me here because I kept up such fun in Hell that the people did not half feel their torture. Old 'Cloots' finally got mad about it and drove me out with his fork, and so I am here."

"How did you get to Hell?" asked the gentleman.

"Why, I thought every one knew that. Don't you know that Jupiter drove me out of Heaven for making fun of Venus? And I had no place to go except to Hell, so I thought to make the best of it, which I did. Oh! we had a jolly time; but the old Devil would not have fun down there, so the meanest place he thought to chase me to was the ground where New York used to be. The New Yorkers are nearly all down there; and Washington and Jefferson told the folks on the planet Jupiter that they had invoked the Spirit of destruction and wiped out the few savage descendents of the New York lawyers, leaving only an old vault standing that contained some books left by a man called "The Brother" a hundred years before."

Getting up on his feet, Comus inquired if they knew anything of the vault, and if it had ever been found,

stating that he knew where to look for it; that he had seen New York in Nineteenth century times and knew all the people who were in Hell, and could locate it at once, if it still existed.

The people in the group informed him that it had been found and its contents were all preserved, and that he could have the pleasure of inspecting the records in the museum if he wished.

"You are a singular visitor sir, and come to us from a strange country that we would like to know more about should you be inclined to grant us the favor; and we will extend to you our hospitality if you desire, requesting only that you play us no tricks for we have read of your character as represented in the mythologies. A god who has lived with Jupiter may hardly need the hospitality of mortals, still we know of no other way than to treat you like one of ourselves."

"Thanks," replied Comus. "The gods know no higher virtue than a true and generous hospitality; and no greater vice than its abuse. I may be expelled from Heaven and Hell for my excessive mirth, but I am still a God and know the value of, and how to respect, the attributes that exalt both god and man. You, friends, may have no fear of Comus. If you can bear my unfortunate vice of mimicry, in all other respects, you will find me not wanting."

"Your sentiments are in accord with our own, humor is not considered with us a vice, and we heartily bid you welcome. Will you walk within?"

The interior of the house was cheerfully lighted and a number of friends, who had gathered for even-

ing amusement, took great interest in the peculiar stranger, who did not suffer from embarrassment on account of his appearance, or from being the object of so much attraction in a company of charming people who were as unreserved as children, and as frank in their inquiries and expressions of wonder.

The young man who extended to Comus the invitation to partake of their hospitality, now seen in the brilliantly illuminated apartment, presented a face and brow of extraordinary intellectual beauty, coupled with a phisique quite as remarkable for its manly proportions and vigor, that resembled strongly the Belvidere Apollo. He had remained observant and thoughtful during the introduction of Comus, but as soon as the first flush of conversation relaxed, the opportunity was embraced to inquire of Comus what he knew about "the Brother" who had left the strange records of Nineteenth century times in the vault; stating that he was exceedingly desirous to study the character of the man who had, amidst such antagonistic surroundings and under such adverse circumstances, been able to eliminate the true basis on which society could only properly exist; and confer so great a blessing upon the present civilization, by transmitting his sublime reasoning on the causes that had destroyed every effort of man to reach the civilized state, with such labor and skill that, but for him, the useful knowledge of that wonderful period, would have been entirely lost, leaving society to redevelop itself again, in the same manner as all other previous civilizations, with the same defects and with the same dis-

astrous results.

"I can give you the most minute information respecting "The Brother," replied Comus, but it is first necessary to inspect his histories and records. To make the matter clear much would require to be said about the state of society of those times, and of the peculiar characters that were developed out of their conditions. If you will kindly permit me I would like to introduce the subject by inquiring how you came here, for I understood that the only human beings now existing on the earth were the idle savages who inhabit the tropics, living by the chase."

"With pleasure, sir. Helena, will you bring me from the library grand-father's history of 'The Voyage from New Zealand?'

"Here, sir, is a work written by one of the voyagers who settled on ancient New York, who arrived just ten years after some violent natural catastrophe happened on this island; the time we could judge from the growth of plants upon its surface. The indications of such an upheaval, or inundation, which ever it was, did not deter our ancestors from locating here, because they had left a more dangerous country and were willing to take any risk on account of the beautiful bay and the noble waters emptying into it.

"This history explains the disasters that had happened to the various countries of Europe, Asia, America, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. How the gigantic operations of commerce and production were concentrated in the hands of a few persons, in the several countries, who controlled all the wealth

and absorbed all the earnings of the people, until a savage resistance was developed among the suffering people, who finally came to starve for food; that brought on insurrection in every country, against which the monopolists and their paid adherents struggled until all wealth was destroyed. The few remaining people who survived were of the meanest sort and were obliged to subsist as savages.

"In the interior of New Zealand was a fertile valley, somewhat inaccessible by mountains where our fore-fathers dwelt in a quiet, primitive, agricultural community. None were more wealthy than the rest, all were on a plane of social equality. Their distance from the great centres of trade obliged them to produce for themselves, such implements and manufactures as they needed. Monopoly had not developed with them at the time of the crisis throughout the great commercial nations consequently they, by their isolated geographical position and simple life, escaped the catastrophe that blotted out civilization from the entire face of the earth. For when the crash came in one of the great countries it broke out rapidly in all the rest; every locality becoming a centre of insurrection, so that concentration of force to crush it was impossible.

"With the obliteration of the postal service, the news papers and shipping, our fore-fathers lost trace of what had occurred in the great nations, and when no means of communication revived, they naturally came to the conclusion that the rest of the world had shared the same fate as New Zealand.

"Their colony grew somewhat, so that they were enabled to establish communication with the coast, where they planted a good strong colony, with the result of finally constructing some small sea-worthy vessels, rigging them with their own manufactured ropes and canvass. The occasion of this was because volcanic eruptions were increasing throughout the island, convincing them that the time was near when necessity would oblige them to vacate their beautiful and productive valley, where they lived in peace and happiness, and seek some other part of the world free from volcanic dangers.

"At last they decided to start fourteen of their best vessels on a voyage of discovery, with the intention of seeking a home in North America, providing the condition of that country would permit it. The honest and affectionate people seperated from their loved ones to practically go to an unknown world. Of course they had their old maps, geographies, and books containing information of the world as it existed in their fathers' time, so that there was much to guide them as to coasts, ocean currents, trade winds, and the various climates. They also were acquainted with astronomy and had the mariners compass. With these advantages they made their way southward rounding the African cape, for they had correctly supposed that the Suez canal might be destroyed and impassable.

"It was not without hardship and great danger that they managed to keep together, meeting at different points of the coast, when they lost each other or became scattered, while making their way northward to

the Azore islands, for along the coast were found many dangerous white savages, who were extremely cunning and cruel murderers. Superior discipline among the navigators, enabled them to protect themselves during the entire route.

"From the Azore islands they succeeded in gaining the South American coast, where they found only savages, but in the tropics they were not so dangerous.

"The voyage northward was made by the West Indies along the Florida, Carolina, and Virginian coasts, with but one dangerous storm off cape Hatteras, from which they escaped with comparatively little damage, entering at last the Bay of New York which was found uninhabited, except by wild beasts."

"What would the New York politicians say to this story, could I only get back and tell it It? would be a fine supplement to the old fourth of July orations, and the spread-eagle buncombe that set the American idiots to yelling and the fire crackers popping. Oh! those were funny times!" And Comus chuckled down in his throat till it was some time before the young man could continue his story.

"Well, our fore-fathers commenced to care for their ships so as to keep them in good order for their crews to return and bring the rest of their friends to the new home which they had selected here. As soon as this was done, the colonists began to erect houses and prepare the ground for crops, to provide for the future. It was early spring and they managed to plant and harvest enough food on Long Island to secure them for the next year, as well as to provision their

crews for the return voyage, which was now made directly to the Azores. The next year more of the colonists came, and at the end of five years the entire New Zealand community was transferred to America, with the aid of a few additional vessels which they constructed."

"Brave fellows!" said Comus.

"Have you ever heard of Columbus and Magellan, and the hardy men who first discovered America?"

"Oh yes, we have preserved our histories and know all the ancient world and their doings.

"One of the first things that happened on the Island was the discovery of 'the Brother's' vault and the remarkable histories, together with the description of the scientific machines and the drawings of them. Beside the vault was a small tomb to the memory of 'Oony Mcguire, a victim of society,' which excited great curiosity, but we could never unravel the mystery. Do you know anything of that?"

"Yes; I will tell you of it some time."

"The records of the vault so agitated the minds of our fore-fathers that they held a council to put in practice, for their future government, the advice of 'the Brother.' And this unknown man is the founder of our civilization, whose wonders you will see for yourself, under which we have lived happily, without strife or contention, ever since. And we are only too happy now to be able to learn more particularly of his individuality, so that we may not worship him; but honor ourselves by honoring his memory.

"The great inventions of the Nineteenth century be-

gan to be studied by our young men and soon, by the aid of 'the Brother's' carefully prepared records, we were able to produce the machines, one after another, until finally all were accomplished and our people, through the study and practice, under more favorable social conditions than the Nineteenth century people had, far surpassed the inventions of that day, completing many useful things that they only vaguely dreamed of. Simply because the people of our times were free from the individual strain of providing for their livelihood, and were not obliged to barter their ideas and inventions to the greedy, cheating monopolists of that day."

"Ah! those poor devils of inventors died one after another from starvation. There was a show of justice in the courts but the poor fellows had not the money to defend themselves, from the rapacious rich robbers who took their inventions and used them defiantly. When the poor devils raised a little money and applied to the courts for justice, the rich men postponed the trial and fought it for years, until the inventors were exhausted and gave up the contest, or died broken hearted, when the robbers went on happily, became rich and honored, indeed, almost worshipped. It was hard on the poor inventors; but grand for rich robbers. The poor fellows of that day used to have a superstition with which they comforted themselves, which was to the effect, 'that those who acquired wealth by injustice, would come to an evil end.' You could not believe what a satisfaction they took out of this notion, and how persistent they were in this be-

lief, even with the facts of the permanent success of the greatest scoundrels in all ages before their eyes. It was one of the funny things of those times.

"The courts of justice! ha! ha! ha! Why, to obtain justice, you had to have plenty of money for the court expenses and the lawyers. Justice was not protective to the weak and helpless; it had to be paid for. No very rich criminal could be punished, even for murder. You need not stare; it is a fact. The political robbers managed to appoint, or elect, the prosecuting attorney who would humbug the people and kill the case somehow, so that the robbers could not be brought to justice or punished. When the corrupt governors appointed the judge, or when the judges were elected by the degraded and uneducated scum, is it not natural that the judges would be such as must decide for the interests of their masters, who were the robbers and the scum? When things became so bad that injustice was openly and defiantly done and all governmental virtue was lost, a few reformers arose who partially or wholly denounced the corruptions, but they were laughed to scorn or killed, generally after legal form, the wretches whom they tried to save assisting and enjoying the murder of these good fellows. Ha! ha! ha! Oh! the Nineteenth century people were dandies in the way of justice."

"Your statements," said Helena "agree with those of our great master, 'the Brother', excepting that his account is sad and serious, entirely without the amusement you seem to enjoy from the misfortunes of those wretched people. I think should you read the history

of the crushed toilers that tears would take the place of laughter."

"My dear lady, pardon me if I appear unappreciative of the misfortunes of the toilers. When I think of what fools they were to suffer misery and death at the hands of a few men, who took all the land, capital and productions from the land and their labor; when they could have corrected it all in five minutes and lived as happily, as you say you now do, and with the same comfort. Pardon me. Have you any poor people among you?"

"No sir; not one. All have the same comfort that you see here."

"Well, I was going to say, that these poor fools were the authors and supporters of their own misfortunes through their ignorance and superstitions. Why, there were more absurdities than miseries, although there were enough to destroy them all, the miseries perishing with them. But the absurdities still live and to me they are the important part of their whole existence."

"I doubt if I shall be able to agree with your reasoning."

"Never mind; let that go. I see that I shall, through my inclination to laugh at folly, soon be in trouble here too, if I do not restrain myself."

"Do not misconstrue our frankness," replied Helena. "We are free from Nineteenth century conversational vices. The truth as we see and feel it is always spoken; no one would give or accept offense. Truth is above and beyond personal opinion. Truth is a

deity. Personal opinion may be a vice".

"Your sentiments are unusual for humanity. Personal opinion was the only virtue I ever knew any of them to claim, for it they would contend and fight until they killed one another. They lived and died by it. It was constitutional with all the old stock of men that I knew, to deny any statement as soon as presented. No matter what it was, even a mathematical calculation. 'That's not so,' was the first word. 'I don't believe it.' 'You must be a fool, a crank, or a jack-ass.' That is all the reasoning I ever heard in nineteenth century times, and that settled it." And Comus fell into a fit of laughing that brought smiles to the countenances of all the ladies and gentlemen present.

"Mr Comus, would you like to retire?"

"No Miss, I never become fatigued like mortals. Do not permit me to delay your hour of rest, for I shall fully amuse myself by walking about the neighborhood. You may lock up the house if you wish."

"We never lock the house. The door may be closed for fear of storm; but the house is always open for whoever chooses to enter."

"Have you no fear of thieves and murderers?"

"Oh no," said Helena, laughing, "that antiquated disease is entirely obliterated with us. It departed with its cause, with the death of monopoly which also expired, never to be resuscitated, I hope."

"How then do your lawyers and police live?"

"We have no necessity for such things. We have read of their cruel doings in 'the Brother's' histories

and would be truly miserable if such wretches were a necessity of our civilization. No one among us requires protection from the encroachments of each other, and we are only happy to see anyone, should they call, night or day."

"Your life must be dreadfully insipid without quarrels and broils; no thieving or murdering. How can you fill your daily papers with interesting matter? It is a wonderful change for me, for I have just come from seeing the politicians, boodlers, stock gamblers, rail road kings, and grain speculators, in one mass, just as they were in the Nineteenth century times, forced to keep right on at their old trade, and if they slack up a moment "old cloots" prods them on pretty lively. Ha! ha! ha! They are sick of the business I assure you. No one worships them down there for being rich. Ha! ha! It is great sport."

The company looked pained at this recital. Comus' merriment failed to make the subject pleasant for them, and they all politely retired, requesting him to entertain himself as he desired, wishing him good night with a hope for the pleasure of seeing him in the morning.

CHAPTER II.

COMUS' NIGHT VISIT TO "THE BROTHER'S" MAUSOLEUM.

No sooner had the company retired than Comus sallied out into the night.

He had not gone far when a fierce flash of lightning followed by loud thunder, apprised him of a sudden storm close over-head. In a moment the rain began to pour, and Comus retired from the silent and deserted streets to a large stone porch, where he was safely sheltered from the driving rain that was carried in wave like sheets by the strong surface current of wind, that its weight could not suppress. In this drifting mass of rain and vapor nothing was visible except the electric flashes from the clouds, accompanied by the incessant roar of thunder that blended its sound with the dash of the storm.

The elements over head seemed determined to display their fiercest mood, inspiring terror more than grandeur, as though inclined to give Comus an introduction to the City as violent as his expulsion from the infernal regions, a few hours before.

Long he gazed at this deluge of water as it fell upon the smooth streets, where it ran in torrents, con-

trasting strangely in his thoughts with the torrid atmosphere, heat and smoke of the region where he had so long amused himself with his Nineteenth century acquaintances.

The storm began to slacken, the lightning became less violent, and displayed itself in broader flashes as though its centre was passing away from the city. Abating almost as rapidly as it came, the drifting vaporous clouds adding variety and splendor to the cleared atmosphere, intercepting the rich moonlight at intervals like pictures of the spectroscope, revealing by their brilliancy works of human skill such as never before had been witnessed on earth. Comus was so amazed at the beautiful and countless structures of artistic design, that he failed to observe how rapidly the smooth even streets were cleared of water and that his walk was in no way impeded.

The extraordinary splendor of the buildings on each side of the wide thoroughfare naturally suggested to his mind that he was on the main avenue of the city; but looking up and down, the intersections revealed no difference in the quality of the structures that were designed in flat facades, richly ornamented, broken at intervals with stretches of colonades, apparently in stone or similar material, not clearly distinguishable by the moonlight, which drew in broad shadows the beautiful studied outlines and choice proportions of architecture. There were no wasteful spires; the effect was simple and pure like ancient Greek with an addition of solid facade treatment, entirely new, that relieved agreeably what would otherwise have been a

monotony of colonade. Open areas were frequent at the intersections of avenues, where cultivated plants profusely bloomed on bordered walks around the base of lovely sparkling fountains, sculptured and ornamented with wondrous skill. Circles of giant shade trees encompassed these areas, beneath which were numerous fancifully carved seats and couches for resting. Vistas in every direction revealed monumental termini that loomed in solemn grandeur changing from deep shadow to softened light as the drifting clouds of the moonlit sky revealed or hid them from view.

At length he reached a large central square decorated by a grand mausoleum of an indescribably delicate effect. Section after section of its members rose above each other, forming porches of doubled and tripled columns supporting elliptic spans, diminishing in lighter forms above, terminating in a circular belvidere of artistic architecture. An inscription on the lower entablature read: "The tribute of a happy people to the memory of 'The Brother.'" Comus examined this structure attentively observing the elaborately carved and sculptured surfaces as well as the moonlight permitted. Then ascending by an easy winding stair, he reached the belvidere where a panorama presented itself to his wondering eyes, which eclipsed in the extent and magnitude of its outlines, his astonishment at the beauty of its details witnessed on the broad avenues and parks.

The city lay before him like a tracery of ornament. Its rigid geometric lines intercepted at short distances

by the rosette like centres, furnished with rich works of art relieved with natural beauty. On each side of the city lay long stretches of ornamental gardens bordered by the river, the dim light faintly revealing a fretted outline of delicate boat house like structures extending for miles in the distance. A number of ships lay anchored in the river, without masts, sails, smoke stack or other visible propelling power.

Comus thoughtfully gazed upon the scene, viewing each part again and again, often looking towards the moon that now was nearing the western horizon, until the eastern sky gave evidence by its faint light that morning was near. Soon came a few calls from the feathered inhabitants of the trees near by, answered more and more rapidly by their mates, breaking into musical notes as the joy increased with the brightening light, until the effulgent burst of the god of day from the midst of his bed of crimson and gold vapors, brought forth from myriads of flute like throats the inspiring hymn of morning.

The inhabitants began to appear exercising themselves in the freshened atmosphere upon the broad avenues or in the parks. Handsome youths and pretty maidens amused themselves in a variety of ways. Pleasant faces, sweet cheerful voices, and merry laughter, were seen and heard everywhere. Surely these people were happy! Comus' strange appearance and red cloak attracted attention, and soon he was the centre of a number of young people, whom he delighted with his mimicry and wit, which rose to such heighth, that for sport a group of pretty girls

joined hands and danced round him singing some play rhyme, in response to which Comus gave an imitation of their feminine movements, and a pirouette that astonished the group, provoking laughter. A few jests at parting, and Comus returned in the direction of his landing from the sky on the previous evening, to meet his friends according to promise.

They received him pleasantly, anxiously inquiring of his experience during the storm, and how he passed the night in his perambulations. They in turn were plied with innumerable questions in regard to the city as partly seen by Comus. Of the plan, its construction the dwellings, mode of life, how it came to be so perfectly built and of its industries. The more Comus asked the more he seemed puzzled and bewildered. Each statement drew from him a multitude of questions which Helena said, should properly be answered in detail by his visiting the various places of interest and witnessing their improvements.

His curiosity led him to accept an invitation to join the party at breakfast, and a short walk brought them to a central hall where many citizens of all ages were assembled to partake of the morning repast. The waiters were of their own class who yielded their places after serving those who breakfasted one after another and retired. Comus assisted in serving the tables when it came his friends turn. Tying his cloak under his left arm, he displayed such alacrity in his movements coupled with many obsequious flourishes of the nineteenth century waiter, and occasional sly hints for a tip, that these good natured people passed through

the various phases of surprise, smiles, and hearty laughter. Wherever Comus went he became the centre of amusement, which these unrestrained good people seemed to enjoy, for there was not a frown on any face, and even the aged seemed to take pleasure in merriment.

Evidently the bright intellectual young Apollo was deeply in love with Helena, and his attachment thoroughly reciprocated. No attempt was made between these two lovers to disguise their affection; nor did it seem to attract attention. Shameful blushes arising from passionate thoughts of uncultivated minds had no place here. Loving looks and sweet smiles were open and frank. The tender passion exhibited itself with an honest, unreserved dignity, admirable as well as pleasurable to their friends.

Here no parent feared an alliance. All the community was good, sound, and honorable. No barriers presented themselves to affection, and in freedom it found its natural expression.

"It will be necessary Comus, for me to accompany you to the office of our General," said Agro, "so that you may be assigned to a place among our citizens and be properly provided for. Our custom requires all those who witnessed your arrival to be present and make their statements as to this strange event. After that duty is performed, we will extend to you the courtesies becoming civilized people, and present you the opportunity to obtain what pleasure or interest you may be able to draw from an examination of our life and manners."

"Thanks, Agro. To conform to your social regulations will not only be my duty but also my pleasure."

"Will you walk or fly?"

"Fly!"

"You are unacquainted with our modes of locomotion. They are developments of vague efforts of Nineteenth century times, which have been worked out in quite simple form by our scientists. Indeed it is surprising to students why they were not developed in former times, but I suppose that was due to the hard struggle the poor scientists had to exist, or maybe to their discouragement by the monopolists against whom they had no security."

"Yes that is sadly true. 'The brother' has doubtless made you acquainted with that heartless age. I am exceedingly anxious to see what records have been left by him and will prefer to walk in this delightful atmosphere, should it be agreeable to the company and not a fatiguing distance for them. I shall hope to try your wings in flying at another time."

"The distance is short and we all prefer to walk," said Helena. "You will thus obtain a better view of the city than by moonlight."

"The view by moonlight was enchanting from the belvidere of 'The Brother's' mausoleum. No work of man, in any age, has ever given me so much pleasure. I have seen many civilizations grow and decline, famous cities that cost the blood and treasure of nations and centuries of effort, but none that presented such completeness, with the impression of its perfect adaptation to the wants and comfort of humanity. Was it a plan

that developed as you went on with improvements, or did you lay it out at first?" "The first houses," replied Agro "were built of logs as temporary shelter for our forefathers. The plan of the permanent city was in The Brother's' records; in the book called 'Suggestions.' Great quantities of cut stone were found, the remains of former buildings that were used for the first structures which are plainer than those you see here. I will show you the first buildings erected, so that you may judge the progressive steps our people have made in architecture."

"How did your forefathers find time to undertake such vast works?"

"Easily enough. When they adopted 'The Brother's' plan of society, it was soon discovered that they could not consume the entire product and were obliged to shorten the hours of labor, often stopping some of the departments for many months, until the goods would be used py the people. Nearly all the departments would, as a matter of course, stop their work to assist at planting and harvest times; so they turned these intervals into building and improving for greater comfort and enjoyment. It must be remembered that our people had ample time to contrive and construct any machines to facilitate their operations, this again multiplying their power to work with ease and rapidity. Culture went on so rapidly in the arts of taste that even the first buildings are quite handsomely embellished. All the constructive work being of the best quality, no pains being spared to make it perfect. Indeed, all you see here has been only work

of pleasure. None have suffered from over-work or fatigue. In no period have the hours of enjoyment been encroached upon, for their principle was, from the first, that nothing was desirable which destroyed the health and pleasure of the people. So you see, Comus, our beautiful city did not cost either the blood or treasure of nations, or even centuries to build. Rather it may be called the result of our recreation. In former times the greatest works of architectural skill, were the temples of superstition contributed by the devotees to low grades of religious rites and ceremonies; now the greatest buildings, more numerous and superior in taste, arise from the ethics of justice equality, and common humanity."

Comus was thoughtful for a few moments. Then turning to Agro he said: "This recalls to my mind the horrors of all the civilizations ever witnessed on earth, from the chattel slaves who built the Egyptian temples and pyramids, to the more degraded wage slaves who filled the factories and sweating shops of former America. The crude agriculturists, rail road and river men, the street and sewer builders; all industries carried on by individual effort, or by combinations for individual profit and interest, every man in the competitive struggle, becoming a robber of his fellow man, by cheating, falsifying, and adulteration. Honesty could not possibly exist. Civilization could not advance because of individual interest. Inventions to assist production only brought fiercer competition of the toilers against the machines, which they called 'The Iron scab;' making the daily strain so great that

the toilers often dropped dead from over work. The balance stiffened up with rigid muscles, contracted disease, and when no longer able to stand with the young and strong, were thrown aside, expelled from their homes by landlords and perished with their families from want of food, clothing, and shelter."

"Your statements agree with those left in 'The Brother's' vault."

"Words could not describe the horrors of that age," replied Comus.

"Our students of history will be glad of this information. Your knowledge of those times will greatly assist the study of antiquity; providing we may be able to persuade them that we saw you chased from the sky by the Devil."

"Ha, ha. When I think of the old boy, I must laugh at the way I annoyed him, ha! ha! ha! he! he! he!" and Comus began to chuckle, again forgetting in his merriment, all the sad horrors which he had just related of the Nineteenth century toilers.

"Agro, how do you run this government? Have you a system of taxes?"

"No sir."

"No taxes!"

"No."

"No tariffs, custom houses, whiskey and tobacco taxes?"

"No sir."

"Not even a land tax?"

"No."

"Well, that beats me! How do you collect money

to pay the expenses of the government?"

"We have no expenses."

"Don't you pay your officials?"

"No sir; they need no pay."

"Need no pay! How do they live?"

"The same as the rest of us."

"Don't you pay anybody?"

"No."

"All go to the public pile, do they?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, what do you do with those who are lazy, or that won't contribute their share of work?"

"We have no such people. No one would stoop to such disgraceful conduct."

"Are you all angels?"

"Oh, no; we are only simple human beings."

"Simple human beings, and no taxation!

"Why, my dear Comus, taxes are the evidences of savage life. The old histories tell us how they originated by robbing the merchants of toll for passing into or through territory of the savage chiefs. This system was only continued later in what were called civilized governments. Taxation had to exist under the older civilizations, because they paid the services of officials with money; because they maintained navies and armies to fight; and because they paid the producers what was called wages, with money. Whoever got hold of the money could own all, both production and producers. We have no money, and each citizen owns all society has."

"Does no one take the hog's bite?"

"No sir, no one could. He could not be big enough hog to even bite off his share."

"Well, when you want to travel, how do you buy your tickets?"

"We need none. Travel is free. We go where we wish."

"Do you have enough to satisfy everyone without quarrelling?"

"Yes sir. And are put to our wits end to invent luxuries and elegant improvements to use up our surplus labor products."

"And you say that you are not angels?"

"It is all very simple if you will just examine it and see for yourself."

"This is the office of our General. His reception will take place in a few minutes."

The General was a remarkably young man, not over thirty years of age, of a clean cut, intellectual type, who had been advanced to this high position on account of his superiority in executive skill. He listened to the account of the arrival of Comus without evidence of surprise, giving his orders in formal manner, deliberately and clearly, assigning Comus to one of the departments. This was no sooner uttered than an assistant put a telephone to his ear and stated to the General that his order had been received by the captain of the department, and the gentleman would be provided for when presented. The party was then dismissed.

On leaving Comus remarked to his friends that the General was not so much interested in his sudden in-

troduction as they were.

"Oh yes," replied Agro, "but it is the hour of business and nothing in the infernal regions would move him at this moment. When he is released from duty you will find him as interested as any of us."

"I have been wondering all morning why your horses and wagons do not appear; the streets seem so strangely quiet that I miss the din, noise and bustle of city life."

"Were cities formerly so noisy?"

"Why certainly; rarely could you hear your neighbor speak on the streets and in many places it was almost as difficult in the houses. The roar of the streets commenced early in the morning with the savage whoops and yells of the milkmen, accompanied by bells and horns, to this was added the rush and rattle of the elevated cars on the crude iron frame work over head and past the windows of the dwellings. Then the din of the street cars, omnibuses, hucksters' wagons, trucks and drays; organ grinders, street bands; and news boys. At night until a late hour, the same racket went on, then the iron carts thundered over the stones collecting garbage till morning.

"I see that you have no digging up of the streets with its death dealing malaria; no telegraph poles and over head wires; no shops with their desperate merchants; no news stands; no boot blacks, pedlars, beggars or tramps; no street girls, fashionable women or howling swells; no liveried footmen; no policemen with their clubs; no missionaries, street preachers,

salvation armies, anti-poverty meetings, or quack medicine advertisements.

"By the way, have you any strikes?"

"No," replied Agro, "we are entirely free from any of those annoyances with which, we have read, society was affected in former times. Here is the mausoleum to 'The Brother,' perhaps you would like to view the records?"

"With pleasure."

The records were all enclosed in glass cases handsomely mounted and carved in exquisite manner, kept here as sacred relics. Comus was informed that he could read the entire work at his leisure. Each citizen had a copy, which they used as a moral guide, for it depicted the degradation that society could fall into by a departure from the brotherhood of humanity; a fact highly necessary to be kept before the minds of the young.

The decorations of the interior greatly attracted Comus; these were all in some species of pottery, richly modelled and colored with beautiful, transparent enamels, in quiet, refined tones, perfectly harmonious in effect. This treatment of the interior was so great a contrast to the paper, plaster, glass and paint decorations seen in former times, that it brought many inquiries from Comus, of the manufacture and development of the ceramic art. The choice embellishments on the exterior of the buildings, on the walks and flower borders, that so attracted his attention throughout the city, had already impressed him with the idea that the ceramic art had been greatly developed, but

he was unprepared for such a fine exhibition as the one before him.

"We have many such in our halls, theatres and public institutions, of great variety of style, that we would be pleased to show you. At the annual convention of Artists that takes place in a few days, you will see the most advanced efforts of the greatest minds. You should know Keramicos, the finest of all the ceramic artists, and if it suit your pleasure we will this morning pay him a visit."

"That would be most gratifying, for ceramic is the most facinating art known among men." The studios were situated at the side of the city, near one of the rivers, facing an open area laid out in a beautiful circular flower garden, entirely surrounded by a double row of pedestals of polished stone, broadened at the base into seats for resting, and mounted with gigantic vases, on which the glaze and colors sparkled in the sunlight, rivalling the natural bloom of the highly cultivated and tastefully arranged plants in the garden. Some of these vases were modelled in sculpturesque forms and ornaments decorated in modest color, others as brilliant as the rainbow. Many were exquisitely painted with flowers, conventional ornaments and figure subjects.

The entire surroundings of the place were suggestive of the art that was carried on in the neighborhood. The tile pavement was rich and velvety in the effect of coloration that formed a charming tracery leading the eye into a mystery of design where it was difficult to follow. Brown shading into blood red and rose,

distinctly, but softly edging the green borders of the leafy shaded lawn. The studios facing the garden were all exteriorly decorated with richly panelled architecture, formed of tile softly colored: the divisions framed with bold forms of pilasters and columns surmounted with capitals supporting a huge entablature embellished by paintings of allegorical figures, relieved with a gold ground, colored in harmonious tints of liquid transparency; and the whole air of the place around was refined and inviting beyond description.

Naturally after this feast of luxury one would imagine that art had exhausted herself and further study of the interior of the studios, could but suffer from the impression made upon the mind by the exterior splendors. Truly the studios were simple enough, mural decoration being avoided, but the labors of love on which the artists were engaged were marvelous. These were all of the finest workmanship intended for the convention as tests of skill. The devotees to this facinating art were absorbed in their work, paying no attention to the visitors, nor to what was going on around them. Some were painting under glaze, others surrounded with chemical apparatus and arrangements for grinding, dissolving, composing and weighing carefully, the materials for this purpose; others, again were preparing the wares for the burning in the kilns, placing them with the greatest care, in cases formed of clay to protect them from the sudden flash of the fire. Some of the kilns were burning, the fire being supplied by some species of gas coming from an invisible source.

Keramicos was disengaged at that moment, his

attention being only occasionally required by the firing of his kiln, so that the visitors were fortunate in the time selected for the introduction.

Comus started at the sight of this man. Keramicos also gave signs of surprise.

"You have a marked Egypto-Hellenic type of face and figure," remarked Comus.

"Do you think so?" carelessly replied Keramicos.

Comus avoided a reply by expressing his admiration of the high attainments the ceramic art had reached in this civilization.

"Yes, none has approached it, even in the best efforts of the scientific age to which 'The Brother' belonged. Systems of working have been changed and better methods of producing the body of the material, the vitreous fluxes and colors. Of these former ages had no conception; nor could they possibly be achieved by their individual secret ways of working. The result you see here, is the result of co-operation in effort; every discovery, thought suggested, or accident is discussed in our conventions, where we regularly consult together, and are reported in our ceramic literature; so that nothing escapes without being analysed thoroughly. Our only desire, under this social system, is the glory of our civilization; our only emulation is the strife to contribute the best for our art. Under such conditions and impulses it is not surprising that we have achieved such glorious results."

A spacious adjoining hall, furnished with skylights into which the visitors were invited, presented to the wondering eyes of Comus, a luxurious feast of design

and coloring such as could not possibly be anticipated. These were entirely paintings of large panels for interior architectural embellishment. Many were of gigantic size. The designs were mostly of single figures or groups; a few were of delicious ornament enlivened by cherubs, birds and flowers. Two colossal panels, painted in gray and rose, upon a light water green ground, stood immediately in front of the entrance, representing "Truth and Justice." The compositions and color effect were broad and simple giving an inexplicable charm that riveted the attention, and filled the observers with a sense of pleasure.

The crowning glory of these works was a set of four panels, each forty feet long and ten feet in height, intended as a mural decoration for the principal public palace of the city, containing innumerable figures tastefully grouped, posed and painted in full palette of color. Art here had given herself full play in all her resources. Imagination with ample wings, had taken her loftiest flights of fancy. Beautiful thought had given her sweetest smiles, that spoke to the soul of the observer in charming design, tasteful form and glowing color, surpassing nature's choicest efforts, presenting a scene of enchantment that ravished the mind with delight.

The subject of this master work was "The Spirit of 'The Brother.'" It typified the goodness of the sublime founder of their civilization, as represented by the happiness of the people. Each panel portrayed its special subject; intellectual, scientific, industrial and physical happiness, rendered with all the beauty the

untrammelled imagination of this blissful age, could give, assisted by the perfections of skill that far more than satisfied the critical tastes of a divinely cultured people.

In silence, Comus viewed this marvelous work of man. The deep breathing of the chest and the sparkle of the eye, showed the pleasure of the excited mind within. Keramicos and his friends quietly observed his movements, as he passed around from panel to panel, enjoying the lovely ideals in every part, frequently moving closer to inspect the workmanship that evidently satisfied his thoughts.

At length he turned to Keramicos and uttered the single word "incredible." Then falling into a reverie he stood as though revolving in his mind, the memories brought up by the delicious excitement the astounding wealth of art before him produced.

The friends respectfully remained silent, also impressed by the solemnity of his appearance; at last the merriment began to twinkle in his eyes, the smile played round his mouth and a low chuckle commenced that ended in laughter.

The company and the artist were astonished, for the transition was beyond their comprehension. When he recovered his breath he said: "I was recalling the works in ceramics that I had seen in different ages, and before my mind arose some of the idiotic trash that formerly received prize medals at the exhibitions. I can see yet the airs of the conceited potters, bragging about their secrets," and Comus laughed and chuckled at the ridiculousness of his recollections.

"You say, 'that you had seen in other ages,' I do not understand you."

"You have not heard of Comus' strange introduction to us last evening, nor of the singular country he came from," said Helena. "Comus is the individual whom Jupiter banished and he informs us that he had been enjoying the company of some of his nineteenth century acquaintances, in the infernal regions, until his merriment at their expense, became too great for his satanic majesty, who gave him a somewhat violent dismissal. I assure you, Keramicos, he came tumbling among us from a streak of red sparks in the air, or else we are all demented and cannot believe our eyesight. It is certain that he does not belong to our country wherever he came from. Indeed, it was amusing, but we felt serious over it too."

It was now Keramicos turn to become thoughtful. He looked at Comus as though he would penetrate his inmost soul. "Whatever you may be, or wherever you came from, we welcome you to the joy of our happy human existence," said he.

"Thanks," replied Comus. "It is worth ages of suffering to, at last, realize that man is fulfilling intelligently his destiny. From the crude state of past ages, I should think, from what I have seen here in your perfect city, that his evolution had reached its highest point.

"We cannot say what are his possibilities," replied Keramicos.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORKSHOPS. KERAMICOS' LOVE AND SECRET.

After regretfully leaving Keramicos and his lovely art treasures, that portrayed so entrancingly his own sweet soul in the skillful pictures of imagination by which he made visible "The Spirit of The Brother," in artistic forms and color representing happy humanity, they entered a domed structure and descending a stairway, passed into a huge car that nearly filled the clean, smooth subway. The car was elliptical in form; the lower part devoted to passengers: an upper chamber contained some ethereal gas to render it buoyant, so that it floated in the air, guided by projecting wheels that touched the flanges on the sides of the subway, preventing rolling motion. The shell, as well as the machinery, was extremely light, being composed of Aluminum. The seats were of light wood; and the interior was lined with a delicate silk-like fabric; brilliant lights, like the electric, illuminated the interior and subway. A slight whirring sound was heard as the car flew on its way at the speed of a bird, resting at the pretty underground stations to let off, or take on, passengers. The stopping of the car from its rap-

ld flight was easy and without jar. In a few minutes Comus and his friends emerged from a station and entered the immense, continuous buildings, where the industrial operations were carried on. Block after block of these works ran the entire length of the city, fronted on both sides by parked spaces handsomely planted with trees, giving cool, fresh air to the workers in the factories. On one side of the park was the fretted line of boat houses, seen from the belvidere of "The Brother's" mausoleum, by moonlight.

Comus and his friends passed from building to building, viewing the various occupations that were carried on in these busy hives of industry, enchantingly described and explained by Helena who, in presence of the industrial arts suddenly developed a soul absorbing interest that revealed itself in eloquent language, bordering on the sublime. System, order, perfection of skill, intelligence, health and happiness, were visible everywhere. For a moment a cloud came over the brow of Comus as memory brought the recollections of former times. Before his mental vision arose the ghastly forms, whose sunken eyes, pallid, consumptive faces, crooked and emaciated bodies, flitted in multitudes down the long list of ages. Myriads massacred by excessive toil, insufficient clothing, nourishment and shelter; by the savage vices that spring from want, ending in murder or scuicide. Before his vision flitted the stony indifference of the non-working class, with their still worse luxurious vices and crimes, living and revelling in splendor, on the soul and body-destroying toil of their fellows. The idle portion of

society, transmitting to posterity the intensified vices of meanness and luxurious disease. The overtaxed toilers transmitting the consumptive tendencies that spring from poor nourishment and excessive strain. From imperfect mothers of both classes, crime or want was the only inheritance of innocent babes.

But this happy day with all its cheerful surroundings was not the time for gloomy thoughts, and by a powerful effort, Comus shook off the ghastly vision, assisted greatly by the sweet music of Helena's voice, who, during his change of countenance, redoubled her efforts in his entertainment; picturing to him, again and again, the pleasures and delights of the industrial army in which all were included, and the wonders of skill, that brought ever increasing moral and intellectual development. The records of "The Brother" had suggested, that when the entire population was engaged industrially, feeling a common security, the meanness and crimes arising from competition and greed, would disappear by the influence of association, and the way would be opened for man's proper development. "With us," said Helena, "this has been fully realized."

Emerging from the work shops in the industrial section, a short walk brought the company to the historical museum, where Comus was astonished to find many of the barbarous statues and carvings that formerly ornamented the City and Park of New York. Many busts found beneath the ruins of private dwellings, were named and labelled according to his directions, the historians kept constantly in a roar of

laughter at the endless stories of the originals, who figured in their day as politicians, boodlers, commercial sharpers, and peddlers of superstition.

One of the most amusing incidents of this visit, was developed from the historian's inquiry, in regard to the statues and monuments the Nineteenth century people built to their famous mechanics, scientists and scholars. The humor of this question was entirely too much for Comus, who electrified the company by his laughter. When he had sufficiently recovered himself to speak, the historian was informed, that such things were never for a moment thought of, in those days. Statues and monuments were only erected to money dealers, politicians, priests, and fighters.

Helena and Agro were amply repaid for the morning efforts to entertain Comus, by the amusement furnished at the museum, that sent them home with aching sides. Scarcely had Comus returned when a message was received from the museum, asking a further interview during the evening, to which Comus assented with pleasure. When the historian arrived he informed Comus, that he wished to obtain an intimate account of the actual state of society of the Nineteenth century, at the time of "The Brother's" life, so as to study the causes that led to the sudden descent from so active a social condition, to the savage state. Comus looked uncertain as to his reply; finally requesting the historian to remain and rest himself until his return. He sallied once more out into the night thoughtfully wandering he knew not whither. Stopping at length to view the effect of moon-

light and shadow, that fell in weird tracery upon the lawn of a small park, he recognised by a sparkling vase surmounting the pedestal against which he was leaning, that he was in the vicinity of Keramicos' studio.

Opening the door he entered and turned into the large apartment, where he had seen the ceramic paintings of "The Spirit of 'The Brother,'" and the panels of "Truth and Justice." A reddish light reflected from the kiln in the rear, filled the apartment, rendering the paintings partially visible. Keramicos was at the kiln watching the fires, but not alone. A beautiful woman stood in front of him, with both hands resting upon his shoulders and looking imploringly into his face, said: "Come, rest a while upon the garden lawn; the fragrance of the honey suckle and the sound of falling waters, will refresh thy feverish brow; surely such long and anxious watching of the fires has overstrained thy nerves: come, rest a while upon this spot and I will sing to you, the song you taught me, of old Nikosthenes of ancient days." The night is balmy, and pale Cynthia rides smoothly through the clear air, throwing her mellow light in enchanting tracery of vine and branch upon the flowery earth.
A heavenly voice began to warble in pure tones, and Comus, transfixed, stood a listener to the ancient song:

When earth was young, and infant art,
'Neath leafy bower, a musing lay,
Upon the happy scene out spread,
Where all of life, was bright and gay.

The fragrant bloom, of meadows sweet,

Full odored all the balmy air.
And merry, laughing, maiden's feet,
Were trip'd with graceful, movements there.

The mellow landscapes cooling light,
In atmospheric hues so fine,
The pulse made quicker, with delight,
And sense was ravished, with the scene.

Sweet music was, by loving swain,
From reedy pipes, with passion blown,
His soul outbreathing, with the strain,
Gave joyous life unto its tone.

"Oh! beauty, life," our infant cried,
"Thy movements graceful, and so free,
So transient, fleeting, soon are sped,
Like water forms, upon the sea.

"Thou shalt not die, this beauty rare,
I'll mortals teach, to keep and store,
These fleeting joys, forever fair,
Shall last with man, for evermore.

"With earth I'll form, these flowing lines,
On vase and cup, from potter's wheel,
Life, grace, and beauty, of all times,
In clay and stone, shall speak and live."

"Your sweet voice, dear Sappho, repays me for all the trials and fatigue that I have endured. The sentiment of the song, carries me back in imagination to the great masters of the ancient ceramic world, whose labors and skill have made possible, the high achievements of art, under this happy social state; achievements impossible in warlike times, or during the age of gold worship. Here we have, at last, realized the dreams of art. Here the world glows for us in beauty of form and color created out of her own breast. The

beauty of nature only, so intensely admired in former times, was monstrous without her husband art. Now everywhere, industry has embellished the landscape with structures, gardens, walks and ornaments, decorated with nature's own pigments beautified by fire. Life in former ages existing on coarse food, in unsightly dwellings, pursuing happiness in brutalising ways, was truly horrible."

"Come! come! Keramicos, you are fatigued and your mind is drifting to sad reflections. You must banish them and think of the love I bear you."

"Yes, tis true dear Sappho, you recall me to my better self. Adieu my love, the Pleiades are rising and speak to you the hour of rest. Sweet be thy slumbers! By dawn I shall have finished the burning of the kiln. Great care is required with the delicate colors upon the vases; I wish them as perfect as possible for the exhibition at the convention of artists. There, I must explain the secret of producing them, for they represent all my best experience."

"Adieu, my noble Keramicos. One kiss before we part. I shall rest with anxiety for your toil, through the weary night, as the stars pursue their tedious way towards the west; and wish that strength will lift the leaden wings of sleep from your watching eyes. Until the morning light, adieu."

"The air seems light and the fire burns brightly. Let me look at the interior of the kiln. Ah! that is an even mellow heat. I am confident the care I have bestowed will bring the results I wish. The tones of red running from deep maroon through all shades to

delicate rose, will be the greatest range of the chromatic scale I have yet shown. And the large vases with the harmonies of delicate rose and light, blue green, relieved with yellows, browns and black, in groups of flowing ornament over their graceful sides will be the greatest effort of all the ages of ceramic art. What a joy will be at the cultured feast of the people! Truly, life is worth living in this age, where all are happy! No longer are the works of artists shut up in the private collections of rich men, where the starved, filthy hordes of slaves, or worse, wage earners, could never see them. Alas! how I grieved, regretting that Trismegetus had imparted to me the secret of life, on the banks of the Nile! How many ages were men lovers of injustice! How many ages did they bend their necks to a slavery of their own selfish kind, whom they called honorable and noble! Then, too, their superstitions absorbed the last remnant of their subsistence. What scenes of human horror have those bright planets, shining with such splendor to night, witnessed, as from age to age, the hordes of men toiled on, until passion stirred from want and hopeless misery, incited the wholesale slaughter of nations, which, satiated with blood, subsided again to servile toil and social crime, to be succeeded by renewed slaughter of their brothers! I wonder why my thoughts run back over those dreadful ages, tonight! It is surely fatigue from the long stretch of study! Two days' rest in the company of the charming Sappho, the only woman I ever truly loved, will restore my jaded spirits; then the kiln can

be opened and the work taken to the exhibition. Anxiety has doubtless banished from her eyes the balmy sleep. With dream-like gaze into the darkness of night, her thoughts are where the monotonous roar of the kiln strangely contrasts the music of natnre's life of the night."

Comus refrained from disturbing Keramicos in his musings aloud; remaining unobserved in the shadow of the room containing the art treasures. Suddenly, Keramicos started, exclaiming: "Ah! how agitated I feel! What is that, Spirit of Ceramic, art thou come!"

"I am come, Keramicos, for thou needest my assistance. Change the drafts in thy kiln at once! A rapid current in the upper air will work thee ill. There, noble youth, that will do! Now, let the outer air sweeten the upper fire! See, the gases are coloring. Now draw your test of glaze and color, quickly! well done! Put the glowing piece upon this shard! by the fire's light I see it is nicely flown. There now, see the rose tints will be developed by the time you draw your fires. Ah! the blistering heat! Take care, do not be rash! There, now rest! The oxygen will do its work well at this temperature, and your choicest gems of workmanship are safe. That is well. I have been near you, but must watch others who need my invisible guidance. A word before I go."

"Awful Spirit, I attend thy bidding!"

"Listen, Keramicos; thy destiny is achieved; thy work is accomplished. After this generation thy youth will not be renewed. Thou shalt now lead a happy human life. For thy devotion, toil and sorrow,

through the ages, your human life shall be a happy one. The lovely Sappho shall be thy wife; thou shalt have a son like thyself who will succeed thee, and for whom I shall care. His work will be famous, and bring great joy to the world. Thou shalt see it before feeble age sets in, and thine eyes shall close in peace. Give thyself entirely to the happiness of Sappho, using thine art only for pleasure. The instructions to the artists at the convention, will complete thy principal labors in the ceramic art. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"

"He is gone! Vanished into air! Great spirit and guide, farewell!"

Keramicos sat down, covering his face with both hands, as though in grief, when Comus approached, with kindly greeting.

"I have been an unintentional witness of the scene just passed," said Comus.

"You know my secret, then?

"Yes," said Comus. "I know all. I knew you, Keramicos, when we first met. Your secret is safe with me, if you wish it so. But I have other business with you now. The historian is at Agro's house awaiting my return. He wishes an account of the state of society in Nineteenth century times, preceding its destruction. Will you advise me how to present it to him?"

"Call up the spirit of Edward Pureheart."

CHAPTER IV

THE SPIRIT OF EDWARD PUREHEART AND HIS ACCOUNT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

When Comus returned to Agro's house, he found the historian lying on a couch, reading the printed edition of the records of "The Brother." It was near midnight. An anxious inquiring look at Comus, spoke the thoughts agitating his mind.

Remaining silent for a time, he asked the historian if he understood astrology.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have a special love for the science, for I was born while the planet Venus was in the mid-heaven and am considered a clear reader of the scheme of the heavens. The works of Cladius Ptolomey, as well as those of Ramsey and grand old Zadkiel, have furnished me the means of reading far back in the ages, and of constructing a comparative history of mankind, with the precession of the equinoxes and the change of the constellations. It would afford me great pleasure to have you look over my work, and see how I have shown the character of the different times, and the nature of the worship of mankind, together with the change of mythology as the sun occupied the different signs during its re-

trogradation. I have largely shown the connection between the Sun in Taurus and the worship of the Bull and Venus who rules that sign, together with all the mysteries of her rites and ceremonies. This taken in connection with the fixed stars then in Taurus, easily explains all the philosophy, poetry and beauty of the worship in that remote period. The next thousand years during the passage of the Sun through Aries give the result, seen in history, of the symbol of the Ram in religious rites, and the martial nature of mankind, during that period. This finally found its symbol in the Lamb of peace, as the Sun approached the latter part of that sign; when upon entering Pisces during the dark ages, mankind gave itself up to superstition, taking as its guide the fisherman. The Sun retrograding into the scientific sign Aquarius, brought forward the age of science, with its rapid development and powerful forces that, taken in connection with the defects of unequal social conditions among mankind, increased so greatly, the wealth of the class who got control of these forces, and so correspondingly great, the poverty of the masses, that the natural result was the crash that swept away civilization altogether. And so I have run back into the ages in a speculative manner, beyond the period of history, and again forward into the World's probable destiny. This study has expanded my views of mankind, its relation to this earth and environment of the heavens, more than any of the sciences we have developed."

"Where did you find the works of the master Astrologers?" inquired Comus.

"Our fathers brought them from New Zealand. A skilled reader of the heavens guided the expedition and the establishment of the colony. I have in the museum many of his writings. His figures of the heavens and calculations, I have gone over and verified as wonderfully exact. They are interesting and useful in showing the influences of the times immediately preceding the period when our fathers lost trace of the world's doings. But I am occupying too much time in this explanation."

"It is quite appropriate and fortunate," replied Comus. "This study by enlarging your views of the arena of nature, will assist your appreciation of what I am about to propose to you, in order that you may have a direct answer to your wish; to know the nature of the times preceding the destruction of civilization in the Nineteenth century. Are you afraid of spirits?"

"I cannot say."

"Are you willing to undergo the test?"

An affirmative reply followed a somewhat deliberative silence.

Placing a table in front of the historian well provided with writing materials, Comus turned out the light, leaving the room intensely dark. It was not without feelings akin to fear that the historian maintained the commanded silence, while Comus performed a terrorizing incantation scene, in the surrounding darkness. Strange swishing sounds, accompanied with knocks and raps on the walls and furniture, brought an uncontrollable tremor to his knees. The noises continued growing more confused and intense, still

Comus maintained his performances without speaking. The objects in the room flying about, frequently touching the historian, some sliding with spasmodic motion over his body, face and hands, while with shoulders drawn up and gasping for breath he shook with terror. For a moment the noise ceased, when a sudden rattle of raps was heard.

"Is this the spirit of Edward Pureheart?" demanded Comus.

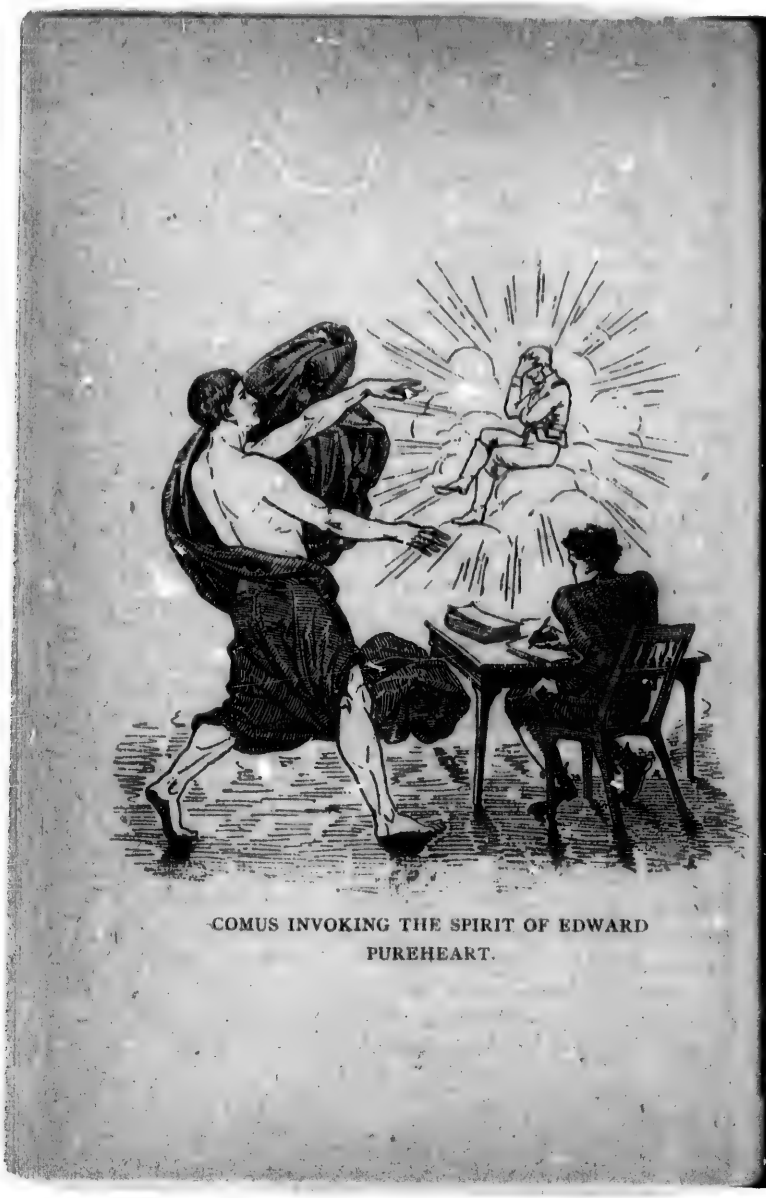
A single rap answered, "yes."

The wish of the historian was announced and an account requested of social conditions during the period the spirit dwelt in the flesh.

A pause ensued. Again the affirmative rap was heard. A faint blue halo of light began to form in front of the table, in the centre of which was a dark object. The halo gradually grew stronger revealing a handsome man of about fifty five, with grey hair, and a face of remarkable intelligence. He was in a sitting attitude, his head leaning upon his hand, and with eyes cast downward, in a thoughtful manner.

A never failing pen moved into the hand of the historian, which began to fly noiselessly over the paper before him, with lightning rapidity. Not a sound was uttered, and the deep breathing of the terror inspired historian gradually subsided to moderate regularity.

The account began as follows: "On the night before the Centennial of Washington's inaugural at New York in 1889, I was standing on the battery, gazing out on the world famous bay. Heavy clouds were drifting



COMUS INVOKING THE SPIRIT OF EDWARD PUREHEART.

DWARD

to the north-east, the wind having changed, relieving us from the discomfort of several days pouring rain. Some mist and fog still hung over the water, obscuring a distinct view of the ocean racers, as they came and went, laden with labor's treasures to and from strange lands far away. The police, revenue, ferry and river boats; the busy tugs, pilots, and sailing vessels with their dancing signal lights, flitted here and there, and like the movements of human life upon the sea of action, came out or faded into the rising mist.

"The light houses at the narrows were not visible. Bedloe's island and the base of the monster Statue of Liberty were obscured, but the shoulders, head, raised arm and the huge electric light, stood far up in the sky; liberty, like the star spangled banner, was still there, not seen 'through the dawn's early light,' but through the darkening mists, that had survived the blackness of the storm, faintly, shadowy, assuming form and outline, as though giving promise of her smile upon the new century that would be inaugurated in a few hours. The place was lonely, for the teeming myriads of exchangers were gone from the busy haunts to their homes across the rivers, to the up town residences, or far out on the railroads. A moody condition of mind had seized me, brought on, doubtless, by the disappointments of deferred business and the consequent postponement of my marriage with the charming daughter of a wealthy railroad director, who viewed my financial situation unfavorably.

"The buildings everywhere were covered with flags and decorations. Across the streets suspended bunt-

ting and banners obscured the view. Gigantic portraits of Washington and Harrison could be partially distinguished by the scattered light of the street lamps. From my musings in this periodically silent place, I was suddenly startled by observing two men standing before me, the tallest of whom addressed me assuringly. Some of the participants in the coming Centennial festivities had arrived in the city who, together with the pictures profusely displayed in the bazars and street decorations, had familiarized me with the costumes of continental times, so that the fact of these two men being in blue and buckskin with cocked hats and powdered wigs, did not seem so strange as it otherwise might have done. I was much impressed by their dignified bearing and manner, in which I could trace no familiarity, insincerity, or the self assured stiffness so peculiar to the mass of people in the city.

"'You are evidently strangers and have doubtless wandered like myself to this deserted business place unwitting. You, from curiosity, and I to escape the uncongenial crowd. Should you desire to return I will be pleased to accompany you. Pardon me sir,' I said to the tall gentleman, 'your resemblance to the pictures of the father of our country is so striking that I should judge you to be one of Washington's descendants, who are to be present at the ceremonies during the next three days. And this other gentleman bears also a striking likeness to the portraits of Jefferson, the author of the glorious declaration of independence.' A courtly bow from both was the only reply.

"Guided by some strange impulse, I was led toward the deserted district where the inaugural took place one hundred years before. Naturally I would not accompany two strangers into such a place at so late an hour, but an inexplicable fascination had seized me that made me desire their company; a feeling that had wonderfully quickened my senses, making me as one with these strange, calm, dignified beings, who appeared to belong to another age, or another world.

"'How all is changed,' said the younger man.

"'Wonderfully,' replied the elder.

"We turned away towards the East river, passing through long streets walled in by interminable warehouses; finally emerging in front of a forest of steamboats and ships, sleeping in the endless line of docks. Above us the graceful lines of the wondrous Brooklyn bridge were clearly visible, as it hung from the granite towers, suspended in the sky. Returning we viewed the grand offices where are produced the greatest power of modern civilization. From mighty presses rolled millions of newspapers that on the sabbath morn were to be distributed by an army of messengers, and read by millions of people. In the brilliantly lighted stories of these palaces of industry, were thousands of men at work, night and day, gathering, arranging, editing and setting up the matter for the forms. From the telegraph and the telephone instruments, news was received from another great army of reporters, distributed in all quarters of the globe. Not only from the civilized centres of America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceanica, was news gathered, by mail, or, by

ocean cable; but also from the remotest confines of earth came accounts of what was immediately transpiring in those regions. African forests, Australian wilds, Siberian steppes, Indian jungles, Arctic and Antarctic ice, and ocean waters, all yield their stories to be daily distributed by this mighty engine of civilization, with such infinite precision, that at the reveille or breakfast even, without fail the citizen can be informed of the affairs of the entire world, as he quietly sips his coffee, or smokes his morning cigar. The palaces of these great daily newspapers are marvels of construction. Stone, marble and brick, tastefully designed and richly sculptured, add the charm of taste to these utilitarian structures. Within are gathered a host of men of wondrous ability, in the departments of literature, science, industrial and fine arts, commerce, law and politics. These review and sift the matter sent in by the army of reporters, condense and prepare it for publication. General news, weather reports, commercial and financial affairs, the live stock market, cotton market, court calenders, railroad stocks, bonds and mortgages; the grain market, mining stocks, foreign markets and the state of trade; the departure and arrival of ships, cable news; insurance, meetings, elections, investments, instruction, dividends, advertisements, editorials, amusements, horse and yacht races, obituaries, produce, army and navy, book notices, situations for tradesmen and professionals, quack medicine, boarders, real estate, hotels, transportation, merchants, frauds and swindles, under every guise, are some of the subjects that are to be shaped into pre-

sentable form for the public, with each returning sun. One of the heavy clouds still drifting in the sky, broke over the city, driving us for shelter into a cellar-way, into which a group of news boys had darted before us where they huddled together to avoid the splash and drift of the rain sent into the passage, wetting the boys nearest the door. The danger of the storm for the moment, putting aside their little squabbles, and fraternizing them into common brotherhood, wherein the great heart of human sympathy was strongly shown by the rough scolding of the smaller, and weaker boys, into securer places. A demand for a tune, for which the boys said they were hungry, was made, and from the midst of this wretched storm-driven lot of prospective presidents, statesmen, scientists, poets, artists, and moralists, came the sweet sounds of a mouth organ, and 'Home, Sweet Home.' poured forth its tender sentiment, with many variations, born of the quick perceptions of the homeless street arabs; variations that would have attracted a Wagner by the elaboration of their movements. At the finish the air was repeated and slowed down into a full drawn and prolonged chord.

"'That's nice,' said a pale faced little fellow.

"Then followed 'The Mocking Bird,' Irish Jigs, and 'Yankee Doodle.' The rain overhead ceased and at once there was a scramble for the free air and the papers.

"The press rooms, which were free to visitors at that hour, brought surprise to the calm and stolid faces of my Continental companions, who silently viewed these marvels of human skill and ingenuity. Not only

the complex machinery, amazed them, but the immense journals, printed, folded, stitched, and placed on the table, with such rapidity that the eye could not follow their operations. Intently both watched the wondrous product of the strong presses, that, with the assistance of a few men, condensed the labor of thousands; the rythmic click of the machinery assisting to fix their attention, as the forms played like a power loom shuttle, under the rollers and cylinders. Statue-like, the pressmen stood above, feeding the sheets with unerring rapidity hour after hour without moving. No noise, bustle, or confusion was seen here. In its stead, was quiet, method and a precision, born of skillful training.

"'What would Franklin think of this?' said the younger man.

"'Wonderful!' replied the elder.

"Turning to me the tall Washington-like man said: 'The newspaper must have become universal, judging from the immense quantities produced here!

"'Yes,' I replied, 'this is but a fraction of them. In every city and town in the United States, the same thing is going on, in a greater, or less degree. There is no spot on this continent that it does not reach, even to the farthest Hudson bay post in the frozen north, or the desolate regions of Alaska.

"I began to have a feeling that these men were not of this world. Their manners, questions, and language were strange. Singularly enough there was no uneasy feeling about their presence, and the effect upon me was that of perfect calm and rest, whether I was under

the influence of some species of enchantment, or not, I could not tell: my feelings and thoughts were assimilated with theirs, and the spirit of conversation proceeded naturally and comfortably, as though I was speaking to familiars.

"'The newspaper has become so necessary an institution to the modern American, that he eagerly looks for it in the morning before he is half dressed. Everywhere, in the hotels, in the streets, and in the offices, he is seen absorbed in the morning news. The view on the ferry boats in the morning, consists only of a massive row of newspapers beneath which are extended a forest of legs, and from above rises a cloud of tobacco smoke. Each individual purchases his peculiar paper, preferred as it inclines toward the bias of his reason, or his prejudices, which are carefully arranged by their owners so as to be on opposite sides of some subject of public interest; principally politics, free trade or restricted trade. Some manage to obtain a large circulation by keeping between these radical points, to suit a large mass of conservatives, who have no definite ideas, or are too weak to advance any. Occasionally a newspaper is used by influential men to advance, by artful means, their policies or wishes, for their own advantage by influencing or dividing public opinion; particularly in the way of obtaining positions, by which they may be able to pass laws that will enable them, or others in what is called their ring, to plunder the public. It must however be credited to many of these great dailies, that their aim is to be strictly newspapers; pretty fairly giving all sides of

public questions, and publishing for general use, the views of distinguished persons. The eagerness of the American mind for the mass of information given in the papers, is doubtless a principal cause for his peculiar reticence. His society is in the newspaper, and when through with it, he has nothing to say. All his spare time having been used in reading news, the balance must be devoted to his necessary business. Hence, comparatively speaking, he never speaks at all, and loses the advantages of conversation, or the exchange of ideas. This want of intercourse practically amounts to isolation. Persistent reading of his special paper insensibly drifts him under the control of the ideas advanced, or advocated by it; ending finally in his becoming very decided in his views upon a given subject. His neighbor is influenced similarly on the opposite side and becomes equally decided. Should conversation ensue upon any point, both are met with such strong and disagreeable opposition, that an avoidance of all discussion has become with us universal, leaving each individual alone, without the aid or attrition of his neighbor's mind, with all the chances to become the victim of designing men, whose science of plunder, is to divide and conquer. Nothing is easier than to control men's minds in this way, either in matters of government, commerce, labor, or religion. And the public, who in this isolated condition that makes every man suspicious and fearful of his neighbor, believing themselves free and independent, are handled and played with like toys, for the use and merriment of the cunning and unscrupulous. It becomes with me a

question, whether the American mind is not narrowed by the influence of newspaper opinions and the isolation of its social condition, caused by being thus prejudiced by them. The mere matter of being informed of the news does not necessarily favor a broad cast of thought. For it is not unusual to find men who can tell almost all the news in a clever way, that are extremely bigoted and narrow on questions of religion, or politics.'

"'You take a gloomy view of the influence of newspaper opinion,' said the tall man. 'The newspaper as the distributor to the public of wise opinions upon matters of government, or society, becomes thus a great aid to civilization.'

"'Yes', I replied. 'It was so once, undoubtedly, and is largely so yet. The tendency is to goodness; otherwise it would long since have lost public respect. But there is another thing to consider. When a newspaper is owned or controlled by heavy operators on change, or the stock market, by railroad kings, monopolists, or politicians; who artfully enact laws in their interest, it is not to be expected that the paper under their influence would not be used to advance their interest, and it is generally believed to be so.'

"'Have these invested interests and speculations become greater than the public interest?'

"I was forced to smile at this. Replying that it was evident that he was not familiar with 'practical politics' of the present day.

"'Have private interests become so dominant, that any great damage or suffering has deen brought to the people?'

"'Most assuredly, sir. It is the dominant crime of the day. To such an intense degree has this vice become, that moralists are crying out against it everywhere. The labor world is reduced to the last extremity. Discontent is rife. The land is full of homeless tramps out of work, and an uneasy feeling pervades all society. Economists have carefully studied the question of private interests sapping the life of the public. Some have proposed remedies; others radical cures. And they are working, writing and speaking like missionaries, in both Europe and America, promulgating their doctrines. As yet no settled idea of the proper cure prevails among the people, who are bewildered. But should it once be generally understood, a change would be quickly effected.

"'What remedies are proposed for the difficulty?'

"'That,' I replied, receiving the most profound attention, at present, is the removal of all taxation from the products of industry, and placing it on land values. Another, that is powerful in Europe, and is gaining greatly here, is, the nationalization of not only the land, but of all the forces of production and distribution

"'Does not the land belong in usufruct to the living?' asked the younger man.

"'No sir; it is owned by dead men, who lived centuries ago, who by legal means control its use so as to prevent the living using it.'

"'Strange,' said he, 'that progress has not been made. You are really working backward.'

"'Where are the effects of this sad state of society

to be seen?' inquired the tall man.

"'Everywhere,' I replied. 'Look around you, under the shadow of the halls of justice, under the shadow of these palaces devoted to the spread of thought and intelligence, and you can see it day and night, through summer's heat and winter's ice! See these wretches grinding out music on the cold streets; these beggars and tramps eternally passing! See these pale-faced boys in rags, whose home is the street and whose bed is the cellar door! These children who should be at school, or at play, hardly ever see a bed but are here all night long. Between three and four in the morning they gather for the papers; at that hour when the luxurious are enjoying balmy sleep on perfumed beds, the scene of activity here at the offices is a marvel. An army of horses of great speed, fly with tons of newspapers in all directions to railroad depots, where special trains await them, to fly again with lightning speed to all parts of the land with their burden, where at every station eager men wait for the bundles that are thrown to them in passing. An army of boys, women, girls, cripples, and even the blind who are led around, purchase for the street sale or local trade; and all is excitement and activity. It is a wonderful scene that hundreds of thousands in this very city know not the existence of, so widely are the interests of society seperated. These poor boys support themselves. In bad weather, if fortunate, they can secure a bed in a ten or fifteen-cent lodging house, or, if short of money, they go to the two-cent coffee house where they have the blessed privilege to sleep on a bench.'

I pointed across the street to the rear of the national post office, as an illustration of the indifference of society to these noble boys and the condition of these outcasts who are hunted from the streets, their only home. Even this refuge of the newsboys was not secure. Attempts to give expression to the pleasure of young life, by the amusement of pitching and catching ball upon the open area devoid of passengers or vehicles except those of the giant post office—whose never ceasing industry in distributing the enclosures of trade and thought, to the vast multitudes of men in every quarter of the globe, which were unloading, or receiving, the mail bags to be shipped by the various routes of railroad or ocean steamer; while some of the strong, fine, percheron horses were quietly eating their midnight meal—and which offered no interference to the amusement of these little, homeless street arabs as they whiled away the hours of the weary night or kept the damp and chill from their aching bones by such warmth as might be evolved from their poorly nourished bodies; or made up for the defect of scanty clothing, hatless heads, or shoeless feet, of these builders and supporters of the great modern engine of civilization. Ever alert for the approach of the policeman, or the cop, as they call him, the ball produced from a dirty, ragged pocket was rapidly but quietly tossed and caught. Skillful twists and curves given it, similar to those of the professional ball players. The catchers displayed equal skill. First a high ball, then low, a miss, a fly, or a grounder, picked up in an instant, by the quick nervous fielders. The passes of the ball

were few, for the boys in the open area were soon discovered by the cop, whose hasty approach caused them to scatter like a flock of partridges. Every nook and corner, every cellar-way in the neighborhood, was known to them, to which they darted for security. We undertook to pass across the small public park in front of the City Hall, halting a moment to look at a beautiful fountain of polished granite. The seats for the accommodation of the public had been removed so as to prevent their occupation at night by the tramps and homeless news boys, and no resting place was visible. The admirable cement walks and the well kept lawns were perfect. Little did we dream that we were trespassers, until, roughly as well as peremptorily, ordered off in a fine, rich, Irish brogue by a splendid looking policeman, the waive of whose iron-wood club indicated that no discussion of a freeman's rights were just then admissible and that compliance was the easiest way out of the difficulty.

"'Our elected servants are our governors,' I remarked. 'The idea of government has become the idea of ownership of the public and the public's property, to which the elected are exclusively entitled. The police can have only contempt for the general public. They are in a position to know the nature and character of all the various phases of social life in the city and soon lose all respect for the citizens, when they realize the fact that the merchants are mostly shams, the idlers are living on their wits, the supposed respectable are dealers in lottery tickets, or gamblers and confidence men; three fourths of the women in hotels and board-

ing houses are irregular in their morals; the entire mass, with the exception of the few laborers, are sharpers, speculators, thieves and tramps. This delectable social state is not likely to inspire respect. Hence the instinctive desire on the part of the police to club the rotten mass, and to increase the size of their clubs for its better performance; until, at present, a blow from one of these massive bludgeons is certain death. The public have become accustomed to this savage treatment; long since having ceased to entertain any other idea of government than the right to brutally club the citizens. A citizen informed me that a policeman has the right to enter any house and club your father and mother, your wife or children, or yourself. Who would stop him? no one could do anything with the police. If you complained, the case would be dismissed and the policeman would club you all the more on the first opportunity. To enter a house a warrant was superfluous: if the police had to procure a warrant for every house-hold they wanted to club, a thousand clerks could not write them fast enough to supply the police of New York city.'

"Many stories I told of the life and habits of the news boys, the women and girls, and the blind, who were led around selling the daily papers. What the boys made, and how they often, on bad days, were left with a number of unsold papers on their hands. That this alone amounted annually to an immense, but generally distributed, loss to them, and a boastful gain to the giant dailies.

"By this time the streets were dry and our walk led

past the city hall, the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge and under the elevated rail-way, which latter object seemed of great interest, and caused many questions of its extent and management. We continued along Chatham Square where the hard side of social life in the slums of this pestilential district, displayed many of its pickets and outposts on the main street. Turning into a narrow street, we found ourselves in the midst of a great number of Chinese who were standing listlessly about the pavements. Their dwellings were curiously arranged with small bars on the upper part of the doors, or windows. These appeared to be for the purpose of admitting air to their confined apartments, which were filled with bunks, one above the other, so as to accommodate a great number. Those in the street, we were told, were the class who slept in the day time, the apartments being obliged to accommodate two sets of people; one in the night and one in the day. Above the door of each house were some Chinese characters which we could not interpret, but which we understood signified some sentiment or other of a happy character; such as, 'Happy Home' or 'Sweet, Sweet Rest.' A number of the Chinese were gathered together on the pavement, looking up at the second story windows of a house on the opposite side of the street. The front of this house was ornamented by a richly carved sign of Chinese workmanship, decorated in vermillion red and gold. In front hung a number of chinese lanterns, that gave to this otherwise squalid building a pleasing effect. Within a number of Chinese were visible moving about, and from

the interest of those on the pavement we judged that something unusual was going on. The idea occurred to me that it was a Joss house, and after considering a moment, I thought that we would take the risk and go up the stair-way and see what it was. We started at a rapid pace, knowing that if anything was to be seen it must be quickly; no sooner had the Chinese on the street observed our movements, than a 'hi yi' signal went up to the windows. This I did not like, but pushed on faster. Arriving at the top of the stair-way we glanced quickly through the half glass door and found that it was a Chinese eating house of the coarsest description. At one of the tables near the front windows sat two white girls, of perhaps sixteen and eighteen years, of the most degraded type, who were having great amusement with a room full of the Chinese. Some of the Chinese from the street began to come up after us, and we turned quickly to go down, to avoid any difficulty, which appeared imminent. On the stairs we met a policeman, who was showing a couple of gentlemen the sights of the neighborhood, and feeling ourselves safe, we returned, taking a longer look through the door, not presuming to follow the policeman and his friends inside, where they looked wonderfully out of place. This conservative dilution of our national manhood was interesting in the study of its degradation. For they represent a nation that is the enemy of all revolution; whose sole ambition and logical dream is to change not; a terrible multitude incredibly economical and frightfully prodigal of labor, who fly from their own cracking, rotting empire

to our shores where they often meet from their labor competitors, a brutal and odious resistance. Refinement to these celestials consists in the decrepit vices of conservatism, chimeric invention and infinite ugliness. Ages of subjection to their leeching mandarins and rulers, who have protected them from outside innovation, has reduced them to the infinitude of economic meanness, and rendered them constitutionally unfit for the advanced phases of intellectual life. But here they are filling the position of the model to which the Anglo-American mind is rapidly approaching.

"We continued along this street and turned several corners observing the low places of human degradation on every side. I knew that it was no place for respectable people; but, although there were many dangerous looking characters, and many intoxicated men lying on the pavements and in door-ways, we passed undisturbed, with the exception of a severe blow upon my right arm by the closed fist of a stalwart, drunken woman, as she passed by us. Observation was always directed to me; the two strangers, dressed so unusually, were unnoticed, as much as though they were invisible.

"The saints and martyrs of christian faith and hope were even here at this late hour, penetrating the dark world of human woe, with a heroism that, although more obscure, was no less greater than that of a Magellan or a Stanley. In the interior of one of these dens of iniquity, I recognised an old friend who had spent most of his life as a missionary among the Indians. Whole tribes had been raised by his sole efforts

from a state of naked savagery to an orderly condition of civilized life. And where once the nomadic Indian contested the earth with the wolf and the panther, now lowing cattle, golden harvests, and the click of the reaper and the hum of the thresher, are seen and heard; while the song of thankfulness and praise rises from happy hearts to the God, this follower of Jesus of Nazareth has taught them to worship. Here his work was the same but more hopeless. No government offered them free land, implements, nor sent workmen to construct their homes; farmers to teach the culture of the land; devoted men and women to educate the youth, or train their barren natures to affection and piety. He could only point these outcasts to the skies, where he told them was the love of God, the Father. From these surroundings there was no escape; no spot on earth to which they could go for safety. The highways were already overflowing with their shunned kind, from whom those who have homes protect themselves with dogs and guns and prisons.

"A woman of about thirty years of age, who haggard and worn as she was, showed traces of refined manners, listened to the good man's words of consolation. And when he made the final appeal to come to Jesus, the comforter, she majestically straightened up before him, and with a look of insulted dignity, said: 'I once believed that promise in happier days. I once believed that God was a father to whom I owed the love and duty of a child, and that I had individual responsibility for my sins. I once had a lov-

ing husband who was perfection itself. Two happy years of bliss and God took him from me, leaving me a lovely babe to take his place in my heart. In her sweet dimpled face on which I looked with joy as she nursed my breasts, I could recall his features—a few short years and God took her also away, leaving me desolate. I was rich, educated, and my friends stand among the first in this city. But I took to drink to drown my sorrow; the alcoholic serpent fastened on my appetite. I was abandoned by friends, my fortune went to the rum-seller, God forsook me, and here I am at the lowest stage of human degradation.'

"She buried her face in her hands and woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

"My companions frequently stood for a long while viewing some of these places and the uninviting characters within, so that the delay was at times to me quite uncomfortable, for this quarter I knew to be infested with the vilest and most unprincipled of God's creatures. Wandering around by the Tombs police court and prison, we fell in with an officer of that institution, who proved to be a communicative and well mannered gentleman, from whom we obtained some general information of the number and character of the criminals who occupy the attention of the large corps of judges every morning, that was quite interesting. This officer informed us that we should come in the morning at six o'clock if we wished to see the prisoners brought in from the stations in the different parts of the city. They would then be put into the coolers for a few hours until the judges opened court,

when we could hear the cases investigated and get an idea of the nature of their crimes. 'You will see every kind of people brought in here, men and women of all grades; boys, girls, and even quite young children; tramps, thieves, fighters, and dead beats. In fact we get every kind, from a banker to the tramp. You can see them any morning if you want to. Sometimes a great number, and at other times, not so many, but we always get plenty of them.' We thanked this unusually obliging officer and bade him good night. Walking around the block to view the massive walls of the prison, which were rendered more dismal and gloomy by the heavy granite colonnade of Egyptian architecture that associated in the mind the gloomy, solemn splendors of ancient Egypt, whose ruins of temples erected to the gods of heat and life, where thousands of years witnessed the wondrous development of learning in their shades, and under the influence of their marvellous cult, had left us the strongest lines on history's pages of the records of civilized life. Her noble architecture that has so long defied the ravages of time, here lends its solemn charm to the adornment of a temple for the besotted criminals of the model Republic of all times, whose cult arises from the adoration of the modern god of selfishness and greed; whose temple is a prison for his votaries, and the victims of his fatal rites and worship.

"Quiet reigned at this late hour among the poor Jews in that awful section of the city called Jerusalem, a wretched parody on the sublime city and ancient people who gave us our Holy Bible: a people whose

high intellectual type contended with the low ideal of idolatrous worship, and who emancipated themselves and the world from its thraldom, planting in its stead the one true and only God of justice and mercy. A people with whom the ideal humanity of Christ found its birth, nurture and development. A people who have proved the only substantial barrier to the corruptions that have covered with selfish crime and filth the beautiful teachings of the Jew of Bethlehem, who spoke as never man spoke; who left us his divine blessing in the sweet words, 'Love one another,' and 'Whatsoever ye would that men will do unto you, do ye also unto them.' Alas! the poor Jew, here in this foul spot on God's footstool, no longer represents the sublime character of his tenacious race, but is sunk into the last depths of degradation, despair and death, by the idolatry of the one and only god now worshipped in all the earth that has supplanted his ideal; that has sunk Abraham, Moses and Christ into the night of oblivion. This one and only god of greed, has made him the victim of the sweater, who fattens on his blood, life and soul also. His semitic tenacity, his virtuous patience, his endurance, his hope, and his love for Rachel and her children, give him a power and a courage to live under this grievous burden, greater than the courage to die. As he toils, from early morn far into the weary night, in close packed rooms, in fetid atmospheres, for the few pence of the sweater, and the wretched food which he shares with his loved daughters of Israel and their chosen offspring, his fertile imagination furnishes him a manna of life,

as it wanders afar to the former scenes that illustrate the glories of his race, and the hopeful promise that sustained his fathers in their slavish captivity, when the daughters of Israel hung their harps on the willows and sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept.

"In the Italian quarter where the scenes were noisiest, the stench from the streets and garbage was sickening, but my companions did not seem to mind it at all. At last the people seemed to dwindle away, becoming fewer and fewer. The orgies and dance houses ceased; humanity seemed revelled out and the wretches of men, women, and children, all sank into a besotted and feverish sleep, where life pulsated laboriously in rank polluted atmospheres; where death claimed his nightly percentages of human life, the horrors of existence mercifully terminated by his charitable stoppage of the heart beat and ceasing of consciousness to these ended lives, festered out in an environment of vileness and crime."

CHAPTER V.

CHURCHES AND CHARITIES.

"The night was spent. Aurora's rosy tints heralded the opening day. Crimson and gold filled the east as the rising sun kissed the tender clouds and moist earth. Dew drops sparkled joyously on palpitating petals of blooming flowers, that modestly turned their open bells to receive the blush of morn. Awakening song birds chirruping a few neighborly calls, broke forth in one mighty chorus of joy as the full, warm, golden beams, shot across mountain, meadow, grove and field, and the song of Osiris went up from all the earth. Alas! the heavy eyelids, aching brains, and weary limbs of the besotted sleepers, were as oblivious to the pageant of Apollo's return, as the bloodless lips and pallid brows of those upon whom eternal night had fallen. The throb of solemn church bells tolling three times three to the morning air, startled some of the sleepers, who after rubbing their swollen eyes, and dressing their aching temples, sped with hurried steps towards the temples of worship. Brilliant altar lights and jewels, dazzled the eye. Richly colored paintings of sweet motherhood, whose downcast and modest eyes

affectionately gazed upon the innocent babe in whom the undeveloped germ of sublime virtue, or crime, was yet obscured. A crowd of dimpled cherubs and sweet faced, winged angels, adoringly looked upon this human joy, and with delicate fingers tinkling golden harps, sang in heavenly chorus, the glad tidings 'That another child is born.' Opposite was the picture of the developed man, whose face upturned in the agony of despair and with writhing body, bleeding hands, feet and side, hung upon a wooden cross. A bloody sun was sinking in the horizon. Fierce lightning darting from a tempestuous sky, played through the air and around his head. A gleam of pale light cut out in fine relief, the divine features that throbbed with mental agony. And from the parted lips was heard the cry of 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.' The solemn sounds of the Gregorian chant arose from the Altar front, and the wretches bowed their heads with the awful impression of the scene. Amidst all the surroundings of crime, of filth and disease; amidst all compulsory sinking of manhood and womanhood, in the unequal struggle for existence, on the site of street stones and squalid lodgings for a little garbage, alcohol, and some filthy rags, there was the remnant of an inner life, of the divine man and conscience."

All idea of a supernatural presence was for the moment forgotten by the historian in his amazement at the wonderful account of the Nineteenth century that flowed from his rapidly flying pen to the paper before him. The statue-like form of Edward Pureheart never

moved, but his face alone assumed a deeper expression of pain as the story of the past was recorded. The reluctant pause, before he consented to the recital of these savage horrors was thus explained. With incredible speed the story went on.

"As we left the church a group of young men emerged from a saloon where they had passed a jolly night, spending all their week's earnings over the bar. The proprietor and his family were just entering the side door on their return from early mass, with hearts and consciences lightened by the strict performance of religious duties. On the steps of the University of New York, where professor Morse invented his mode of instantaneous communication of thought by the electric telegraph, sat a poor homeless woman of about middle age, clad in tatters, resting herself between the times that hunger compelled her to seek food, or a place to crawl under and sleep. But even here with this poor, unfortunate victim of society the progress of the age was visible. The great engine of civilization, the press, had brought to this barren life its blessings. Art, too, had added its charm to instruct the eye and the mind; and the benefits of primary education in the free public schools, one of the crowning glories of social life, had also assisted to bring to this poor wretch the bliss of literary enjoyment, by which man can communicate with man from distant climes, or transmit the beauteous thought from age to age. Here, with all these social advantages, the homeless beggar-woman enjoyed the delights of a sheet of illustrations, that although a piece of cast off

waste of our high civilization, gave to this impoverished being the luxurious idea of the lovely costumes made for her more fortunate sisters by the famous Worth of Paris.

"A group of bright, active boys, some of whom had aspired to the dignity of a paper collar, a cigarette and a straw hat, were collecting together to take advantage of a cheap excursion on the various steam boats to Coney Island, where they would desecrate the puritan Sabbath by a plunge in the cool, refreshing waves of old Neptune's dominion, and escape the deadly microbe of the tenement for one happy day; enjoy the music and dance on the boats, that floated their myriads of gay flags and defied the pious opposition of the wealthy Sabbatarians, who at this hour had scarcely left their downy, lace-covered beds, or were sipping their coffee and burnt brandy, or reading their Sunday paper, while enjoying, in the refreshing odors of their conservatories, the delicious Havana cigar, before the hour of dressing for the pious observances of the holy Sabbath day.

"A vast theatre of seats occupied the entire side of Washington park. The buildings opposite were gaily decorated with bunting and thousands of flags hung from roof to basement, intermingled with national emblems and portraits of the first and last Presidents of the Republic. Passing through a triumphal arch were many people answering the call to religious service. From the numerous bells and chimes mellow tones filled the serene air, as they rang out from campaniles of elegant stone churches whose architect

ural members rose in graceful lines, high over the Mosaic floors luxuriously carpeted, and furnished pews, embroidered silk velvet kneeling cushions and prayer books bound in fretted gold and silver. Elegantly attired men, women and children, walked slowly through the passages and up the aisles, filing into the pews with quiet dignity; many kneeling and bowing their heads in prayer. Faint tones from organ pipes began to fill the auditorium, gradually swelling and dying, awakening with their studied vibrations, exalted thoughts and emotions. The sounds gradually increased in power and volume, filling the vast area, vibrating the base, roof and arches; their mighty burst of tone joined by a chorus of voices in a grand hymn to Almighty God. Sweet voices of women blending in perfect chord, followed the swell of sound, infusing into the soul ideas of heavenly beauty. These were joined by manly baritone and bass, through a pssionate and disconsolate appeal, which finally ceased, the cadence carried away by the fainter and fainter, dying tones of the organ. In fine cultured voice rose the invocation. The holy man announcing, 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.' Chant followed prayer and prayer followed chant, leaving a happy and restful impression on the spirit. Again the holy man with sweet upturned face preached the beatitudes of the Nazarene: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall be called the children of God.' Eloquently portraying the beauties and applications of the Savior's teachings, he described the sad life of the man of many sorrows and acquainted with

grief. Finally dwelling upon the happiness of their worldly condition and the necessity of charity towards the poor. The holy man rose to a great height of eloquence in his peroration on charity; and pronouncing a benediction on all his hearers, he dismissed the congregation, the sounds of the grand organ dying away as they left.

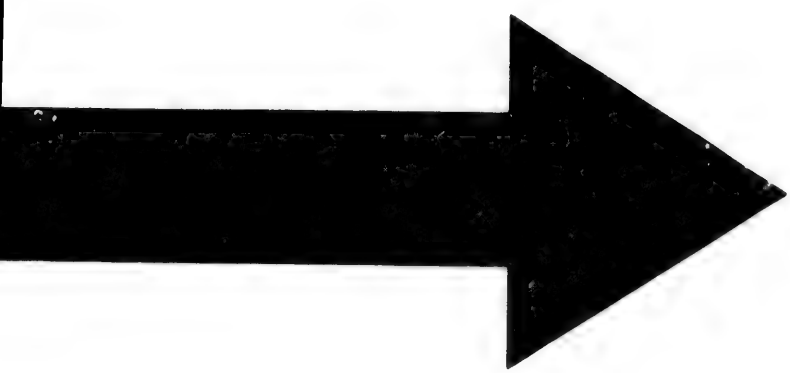
"The scene at the exit was a study. Stiff dignified men and matrons filed out, with a loftiness and stateliness painful to the observer. Young men, each carrying a heavy cane, and soft, sweet maidens, walked away with each other modestly and pleasantly. A contented expression rested upon every countenance, as though duty had been performed and conscience satisfied. Sublime music, grand and elegant surroundings, the beauties of virtue and the pleasing prospect of further duty to the requirements of charity, calmly rested the spirit as they went to their elegant homes, to dine, to sleep, and to prepare for the social enjoyments of the evening.

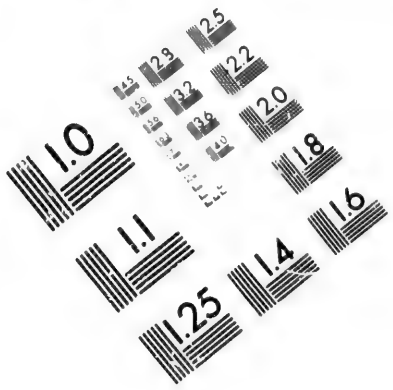
"To avoid the crowd of people coming from the lectures of the Ethical Society and the Anti-poverty meetings, we turned the corner sauntering up one street and down another, observing here and there evidences of the good spirit of man, in the signs placed on some of the buildings: St. Mary's Lodging House, for Respectable, Young, Homeless Women, out of Work,' 'Charity Eating and Soup House,' 'Children Cared for While their Mothers are at Work,' 'Board of Foreign Missions' 'New York Diet Kitchen for the Sick Poor,' 'Midnight Refuge for Homeless Girls,' and others that brought me

many interrogations from my strange acquaintances.

"'Do these wealthy people contribute freely to charity?' asked the tall Washington-like man.

"'Yes sir. The private charitable institutions of this city exceed perhaps anything in the world and are supported liberally by the wealthy class, many of whom devote their time and sacrifice their comfort to it, from a religious sense of duty. Their labors in this direction are worthy of the highest praise. One hundred and thirty thousand dollars per annum is the expense of the out door division of one notable institution, occupying an entire block, devoted to the care of foundlings. The basket to receive them hangs out all night and is supplied with over one thousand babies per annum. This is a large per cent of the population for one establishment. How many for the other institutions, God only knows. One merchant, a Mr Crittendon, has devoted his life to reforming the unfortunate poor of the slums, which we saw last night. Through his efforts, assisted by many others equally worthy, the Florence Missions have been established. They have assisted many tramps and street girls to resist the degrading influences that surround them, but from which they cannot fully escape, under our present conditions. No spot is so vile that these saintly people will not penetrate, with a strength and boldness born of a conviction that their lives and efforts belong to the Divine Master's cause. The outcast with that natural feeling actuating every unfortunate human being, receives them gladly, or at the least treats them with respect.





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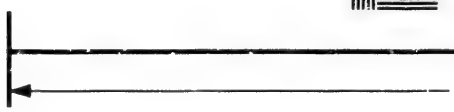

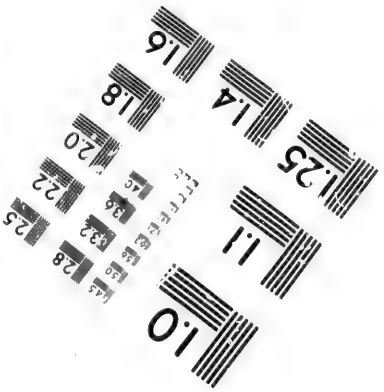

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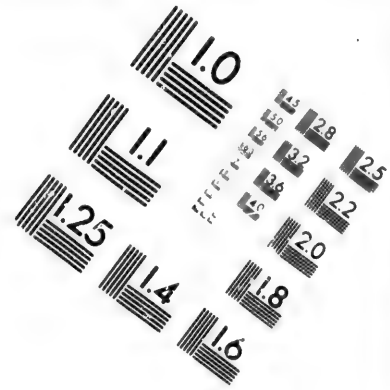

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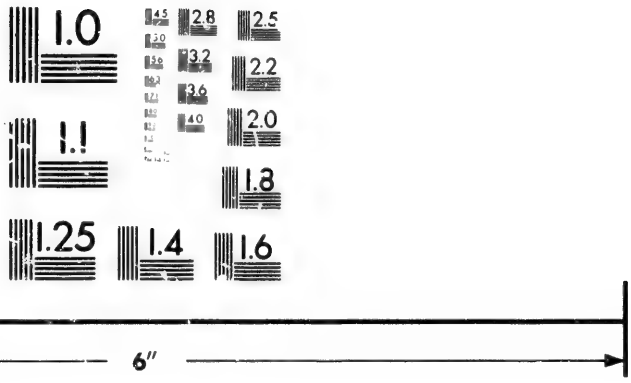

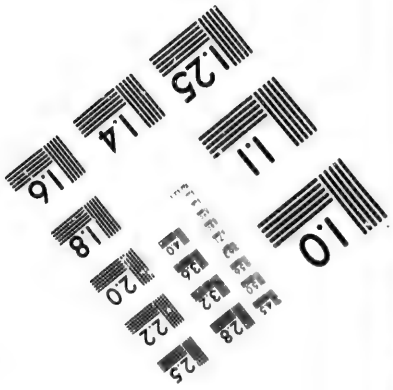

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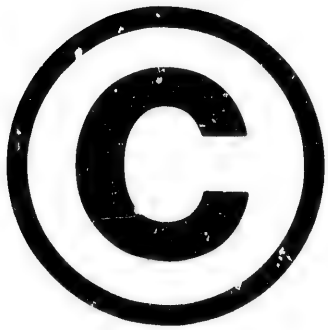

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"'Are they gaining on this condition of poverty and degradation?' he asked.

"'How can they?' I replied. 'More of the laborers are being sunk every day into poverty, and more of the small merchants and trades people are following them on the downward road. These latter become clerks, managers, and foremen, to the wealthier concerns. But most of them are crowded into the labor market; forcing out the inferior, or, older workmen, salesmen and saleswomen, by working cheaper, or by superior knowledge of the business management. I have looked everywhere through the factories and stores to find what becomes of the grey haired workmen or work-women; but only the young and cheap are to be seen in the ranks of industry. What becomes of the grey haired laborer I cannot imagine. There are a few quite old men seen here and there, but the strong, grey haired, men and women, laborers of middle age, or a little past it, are no where to be seen in the busy hives of industry. Among the great army of tramps, there are many and, if you will remember, the most wretched and besotted people you saw last night lying around the streets, were intelligent looking men that I suspect to be of this class."

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

"A circle of humanity surrounded the basin of a handsome fountain in Central Park, watching the spray and splash of water jets, playing from around the feet of bronze cherubs, dolphins, and lilies, as it sparkled and fell in liquid pearls with iridescence of a thousand hues, the warm sunlight dancing upon its bubbling surface, which glinted with the sheen of numberless gold fish, joyously sporting in the clear, sweet water of the monster basin. Little children watched the glitter of these pretty ornaments and clapped their hands in childish glee, as they darted for the crumbs of bread thrown them. On the lawn were seated a number of worn looking women. Their babies lying on the grass kicking up their little legs and chuckling over the toys with which the watchful mothers provided them. The monotony of life in their close apartments in the city, was here relieved, while airing their offspring in the pure, balmy air. The moving groups of life were ever passing through the high balustrades and disappearing down the steps, where the winged, bronze angel and fountain of cherubs, relieved themselves against the

background of the foliage-covered hills and the blue waters of the lake, dotted with swans and pleasure boats, that flitted here and there in graceful motion upon its mirror-like bosom. On its shores, through the winbimg paths, the groups of people reappeared diminished by drstance, the lost details of the mass made up by the pleasant color of their costumes, that were still brilliant against the atmospheric toned green of the spring foliage.

"The vistas and openings that revealed the flitting groups of people seeking novelty of scene, or exercise, were further enlivened by the dashing of the fine, mounted police and their elegant horses; by the childrens' swings and merry-go-rounds; by the strangers to see the inaugural fete of tomorrow, and the lively costumes of the soldiers who were to participate in the military parade. Around on every side flowering plants and trees displayed their pink and white blossoms, that blended with the light purple lanrel, in mass, against the lawns and groves, where red costumes were dotted here and there on the green. At the roots of the full blown Rhododendrons and wild roses, the refined embeilishments of the chaste, tender, cold and purple Iris, rising from its bed of stiff, harsh flags, that were kissed by the delicate bloom of the frail Spirea, were abundant. The Casino was filled with people who sought its thick shelter of vines as a protection from the afternoon sun. Around its stone basement were living decorations of the swinging legs of hundreds of boys listening to the band that delighted the people with classic music and pop-

ular airs from its handsomely decorated pavilion. Below the moving mass of beings marched quietly and orderly up and down the Mall, and on the side passages, were pretty groups of lisping children enjoying the ride in toy carriages drawn by goats; while from the shady bushes a fearless bunny looked out upon their innocent mirth and enjoyment. Along the drive sped the bicycle athletes, exilirated by the rapidity of their rapid flight along the perfect roads, darting by the droves and droves of carriages containing their burdens of wealth and splendor, who were enjoying the balmy air and the charming, changing scenes on the winding drives. Beautiful young maidens, stately, white-haired dames, in gold spectacles; silken-haired dogs; fat, money-making men, lolling on soft cushions shielding their eyes from the glare of the sun with rich fans inlaid with gold ornaments and jewels. Young bloods on bobtailed horses, passed and repassed; and the pride of life enjoyed its blossoming time on the dustless drives of the Metropolitan Park, amid the enchantments of lake, hill and grove.

"The music from the pavilion lent its ravishing strains to this enchanting scene and perfect day, delighting the moving crowd on the Mall, side aisles, and Casino. The sparkling, sweet compositions of Donozetti seemed to predominate in the programme of the day, and the star spangled banner that embellished the stands and hung in festoons from the trees overhead was not forgotten.

"Stone vases and hanging flowers decorated the

walks, and Beethoven in bronze looked with stern introspective gaze upon the scene; his sweet soul symbolized by a statue of the Muse striking the lyre and gazing upward into his listening, dreaming face, that was turned toward a long vista through an avenue of trees, sprinkled along its base with moving life and color, shaded into subdued tones by the dark green arch of the branches overhead, and terminated by a ground of light greenish gray on distant foliage, illuminated by sun-light, against which the Bard of Avon mounted on a pedestal, stood alone, thougtful, sublime.

"The people of the slums were not here, for it requires ten cents to ride on the cars or elevated railroads. Their single working suit of clothes would not add to the elegance of the scene; a fact of which they are conscious. The gilded contrast of the drive to their condition is painful to them, and with their slightly more fortunate brothers and sisters who possess a cheap, clean, extra Sunday suit, they decline to mix, preferring to sit on their garbage boxes in the purlieus of the tenement and enjoy the decomposed matter of the gutter, as the poisonous exhalations arise from grease or stale beer. Besides the clean portion of the community seen here do not want the rudeness, rags, or vermin, of the slums, and would leave the Park should its pleasant shades be invaded by the mighty army of the impoverished and degraded.

"On the drive at the end of the high balustrade, a low, open carriage and handsome team of bays halted. On the box sat a splendid looking driver in livery and boots, who held the lines in his left hand,

palm upward, body erect, legs parallel, the butt of his whip standing out at an oblique angle, held by the right hand on a line with the elbow. This is the conventional style for a driver: and this one, who remained for perhaps twenty minutes, where he halted, never moved head, neck or muscle, but sat as though carved in stone. The carriage was occupied by a man of about fifty years of age, with hard, rigid Wall Street features, and black beard well mixed with grey. He sat almost motionless listening to the music; but on his hard, stony face and masked expressionless eyes, no trace of emotion or pleasurable enjoyment could be seen. His gloved hand hung loosely over the leather-cushioned side, which at length he waived to the statue-like driver, who turned the heads of his graceful, spirited bays and drove rapidly away, as the band was playing: 'My Country, 'tis of Thee I Sing.'

"The moving crowd in front, rear and sides of the music pavilion, were an orderly, tame, pale, better class of industrial people, who were here in their best clothes. Not one person of the wealthy class was visible among them; these confining themselves strictly to the carriages on the drives, or entertaining themselves elsewhere. My Washington-like companion remarked that but very few were over thirty years of age, and inquired if the elder portion of the people did not enjoy the Park and the music.

"I replied that I could not answer that question; that this was the visible standard of human life, always and everywhere; that I had often puzzled over this question which forced itself upon my observation, but

as yet, I could not unravel the mystery, whether the period of human life had under our modern system shortened its average. I was well aware that one half of the community or of the world, is out of sight, on beds of sickness, disease and death, and that it is the vigorous and strong side that presents itself always to the view; that this side again is divided into a mass of struggling miserables, and a few of the luxurious class; so that from my own observations I was gradually being driven to the conclusion, that only the young and active survived awhile the awful pressure of our social state. But this young dispirited looking mass of people moved up and down the Mall, in the order prescribed by the police authorities, who lined each side at regular distances, the grey and gold of their uniforms prettily mingling with the various colors of the costumes of the people, as the sun light here and there broke through the calm and spacious arch of thick foliage overhead, throwing its rays across the shadows of the crowd, cutting into long lines of light, the even surface of the extensive and well kept lawns, reminding us of some of the pictures of the Royal gardens of France, in her times of greatest luxury, under the reign of Louis XIV.

"The shadows in the dense foliage grew deeper and the dark tree trunks relieved themselves faintly against the evening mists that began to rise in their depths. The mass of the people gradually lost its brilliant color as the parting life and light of nature regretfully looked back, throwing his slanting beams upon a retreating world. The bloom of nature lost its tone. Still the

wealth rolled on the drive and as we passed away with the moving mass the breeze wafted to our ears the fading sounds of the band playing: 'The Flag That Made Us Free.'"

CHAPTER VII.

SACRED CONCERTS. POLITICS.

"A moderation of the atmospheric temperature as the God of day sunk in the western horizon, rendered the promenade in the city unusually inviting. The freshened streets after some days of rain were assisted by the extra efforts of the authorities to make everything attractive along the route of the procession that was to display military and civic pomp during the following three days. Crowds filled the streets composed of strangers from everywhere. Military costumes were abundant, and the anticipation of the fete seemed to infuse life into the conversation of the passers-by. At length darkness settled upon the city and the electric lights began to gleam out from all quarters. Quietness was only disturbed by the tramp on the pavements and the periodic rush of the elevated and street cars. At the great halls and theatres, sacred concerts were announced, and choice compositions of the Masters were artistically rendered to appreciative, but generally unorthodox audiences. In the commoner portions of the city sacred concerts of a lower grade

were given and the song and banjo with character sketches, amused the coarser tastes of the unblessed poor.

"Mrs Norton spoke at the Nationalist Club on heriditary crime proceeding from the false and dependent condition of mothers under our social system, illustrating with her vast experience among the criminal classes, and advocating the economic virtue of the National care of Woman as the foundation of society. At another hall the Nun of Kenmare was exposing the crimes of the Priests against the chastity of the Nuns. The great hall of Cooper Union echoed with the eloquence of the excommunicated priest, Mc Glynn, who thundered for free public schools and he Declaration of Independence. The Socialists celebrated the Sabbath evening by discussing Karl Marx and his great work on capital. The Anarchists were proclaiming the virtues of individual freedom. And the Single Taxists offered the economic philosophy of removing the taxes from industry. Everywhere society was alive with agitation. A restless state seemed to pervade the air. Dissatisfaction with public affairs appeared to be universal. The impression left upon the mind was that humanity was in a ferment because of the ever present contrasts of splendor and woe suggesting social, volcanic dangers that annoyed the spirit.

"Opening a side door in a quiet front and proceeding along a psssage, then turning to the right, we found ourselves in a large and well lighted hall, full of men and women in a din of conversation; while the forbidden Sunday beer flowed in abundance proportionate to the prohibition. On a high stage a band of

faded and jaded beauties attired in cheap costumes of showy color, performed finely on instruments varied with songs in cultured, but somewhat forceful style, rendered necessary, perhaps, by the din and noise of the audience, which was enjoying its weekly release from the eternal prison of toil.

"At a table sat a group of men earnestly discussing economic questions, with which they seemed extraordinarily familiar, and upon which there appeared to be divergence of views. Some talked dogmatically and excitedly, while others were remarkably cool and collected, and reasoned with a system of logic that comported strangely with their apparent conditions and surroundings. The boldness and clearness of statement, coupled with an astonishing familiarity with the most profound economic writers and thinkers of all lands and times, could not but arrest attention. Quotations from history, statistics, commerce, political government in all its forms, seemed as common to them as the multiplication table to a school boy; though their arguments were greatly characterized by strong epithets to one another, yet there seemed to be no more offense than an occasional sturdy objection. Adam Smith, Ricardo, McCullough, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Godwin, Patrick Dove, Henry George, Karl Marx, Groenlund and Edward Bellamy. The French economic writers; such as Quesnay, Turgot, Mirabeau, Condorcet, Dupont, and the German professional Socialists, and the Individualists, or Anarchists, were quoted freely. The communism of early Christianity, was given with a profusion that amazed

us The main point of discussion seemed to be in reference to various propositions for the destruction of social disparity and the abolition of involuntary poverty. Some taking the side of the George theory, as advocated in the land value tax, for the destruction of rent; considering that its achievement would destroy the power of monopoly to absorb production, and open sufficient natural opportunities for labor to correct the present, unsatisfactory state of things. Others stoutly contended with much learned authority that an entire change should be made. To the commonality, or nationalization of land, should be added, the commonality, or nationalization of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, coal mines, oil wells, electric power and light, gas works, dwellings, and everything else should go to the workers who produce them; and that no one should hold exclusive ownership of anything conducive to the public benefit. These latter reasoners claimed that with the capital created by the workers in the hands of a few persons, the laborers could not reap a just reward and that they would be no better off with free access to the land than without it. One of them presenting the proposition in regard to the land that sustains humanity and the powers that enable production; 'that if it requires two things to produce a thing, it is useless to argue which is the most important, land and machinery, or land and labor, or earth and the forces of production.' These arguments were again contested by the land value taxists, who claimed that monopoly could not exist with public access to the primary factor, land; bringing forward many reasons to

sustain their view; such as, the impossibility of over population, and the impossibility of over production.

"This discussion became quite interesting to me, not only on account of the unexpected discovery of learning among these people, for I imagined such knowledge was confined to professors of political economy, and access to such information could only be had in costly libraries. My knowledge of these subjects, while not profound, was fair, as a general student. On the later views of the new economists, I had been somewhat careful to inform myself, but was as yet in doubt as to the solid value of their conclusions.

"A denial of some point brought from the pocket of one of these men, a worn and dirty copy of Progress and Poverty, to which the chapter, page, and even the lines of successive arguments, were turned with the precission of a scientist. From the pocket of another came Marx's treatise on Capital, with similar results. I had never seen such a display of economic knowledge before and least of all expected it from such a crushed lot of toilers as were before me. All seemed of one accord in regard to present social evils; all seemed opposed to Individualism, and in tolerable harmony; but the point of partial, or radical reform was evidently the rock on which they split.

"At another table sat a number of men discussing the way that each had voted at the last election. One said that he had voted four different tickets; the Democratic, Republican, Prohibitionist and Socialist.

"'Why did you vote for a prohibitionist on your ticket?' asked one of his companions. 'You do not

believe in prohibition!'

"'I know I don't. But I want it to succeed for all that.'

"'Why?'

"'Because, I think it one of the quickest ways to bring public attention, either to the question of the land value tax, or, the nationalization of all the forces of production.'

"'How will prohibition bring that about?'

"'It will bring it about by cutting off the revenue of the government. Then we will have it like the city of Hutchinson, Kansas, where, to raise the revenue, they resorted to licensing everyone in business, even the cab men, which brought on a fine rumpus, and forced them to consider the taxing of land values. That brought them to see the cat. It will bring them also to the want of revenue; like Pittsburg, where the saloons are reduced to ninety-three, and the revenue, this year, two hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars. This is driving them to tax personal property higher and the kicking is going on delightfully. Their attention, too, has been brought to the land, and lord Shenley, who owns a large part of the city and a larger part unimproved, over which the city is growing fast, for which he pays no tax worth speaking of, will soon be obliged to pay tax according to the value of his property; that will curtail somewhat the stream of cash that flows to his noble pocket in England, and help to support the city and community that makes him rich. As soon as the people find out how easily and fairly a land value tax can be col-

lected, the question will be settled and land monopoly's doom will be sealed. The rest of social adjustments will settle themselves: and prohibition will have been the means of bringing it about. That is why I voted the Prohibition ticket.'

"'Well, now give us your reasons for voting the Republican ticket.'

"'I voted the Republican ticket on the principle that John Stuart Mill states in his economic work, 'that a palliative, or partial reform, is worse than none at all;' as only perpetuating the disease by nursing it with palliatives, instead of going at its root and making a radical cure. For this reason I prefer the disease and will sustain it, so as to either kill the national patient, or see it work to such a horrible state, that terror will bring an attack on the root of the disease. That is why I voted the Republican ticket, in spite of the outcry against monopolies and trusts, protective tariffs, high prices, paralyzed labor and poor wages. If you will look at the list of the factories that have shut down, and the great number of laborers thrown out of employment since election time, extending to late spring, when every one is usually employed, you will find that I did right, and the addition to the army of desperate men, women and children, will soon bring a radical cure for monopoly. Look here!' said he, pulling from his pocket a pretty thick note book written neatly in tabulated form. Here is a list of mining companies, rail roads, mills, factories and shops, gathered from reliable newspapers, Trade Union and Knights of Labor reports. There is no

mistake about these, for I have taken pains to be sure they are correct. This list commences on March 4th 1889, on the very day the President took his seat, and I intend to keep it up for the next four years: On March 4th, 5,000 Lehigh coal miners thrown out; Brook's Iron Co., wages reduced 7 to 12 per cent.; Reading Coal Co., time reduced to four days a week; Mahoning and Shenango Valley Furnaces, reduced 10 per cent.; Reading Iron Works, failed, 2,500 men thrown out; Oregon Navigation and Rail Way Co., reduction, 10 per cent.—strike; Bakers' strike in Chicago; C. M. & St. Paul R. R., employes reduced 33 per cent.; Brooklyn Rubber Co., reduction, 10 per cent.; C. St. Paul & Kansas City. R. R., yard employes reduced one half; Miners at Scranton, average wages $10 per month, families starving; Militia Co. ordered to put down strike at Braidwood, Illinois; 5,000 men on strike at Pittsburgh Pa.'

"'Hold on!' said one of the men, 'you are not going to rea.' the whole list, are you? It will take until morning.'

"'Yes, the plot is thickening. I have them here by the hundreds of thousands and the little concerns that I cannot get amount to as many more. You all know what a strike and riot we have just come through here, when the men failed. Those who swarmed into New York from every quarter and took their places at the risk of their lives were perhaps worse off, and might as well be killed as die of starvation. So the faster the disease develops the better. That is why I voted the monopoly ticket.'

"One young man explained the reason why most of his friends did not vote the Labor ticket; claiming that the light vote was no evidence at the polls of the strength or weakness of the movement. He said there were forty-one of his companions that loafed during the evening in a shoemaker's shop, whose names were all registered on the wall, that through his influence, by discussing Henry George's book Progress and Poverty, during work hours and at all other times, he had created in their minds a desire to read the book, which he always lent them, having a few copies for that purpose; with the invariable result of their becoming converts to the land value tax doctrine. They in turn became ardent advocates of the single tax and the exemption from tax of all the products of industry, and would vote for that party if there was any chance of the party winning an election. But as the party had not sufficient numbers, the people of the United States not having had time to become informed on the single tax theory of taxation, their votes were drifted into the two great political parties to support their immediate friends. In the block where they all lived, there were fifty-three of their acquaintances who had situations under the Municipal, or, the National government, and when election time came around, their bread and butter depended on the success of their party, and if they were thrown out of a situation it would go hard with them and their families as work was almost impossible to get. So the boys did not throw away their votes, but gave them to Jim, and Bill, and Tom. Another stated that he had asked one of the politicians

of his ward to get him a position, or office in some of the public places, that he had been out of a job for three months and his family was suffering. The politician took his name, residence and number, in a little book, and then asked how much of a pull (meaning how many votes he could control) he had in the ward, so that he could send in his name to headquarters, and if his influence as a ward heeler was greater than any other applicant, he would certainly get the position. He further said, that all over the city and throughout the State, this was the way the political machine was worked, so as to create as many dependents on political offices in every district, as possible, and to have each dependent with the strongest pull of votes.

"My two companions looked at each other in amazement and then at me for some moments. The tall Washington-like man asking me if that was true. I replied, that I regretted to say, there was much that was worse.

"'What could be worse?' he asked.

"'Well sir, if you will reflect a moment on the character of the kind of men, that such conditions would eventually bring to the head of political government, you may easily imagine the result of their administration of government, and for what special purpose it would be administered. And I am quite sure the logical conclusion in your mind would be, that such characters would not be greatly concerned about the public interest; such I am ashamed to say is actually the case.'

"'Have you had any exposures, or distinguished

conduct of this kind among your officials?' he asked.

"'Why sir, I cannot imagine where you have been living, if you are not aware of the fact that the Dominion of Canada derives a vast portion of its wealth from the stream of officials that escape from this city year after year with vast sums of the peoples' money, who are safe to enjoy their wealth there; stealing on a gigantic scale not being a crime that comes under the extradition treaty. This is not all. Speculation has become a species of insanity, from which no one in all the Republic is free. And another stream of bank officials, and those who are entrusted with bonds and securities of the people for investment, which they use in the most risky and desperate speculative way, or which, by some manner, they manage to appropriate for their own benefit, leaving their depositors ruined. These too escape, and add their ill-gotten gains to the wealth and luxury of the Dominion, to be followed by others continually from all over the land. Many go to Europe and remain there. The feeling of insecurity in the public mind resulting from all this, keeps the entire nation in a state of continual nervousness, driving investments more and more into real estate; rents becoming the safest investment.

"'Then rent becomes the factor that absorbs production,' said the Jefferson-like stranger.

"'I am not prepared to admit that,' I replied.

"'All production comes from the land,' he remarked.

"'Yes sir, primarily'

"'Well then; whether a city stands on it, or a field of corn, rent draws its sustenance from both the city

and the corn, by ownership of the land. Does it not?'

"'But suppose the user owns the land too, would not his rent go to himself?'

"'Is that the case?' he replied.

"'Well, not exactly. If we look at the increase of mortgages and Sheriffs' sales, in the cities and country all over the Union, it appears that the users are becoming less and less the owners, and more and more renters.'

"'Well then,' replied he, 'is not rent the factor that absorbs production?'

"I stood reflecting a moment upon this statement, which for the first time, had ever met my serious consideration. When I looked up my companions had disappeared, and by some mysterious influence I found myself standing in my own parlor."

By this time the historian had become so absorbed in the marvelous story of the past, that, for the moment, he forgot the solemn nature of the spirit presence of Edward Pureheart, and as the last sentence was finished he exclaimed: "Marvelous!" The light around the spirit flickered and the mouth of the historian was instantly covered by the hand of Comus. A momentary pause and the writing went on as rapidly as before.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NAVAL PARADE, LAWYERS' CLUB AND MEETING OF "THE BROTHER."

"Before my usual time of rising in the morning, I awoke and hastily dressed myself. No sooner had I made my toilet than I found myself with my companions, standing in front of the President's car, when he arrived at Elizabeth, New Jersey. I was not even bewildered by the knowledge of the fact, that I was twenty miles from my residence, transported in an instant.

"The citizens were out early, and prepared to give the President a reception, having exerted themselves to imitate, according to their own ideas, the style and manner of the heroes of '76 when they received the Father of our Country on this spot one hundred years ago. The little boys had evidently made the most earnest efforts. Fresh from school and burning with patriotic ferver evolved from their study of the glorious deeds of the brave officers and men, who followed the great leader through such hardships, the recital of which was sufficient to thrill their young hearts. Here Nature gave full expression to herself without restraint. There was a sense of equality in

these little minds and hearts for the moment, that made humanity as reflected in this miniature regiment sublime. For, were they not all sons of the heroes of the Revolution, or, at least, American citizens, free and independent?—each the proprietor of rights gained for them by the great heart and tireless arm of their common father, Washington, on many a bloody field!

"Be happy young hearts! Fortunately the whole week is before you, and the joy of the event will make you forget during that interval the pang that awaits some of you on the next Sabbath morn, when a part of your ranks will pass you by as they go to worship attired in purple and fine linen! The pride and hate of social inequality will dispel the soulful joy you now feel in your imitation blue and buck-skin and cocked hats! Be thankful, brave little hearts, that there is yet some symbol of unity left for man! And in the absence of the great central thought of love to all, be momentarily equal in sublime adoration of the great hero who battled for man's hope, 'Unity, Equality and Fraternaty.'

"In addition to these noble little representatives of the battle worn and scarred veterans who, a century ago, welcomed their companion in arms on his way to the inauguration, the sturdy farmers of continental times, who toiled through the heat and storm, through mud, snow and ice, on many a weary march; who shed their blood at Monmouth and Trenton, fighting under their brave Captain for 'Liberty, or Death' were here also represented by their descendants, carrying upon

their shoulders the implements of husbandry. For the moment these too were filled with enthusiasm, which found vent in loud huzzas as they marched past and welcomed the successor of the great Washington. A fraternal spirit was visible on every face as they looked into each others' eyes with a frankness born only of pure and noble thought. Alas! in a few months more these degenerate sons will stand around the election polls for sale to the highest bidder, purchased wholesale as were the proletarians of ancient Rome, when the offices of that mighty empire were sold to gratify the pride, or avarice, of her wealthy monopolists.

"The citizens were numerous, and the procession not only interesting but imposing. Wherever the President moved we by some mysterious influence were ever present, and the eyes of my companions seemed riveted upon his countenance as though they were looking down into his inmost soul and analyzing the thoughts of his heart. The President looked anxious and pale, and I was impressed with the idea, that these mysterious men, by some means, had an influence upon him.

"An immense arch stood out in delicate relief against the eastern sky. The morning sun from the midst of rich gold and crimson clouds, sent slanting beams to faintly tint the mass of delicate white that composed the structure. For the entire surface from base to apex was thickly covered with little children whose sweet faces, arms and flower baskets, constituted the entire decoration of this lovely arch. As the President passed under it a shower of flowers,

thrown by hundreds of tiny, dimpled hands, filled the carriage and covered the road and walks below, giving to the morning air a delicious perfume.

"At the breakfast, on the boat that took him to the vessel, at the reception, on the vessel and during the entire Naval Parade on the bay to New York, on the Battery and at the reception of the Lawyers' Club at the Equitable Building, I and my companions were never more than one hundred feet from the President. But how it happened I cannot tell. On the water, vessels, or the land, it was the same. We did not walk; nor was I conscious of any motion, but we were always there, near him. My mysterious companions scrutinized every official and every countenance with a penetrating, searching look that I shall never forget; not one of whom seemed conscious of our presence, which to me was still more strange.

"There was a stiffness and coldness about the reception and introduction of the various committees and officials with the President that did not wear off and was only relieved when the officers got away by themselves to where the genial wine and fragrant Havana stimulated the spirit, and warmed the chill produced by the formalities incident to the occasion.

"The elegance of the scene at the Lawyers' Club beggars description. When it is stated that the viands on the table alone cost nearly five thousand dollars, some idea can be formed of the luxury of the interior. The table was banked with roses, amid which electric lights in pink silk coverings shone with fairy splendor. A great Century Palm, hung with rare Orchids, rose

above the centre of the table and about its base choice flowers massed in broad and harmonious color ravished the senses by their perfume. Opulence feebly conveys the idea of the splendor of the interior decorations which were said to exceed in beauty any other in the country. The appetites of the guests appeared to be satisfied with the sense of richness, for they partook sparingly of the delicious viands that invitingly lay upon the table imbedded in the mass of choice flowers. Luxury had exhausted herself in this supreme effort to display her charms at what was really one man's table, and that man the chosen citizen of the Republic to the highest post of honor—Prsident of the few millionaires and the vast myriads of tramps; President of a nations industry, of her monopolized mines, railroads and telegraphs, of her commerce, of the giant saloon interest, and President of the wretched sot, street girl and homeless arab; President of the hopelessly mortgaged farmer, whose bitter, agonizing wail ascends to that heaven which in former days gave to his industry her only unqualified approving smile. In the vast sea of humanity in the street below attracted to this fete, as the moth to the candle, surging and pressing upon the line of noble horses of the mounted police, who with difficulty maintained an open passage for the exit, when the feast of Lawyers should be ended, there were many who lacked food, and would gladly have taken the crumbs that fell from Dives' table. But an impassable barrier existed, and when freed from the compact mass of human beings that now surrounded them, they would seek the slop barrels at the back

alleys of the palaces, and luxuriate on the waste of a civilization that gives a superabundance to a favored few. The joy and splendor of the suberb feast of the Lawyers' Club, which unfortunately could not be eaten because of the cloyed appetites of the guests, was heightened by the sweet chimes from old Trinity's fretted tower, filling all the air with the grand old hymn:

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,'

To which the fed, and hungry, crowd below doubtless responded with thankful hearts; happy, thrice happy, in the thought that the President and Lawyers of the Nation were for two happy, happy hours enjoying so regal a feast.

"I could not reply to an interrogation of my tall companion, why the President should give the honor of the first visit to, and be first entertained by, the Lawyers' Club. I was obliged to simply reply, that I did not know, nor could I find a reason. They were private parties, and the State of New York and the Governors of many States were ignored for the time, while the President of the United States, the successor of Washington, first paid his respects to the Lawyers' Club. I could only suggest, that it might be, because both houses of Congress and the Executive branch of Government were entirely composed of lawyers; and that it might be said that this was a government of lawyers. But this suggestion was far from satisfactory to my companions, as it was to myself. And this I found to be the first point upon which I could give no explanation to these strangers. Their faces expressed

wonder and astonishment more than interest as they looked over the different persons present. And I was kept replying to many questions in regard to the various parties, who they were, what were they distinguished for, and why. In replying to these questions I was struck by the fact, that not one of all I saw there had been distinguished for ability as a great legislator, or were there any distinguished as scholars, moralists, or advanced thinkers. Every one, to the last man upon whom I was interrogated, was engaged as a corporation counsel or a politician. This fact brought me the most awkward and puzzling questions from both my companions. Indeed the anxiety to know why the President of the United States, on such an auspicious occasion, was first the guest of the corporation lawyers, and my inability to answer, was to both them and me quite painful.

"In the street parade I pointed out ex-President Cleveland who had been rejected for a second term of office.

"'Why was he rejected?' my companions asked.

"'Well, he was in favor of retaining all the non-elective officials, whatever political party they favored, providing they were efficient, and could stand the test of a rigid Civil Service examination; believing that this method would secure to the people good administration, and by the security of tenure to an official position, bring to the Civil Service the best talent existing among the people. The party workers who wish to obtain offices, not being capable, or rather trained to undergo the severe test of a Civil Service examin-

ation that would debar them from office, naturally object to it as a barrier to them, and consequently were either opposed to, or half-hearted on the re-election of the President. Another serious obstacle to the re-election of the President, was the point request he made in his message to the Fiftieth Congress, for the National Legislature to take steps to restrain the great combinations of capital that had obtained control of the industries and markets, by which they could force from the general public, not only a monopoly price, but also prevent, by high protective tariffs, the foreign imports that would to some extent hold the market to an anti-monopoly price.

"As I finished the last sentence a man standing beside me who had overheard our conversation in regard to civil service reform, remarked that we had fully reached the condition described by Jefferson when he said that "it saps the constitutional and salutary functions of the President, and introduces a principle of intrigue and corruption which will soon leaven the mass, not only of Senators, but of citizens. It is more baneful than the attempt which failed in the beginning of the Government, to make all officers irremovable but with the consent of the Senate. This places every four years all appointments under their power, and even obliges them to act on every one nomination. It will keep in constant excitement all the hungry cormorants for office; render them, as well as those in place, sycophants to their Senators; engage these in eternal intrigue to turn out one and put in another, in cabals to swap work; and make of them, what all executive direct-

ories become, mere sinks of corruption and faction."

"'That is true, word for word,' remarked my Jefferson-like companion.

"'Again,' continued the stranger addressing us, 'the Senate Committee of Calhoun, Benton and Webster in 1835 declared that—"Faithful performance of duty no longer insures a renewal of appointment. The consequence is inevitable; a feeling of dependence on the executive on the part of the incumbent, increasing as his term approaches its end, with a great increase in the number of those who desire his place, followed by an active competition between the occupant and those who seek his place, followed by all those acts of compliance and subserviency by which power is conciliated, and, of course, with a corresponding increase of the number of those influenced by the executive will."

"'What is the practice now?' asked my tall companion.

"'The practice is, to an alarming extent, to reward the working and contributing politicians with offices, and the elected officials being forced to evade, often by most shameful means, the civil service test as a qualification for office. Hence, as Mr Jefferson prophesied long ago: "The executive directories have become mere sinks of corruption and faction.'

"The man who quoted so familiarly and glibly, I recognized as one of the men I had seen discussing at the Sacred Concert Saloon on the previous evening. My enquiries in regard to himself developed the fact that he had recognized me; having also observed me viewing the slums on Saturday night, and had taken the trouble to watch that no harm came to me in that

dangerous neighborhood.

"This information, which I verified by some interrogations, began to multiply the mysteries by which I was surrounded, for the man's appearance indicated that he led a toilsome life for indifferent reward. His clothing was of the commonest kind but a closer scrutiny of his face showed intelligence and an unflinching look that was not the result of effrontery, but rather of an independent spirit. His remarkable quotations from history made me feel inferior in point of knowledge, adding to the astonishment I experienced on Sunday night when listening to his explanation as to why he voted the monopoly ticket. A request for the pleasure of his further acquaintance brought from him, with some reluctance, his name and address; although he stated that he could be found anywhere, this was given as a headquarters of meeting, from which his whereabouts could be somewhat definitely obtained. Giving him my card he wrote on the back: "'The Brother,' Regan's Saloon, Bowery, New York City."

"'Is this name sufficient to find you?'

"'Oh yes. Every one will know who you mean when you ask for 'The Brother.' You will have no trouble about that when you want to find me.'

"'My companions regarded 'The Brother' with great earnestness. The character of his remarks and the man's singular address evidently interested them. To me it was only part of the strangeness of my late experiences developed out of my moody ramble to the Battery where I was nursing my sadness over the obstacles to my marriage with Victoria, and studying

by what means I could overcome her father's mercenary objections.

"The bunting and flag decorations of the City Hall, on the palaces of the New York dailies, the Post-office and the surrounding buildings, rendered the vast enclosure, filled with people, cheerful and attractive; stimulating the spirits of the jammed and tired-out throng to hilarity and good natured efforts to relieve their uncomfortable position. The school girls who welcomed the successor of Washington by scattering flowers, the formalities of the Officials, Military and Police, in their various manoeuvres, and the passing of the crowd of citizens in front of the President, were all interesting and full of incidents that the busy newspaper reporters were writing down for publication on the morrow.

"Again my mysterious companions disappeared as if by magic, and a tiresome day closed that had occupied me since daylight, extending from Elizabeth over the bay to New York, including the Naval pageant, the landing, the feast of the Lawyers' Club, the street scenes, the reception at the City Hall, and the meeting of 'The Brother.'"

CHAPTER IX.

THE BALL OF THE CENTURY, ST. PAUL'S SUB-TREASURY AND THE MILITARY PARADE.

"Once more the day was breaking. The revolving globe was slowly bringing us to the hours when the god of day would view one of the great gatherings of humanity upon its surface. But this thought had no concern for me. The future history of the coming day was absorbed in the bewilderment of the events of the 'Ball of the Century' of the past night, in which I with my mysterious companions had witnessed every part. I lay awake and feverish, the astonished brain nervously refusing rest. Memory producing one picture after another of the supreme effort of wealth, splendor, ambition and weakness. Pictures that followed not each other in regular order of succession as they occurred, but came with a vividness of reality, to fade, be supplanted by another, and then to return again as vividly as before. I sought relief from my active thoughts, desiring sleep. Slowly counting to bring regularity of pulsation, forgetting the numbers before reaching one hundred, commencing again, all without avail; and finally abandoned myself to the whirl of the brain as it brought up one photograph

after another of the splendors of the mighty ball. What height Imperial Rome may have reached in her grandest efforts at luxury, could easily be imagined, after the sights and scenes I had witnessed on this night of nights just passed. Rome at her best never equalled the richness and profusion of silks, lace, and jewels presented here. No evidence has come down to us from the brilliant past of such skillful workmanship and quality of material. Illuminated by myriads of electric lights, unrivalled, beautiful women shone richly massed in thousands, dazzling in a splendor of rare jewels, sparkling with white, ruby and yellow light as they lay upon snowy breasts and flashed from beds of tender lace, or the shimmering lustres of gorgeous silks. The immense dome and halls luxuriantly hung with banners and emblems, evergreens and flowers, in such profusion that the glowing tropics must have yielded their abundance to augment this lovely scene. Vistas of decoration in red, white and green, animated by crowds of elegant human life filled the eye in every direction. The general impression was a mass of gorgeousness, from which came and went many pictures on the rapid kaleidoscope of life, color and spectacular effect, that transpired during the evening. From this general mass vividly came incidents and scenes to my mental vision, as though I was again witnessing them; even the expression on the faces of the guests were clearly remembered. The push and struggle at the cloak room where a multitude of hats, cloaks and wraps, were by the eager throng, rudely reached over each others' heads to the

active attendants, who thickly stood shoulder to shoulder receiving them and giving checks; while carefully coiffured heads and silken trains were trampled or damaged, bringing to fair faces the frown of mortification and changing the sweetness of their smiles to looks of bitter resentment. In the bowers of greenery and flowers into which the lobbies were transformed, the effects of the ordeal of the cloak room gradually wore off. The cheerful effect upon their minds in the profusion of color produced by floral richness relieved by evergreen, soon brought forgetfulness of the struggle to reach the master scene of joy and pleasure.

"Returning again and again to my vision was the view through a mass of beautiful heads, graceful necks arms and shoulders, in delicate shades approaching whiteness, relieved by rich brown and black hair; priceless diamonds, rubies and sapphires, blazed profusely in this wall of beauty immediately in front of us, as the President and Notables from every part of the land entered below through the files of artillerymen, who, with uplifted swords, saluted the distinguished guests. At a signal the bands thundered into the great space the soul stirring 'Hail Columbia's Happy Land' while a living mass of beauty and splendor leaned over the decorated boxes and royal velvet draped galleries, to see the President as he ascended to the elevated throne from which he viewed the crush of thousands, who made dancing impossible.

"Again and again recurred to my feverish brain the pallid and unearthly faces of my two companions as they viewed this paradise of luxury. In silence they

stood, immovable, fixed, with a majesty that inspired me with feelings of awe, marring the joy I otherwise would have experienced from perhaps the greatest effort of worldly splendor of all the ages. My companions never spoke. Not a question in regard to the distinguished notables was asked. Even rapt as I was in the immensity and splendor of the Ball, I could not but observe this peculiarity and the painful silence with which they witnessed this unparalelled event and the actors in it. At length the tall man slowly turned his head and gazed steadily upon me for a moment with a calm dignity and look of parental tenderness. I was struck with his strong resemblance to Stuart's portrait of Washington. His sublime expression threw me into a contemplative reverie from which I awoke to find myself mysteriously transported to the interior of the supper room.

"Rivalling in beauty the dome and halls of the Opera house, an enchanting interior of wonderful extent decorated with evergreens, flags, and flowers, formed a refreshing enclosure down the centre of which reached a table shaped like a Grecian border fifteen hundred feet long; embellished with sculptured silver, cut glass, exquisite ceramics and flowers, smilax twined around the dishes, and three hundred men in full dress stood in waiting. Viands loaded the table, reminding me of the feast at the Lawyers' Club in the morning, but on a scale of greater magnitude. A bar one thousand feet in length occupied another part covered with innumerable glasses. From the rear arose thousands of champagne bottles stacked on blocks of cool and sparkling

ice, their glittering, gilded tops resembling the live bloom on the border of some monster flower bed. In front of these stood one hundred and fifty waiters who awaited the opening of the feast. In a few moments the Master Steward gave the order: 'Let them come.' The several doors flew open and the dense mass of human beings came in like a great tidal wave of the sea. The front of the bar was instantly packed several deep and the champagne corks flew with a roar like musketry. The first citizens of the land, the representatives of wealth and refinement, struggled to reach the foaming beverage with the desperation of shipwrecked mariners.

"The splendor of the guests who surrounded the table could not be described. Here were represented the dignity of station, wealth and beauty, to the heart's content; each vieing to outshine the other in richness of attire and jewels, and all strung to the highest pitch to display their charms or wit. At the table sat the successor of the immortal Washington in the midst of a select few who were confined to the limits of the thirteen original states. The feast went on, as did the musketry-rattle of the champagne corks at the bar till a late hour. The police commissioner who stood like my companions calmly viewing the scene suggested a plan of ending the revelry, by cutting the wires of the electric light and throwing the room in darkness, from which he was persuaded by the managers who hoped to successfully close the wild scene in some peaceful way or other. At length my Jefferson-like companion remarked that 'there were some of the

guests who were not drunk.' And immediately I found myself lying on my bed in this feverish whirl of mental activity incapable of sleep.

"Sleep must have overtaken me some time after daylight, and now I was awake refreshed and as bright as ever. The excitement of the brain was gone, so that I sang and whistled while dressing myself—possibly because I found upon my table a sweet letter from Victoria that sent the blood bouncing through my heart with exhilirating speed.

"The Military parade must have assembled by this time and prepared to march. Partaking of coffee and some oatmeal, I lighted a cigar and sauntered out in the direction of the procession. A poor woman with a wan face, accompanied by two children, asked assistance, stating modestly that she was greatly in need; an unnecessary remark for the evidence was strikingly visible. A pang went through my heart as I hastily gave her some change to tide over present hunger, while I walked on still thinking of the sublime luxury of the 'Ball of the Century.' The wonder of that scene began to occupy my mind and render me oblivious to the crowd of people hastening in the direction of the route of procession. Awaking from my reverie I found myself with my mysterious companions, and standing within the Church of St. Paul in full view of the President and his officials, who were here assembled to repeat the service which Washington attended on this spot and in the same pew one hundred years ag

"The aspect of this ancient Church was quite changed with the profuse decorations of the interior in

National colors. Still the solemnity of the place was most profound. Here were men of faith and no faith, men who regard a church as fit only fo[r] women and sentimentalists, but whatever divergence of views existed among the audience in regard to religious ideas, one universal, awfully impressive sentiment pervaded every breast at this moment, proceeding from the fact that the Father of our Country once sat and knelt with serious, anxious heart on this spot and hallowed it.

"The first part of the service was over. Attentively sat the President listening to the plain and forcible remarks of the good Pastor's sermon. Like some great sculptured mountain-rock filling, by its gigantic size, the mind with awe, my tall Washington-like companion had, since the ceremonies began, been standing with bowed head and thoughtful expression, viewing such phantoms or memories as floated before his mental vision in a panorama whose pictures were evidently as serious, grand and solemn as himself.

"A vast assemblage composed of the distinguished of the land sat in death-like silence as the eloquent Preacher's words rang out in old St. Paul's. His theme was 'The Kingly virtue of Washington' which he upheld, with a glowing tribute, as a sublime model for us to imitate. He spoke of the dilution of our National manhood by the constant importation of the lowest orders of people from abroad, the steadily deteriorating process, against whose dangers thinkers have warned us as a beggarly prostitution of the noblest gift ever conferred upon a people. Who shall respect a people who do not respect their own blood, and how shall a

National spirit arise out of low bred associations and coarse grained temperaments imported from every clime? He spoke of the ideas that rule the hour; that they must be merchantable ideas, of the swagger of American speech and manners, of the growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, whose existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual; of the Washingtonian dignity and jeffersonian simplicity. In them that bear rule there should be a character so fine, high and pure, that as men came within the circle of its influence, they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction; the royalty of virtue.

"As the good Pastor grew earnest and eloquent, and reproachful, over the merchantable ideas that rule the hour, my tall companion slowly raised his head from the long profound reverie, and directed his eyes to the President and his cabinet officials, whom he viewed with the most searching look I ever saw in a human being. His gaze was steady and continued and never relaxed until the reading of Whittier's sublime poem at the sub-Tresury building, to which we had been transferred by the same mysterious influence that had brought me to St. Paul's.

"Here we were standing on the site where the immortal Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States of America. The eyes of both my companions kindled at the noble movement of the poem:

How felt the land in every part,
The strong throb of a Nation's heart,
As its great leader gave with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law.

Thank God the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond love and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude.

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed,
And trained the new set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree,
Stretch from the sunrise, to the sunset sea.

One people now all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our union bond;
We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old centennial vow.

The reading of the poem closed and cheer after cheer went up from the vast sea of human beings who densely packed the street. This mighty ovation however, was not for the great thought of the poem, or for the studious care with which the trained and world wide celebrated poet composed the verses in the retreat of his quiet home in New England, from which his aesthetically dressed thoughts have been sent out over the earth to refine the heart of man and be a heritage to his better self forever. Oh no; the mighty ovation was not for the poet or his poem! The citizens of a century of freedom sent forth this mighty shout for the wealthy Lawyer, who figured so prominently at the feast at the Lawyers' Club on the previous day, and who first received the distinguished attention of the successor of Washington, who now

sits on the sacred spot before us. The same mob would have ignored the Lawyer and cheered twice as strong if the Pugilist, Sullivan, had immediately gotten up to give a sparring exhibition. The wealthy Lawyer was here as orator of the day and certainly gave a cleverly condensed historical account of the premises that led to the formation of the Union of States, and the difficulties attending them. He spoke of Jefferson's great wisdom; how he caught and crystallized the spirit of free institutions, and of his abiding faith in the people; of his passionate love of liberty and his jealousy of authority. He spoke of Hamilton being the incarnation of the constitution, and Jefferson the inspiration of independence; and the success to all by the confidence in Washington. He spoke of the confusion and disorganized condition of the Continental States; the sufferings of the laborers, and of trade, under their separate and individual struggle to maintain themselves previous to the formation of the Federal Union; of the perfect results of the Convention of 1787 at Philadelphia, quoting Gladstone's opinion of its merits: 'The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.' He spoke of the crisis at the convention; how the courage of its members weakened, and the danger of failure, of Washington's words at the critical moment: 'Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair.' He spoke of the adoption of the principle of the government of the people; how it brought safety and liberty: 'We the people of the United States, in order to form a

more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this constitution'. He spoke of the bloody reality of the French revolution, the nightmare of the civilized world; how the tyranny of centuries culminated in frightful reprisals and reckless revenges. We stand to day upon the dividing line between the first and second century of constitutional government. There are no clouds overhead, no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to Almighty God for the past, and with confident and hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future. He spoke of the great granaries and exhaustless reservoirs of National wealth, of the infant industries that give remunerative employment to the people, of the industrial annual output of our Nation amounting in value to seven thousand millions of dollars; that we owned one half of the Railroads, and one quarter of the Telegraph lines of the world; that this realism of material prosperity, surpassing the wildest creations of the romancers who have astonished and delighted mankind, would be full of danger for the present, and menace for the future, if the virtue, intelligence and independence of the people, were not equal to the wise regulation of its uses, and the stern prevention of its abuses. He spoke of the wonders of steam and electricity; how they have affected commerce and the governments of the world, of the changes of European dynasties. But to-day the American people after all the dazzling developments

of the century, are still happily living under the government of Washington. Both monarchial and republican governments are seeking safety in the repression and suppression of opposition and criticism. The volcanic forces of democratic aspiration and socialistic revolt, are rapidly increasing and threaten peace and security. But for us no army exhausts our resources, or consumes our youth, our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce, which is to compete in all the markets of the world. With this inspiring past and splendid present the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years, marvelously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their constitution; and an abiding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy. After the wild cheering by the people had ceased—who having been worked into frantic enthusiasm by the words of the speaker, so cleverly and artfully delivered with telling effect—I was addressed by 'The Brother' whom I had before observed standing in a well selected and favorable spot close to the speakers.

"'What do you think of that jumble of a wealthy [illegible]ver's paradise when one third of the industrial [illegible]s is in enforced idleness, a fact suppressed by the United States census conspiracy? Ninety five per cent. of the Nation mortgaged, bankrupt, pauperized, and driven to crime in all its forms!'

"This was spoken loud enough to attract attention, and was overheard by the President who looked at

'The Brother' with an inquiring, anxious look.

"'Speak lower,' I said.

"'I knew a bankrupt merchant, not long ago, one of your principal men, who is now a desperate tramp; no hope for him to get a living without begging or stealing. If it was not for me he would have blown the President, Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, Governors, Politicians, and the rich Orator, all into atoms to-day. What kind of an answer would that have been to the oration—'with no clouds over our heads, no convulsions under our feet?' My companions heard this conversation and shook their heads sadly. I could imagine that they were thinking of the slums, of the street girls, of the churches, of the press, of the news-boys, the concert saloon, of the splendors of the Lawyers' Club and Ball of the century, of the many sights and conversations we had during our acquaintance, as well as the pungent remarks of the holy man at St. Paul's, but an hour before in reference to political corruption, monopoly, and the dangers that menace the peace of society.

"'These people seem to know as little of their surroundings as they do of the real facts of history,' said my Jefferson-like companion. If the condition of the people all over the country is, as you say, similar to what we see here in the metropolis, I cannot imagine how an intelligent man like this orator does not know it, nor, can I imagine how he can state that there are 'no clouds overhead, no convulsions under our feet;' nor, why so many people are in want and driven to crime and death, when the output of the granaries and other wealth amounts to seven thousand millions.'

"'Sir, I never realized that before. I have lately learned to realize the fact of enforced idleness, and the consequent want and crime springing from poverty, and can only say that the magnitude of the wealth that goes to the privileged classes, is, according to this statement, simply appalling; but great as it is, if the monopoly of the opportunities for production by the privileged few were removed, it would still be greater and instead of seven thousand millions per year, we would produce a hundred times that amount, giving to every human being in the Republic a degree of comfort and luxury that would remove temptation to the vices springing from poverty or greed.

"'Are not these crimes of national robbery more heartless and wicked than the crimes of the needy?'

"'I am afraid sir, that I shall be driven to take that view.'

"The literary exercises of the inaugural ceremonies were ended. The President, ex-Presidents, Cabinet, Senators, Generals, Admirals, Clergymen, Committeemen, and Military escort, dashed rapidly in their carriages towards the grand stand for review of the troops at Union Square. The route was a sea of people; hundreds of thousands of human beings on either side of Broadway formed a background to the fifty thousand armed men who stood for miles a glittering line of steel and color. Emblems of the Republic covering the facades of the solid wall of massive buildings rendered the long vista joyous, gay, and brilliant, as the noonday sun played its strongest beams upon a spectacle that rivalled the imaginative dreams of

some gigantic fairy land. A blast of the bugle announced the arrival of the President at the grand stand, the roar of a thousand drums, and music of hundreds of bands, swelled out over another hundred thousand human beings that filled the vast area and packed the windows, balconies, porches, massive stands streets and park.

"A wall of notables surrounded the President, canopied by the luxuriant foliage just developed into full leaf, that still retained the transparent and juicy green of spring. The troops of the National Guard from the States, the Marines, Grand Army men, the Artillery and Cavalry, were in motion in endless stream; innumerable glittering bayonets and sabres wearied the eye by their sameness during the long summer afternoon, as they moved through the blue coated police line that, with difficulty, kept the swaying, surging crowd from pressing the avenue of parade. For six long hours the people endured the crush and fatigue of a packed crowd in which it was impossible to move. Delicate women struggled and fainted, unable to endure the press, the good natured crowd often making herculean efforts to extricate, and place them in the front line where it was observed they immediately recovered and experienced no difficulty in standing for several hours, comfortably viewing the procession.

"Humorous incidents were numerous, growing out of that common disposition in our natures to make even suffering bearable by a bubble of humor. The college boys had obtained lists of the officers of the

various regiments, calling them by name as they passed, with many light jests, peculiar to youth. The Irish element furnished many rude jokes, and a popular preacher endeavored to attract attention by displaying himself mounted on a steed with the distinguishing feature of a broad brimmed, low crown, soft felt hat, bowing right and left without occasion, in obtrusive fashion, attracting only contempt and ridicule.

"It was a gala day for those who were seeking celebrity as public men and an opportunity that was not wasted by aspirants for public favor; to the dignity of the parade was added the conscious pride of the individual; ostentation being an important and more necessary quality for advancement under our social system than modest merit and virtue. In almost every prominent individual was seen the strain and stiffness proceeding from the feeling that the eyes of an observing world were possibly penetrating to the weak spot in their hearts, which an awkwardly assumed indifference to conceal, rendered more apparent. Could it be said that there were any so possessed with humility, and a sense of honesty to their own hearts, that pretense and the assumption of unpossessed virtues was foreign to their souls. It may be thought, that as 'none are perfect, no not one,' this is expecting too much from poor mortals. But is not that a stronger reason for throwing aside the swell of importance, or the cowardly vice of trying to appear before the ignorant more than a modest gentleman?

"My mysterious companions had been quite silent since the speech of the President before noon, with

the exception of a few questions about the principal military men in the procession, I had been questioned principally by the tall man about military affairs, of which I could give but meagre information; the style of their guns, and the weight of their accoutrements and knapsacks; of their marching abilities, tents, and arrangements for camping; then I was questioned about the horses and wagons, cannon, ammunition, and what changes had been made in fortifications; all of which I could answer only in a general way much to my regret, for, although he was an old man, yet, he showed great interest in such matters, and I suspected that he had once been a soldier.

"Fortunately I had run across 'The Brother' who seemed somehow or other to always be in a good situation to see and hear all that was going on. My Jefferson-like companion took great interest in talking to him, conversation being well kept up during the tedious six hours while the Army was passing. I heard a good deal of their conversation which was altogether in reference to the working of the National, State and local laws; the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence, and the land and social questions; digressing occasionally to matters close at hand, even to the city's free stand for the people, that was almost exclusively occupied by the families of the ward heelers, and political hangers-on. 'The Brother' had evidently found a companion who brought out the best powers of his mind, for the two became so interested that they talked for hours utterly indifferent to the immense moving pageant, greatly interesting

persons standing next to them, who also became more attracted by the conversation than the procession.

"At this I was greatly pleased for 'The Brother' seemed to be so thoroughly at home on political and social questions, quoting authorities on these subjects, that the stranger was better entertained by him than he could possibly have been by me. My natural inclination being averse to war, I was entirely unfitted to admire the National display of armed men, the soul stirring martial music, the thunder of artillery, and the glitter of the endless sea of bayonets, which I could only regard as cruel instruments for killing our brothers. In the wild pleasure exhibited by the people for soldiery, there was to me but the evidence of the savage nature that has lapped over into the more advanced civilized state, from which no tribe of men has yet emancipated themselves. In war I could only see a means of utilizing this savage nature that yet exists in us to achieve what some call the highest aim of civilization; namely, the power of one man to make some other man work to support him in idleness, or to administer to his inordinate greed, and to take all the product of his labor, except what will keep him alive so that he can do more work. So far as I can glean from history, the boasted wars for principle, have been generally only jealousy and fear of one people, that another people would get a share of the wealth which they wished to reserve exclusively for themselves, and to which they were no better entitled. Resistance to invasion, or, revolution against tyrants or robbers, must of course be excepted. The entire population of

the Globe could subsist luxuriously on almost any small part of it lying in the temperate zones; but these chieftains will force upon you the argument that we must have war, it inspirits the people, and makes heroes; it has always existed, and those who do not want war are only sentimentalists and dreamers. Well that may be so, nevertheless I know of no logical reason in all the pages of history that proves it; but I do know that the wise and good of all ages disapprove of it, and these very men who make the argument in favor of war themselves inconsistently go and worship at the shrine of him who taught 'peace on earth and good will towards men.'

"The shades of night began to close, and dissolve the mighty crowd that gradually melted away, distributing itself in the great city; soon to re-assemble at the display of fireworks that was to entertain the public during the evening. When night had settled fairly in and the dark blackish blue vault of a moonless night had formed a proper background, the pyrotechnic serpents, cascades, and flower pots, were shot into the sky in myriads, forming a jewelled canopy of falling stars of red, blue, yellow, white, and green, that floated awhile far up in the air burning with that brilliancy only fire can give to color, changing, bursting and fading away, to be succeeded by others presenting the same enchanting phenomena, until all the air danced with the weird life and beauty of fire.

CHAPTER X.

THE INAUGURATION BANQUET.

The base of all the virtues, as Sancho Panza calls the stomach, appears to be the inspiring origin of the most distinguished affairs of earth. Whatever be the interests, or glories of men, we find both upon state and private occasions the filling of this pouch with delicacies either precedes or succeeds every intellectual operation of man. Sancho's reasoning appears to gather its great force from its natural base; and if we view the eager interest that even the dryest intellectual individual attaches to this operation on state occasions, we are reminded that the filling of this pouch inspires both the material and spiritual thought of man. No great affair is complete without the notables who figure in it gather around the slaughtered and cooked carcasses of cattle, swine, birds, fish and reptiles, which are made into liquid extracts, or, prepared to stimulate hunger by acid, salt and spice. These slaughtered carcasses are placed upon pieces of baked earth or metal that are invitingly embellished with colored ornaments, or sculptures; they are surrounded by flowers of the field, placed upon white fabrics, and instruments provided to divide the car-

casses and lift the pieces to the aparture that leads to the stomach without soiling the hands. Sitting stiffly these notables perform certain formalities of waiting a while as though there were no hurry to partake of that of which they are sure; often invoking spiritual aid that always includes the request to make it fit for our bodies and we will be thankful. After these ceremonies the body is leaned forward so as to present the aparture to the stomach in the best position for the instruments to convey the divided pieces to it, which are then washed down into the paunch with stimulating solutions of tea, coffee, grapes, or of grain until it can contain no more, when further ceremonies of an intellectual nature are in order.

"On the night after the great military pagean' of these operations was performed on the floor Metropolitan Opera House, by the President of the United States of America and the distinguished men and women, who were the guests of the Nation on the occasion of the centennial inauguration of Washington, as the first president of the Country. So imbedded in the nature of the general public is the natural desire towards this filling of the paunch, which Sancho claims is the base of all the virtues, that thousands who were unable to participate procured for a considerable sum admission to the dress circle and galleries to see the line of notables lean forward and fill these apartures that led to Sancho's fountain of all that is sublime in man.

"The carcasses were divided, masticated and stored away in the many paunches, and the virtuous base

thoroughly established, as was evident in the change of proceedings which immediately began to take on an intellectual character; many sentiments being formally announced of a high order; such as the hospitable address of welcome, 'George Washington, The People of the United States, The States, The Federal Constitution, The House of Representatives, The Senate, The Presidency, The Judiciary, The Army and Navy, Our Schools and Colleges, and Our Literature. These noble subjects were given one after another while the owners of the well supplied and well fortified stomachs each held in their hand a glass containing some one of the liquid extracts of the grape or grain which they also poured into the aparture that led to this base of virtue; which seemed to enable their intellectual powers to act with greater vigor, and even gave its influence to the spirituality of the imagination so that thought frequently soared from fact and logic into the regions of fancy.

"'Who is that man who so eloquently and beautifully gives the address of welcome?' asked my tall companion.

"'That is the Governor of the state of New York.'

"'He must be a pure and lofty character. No one could utter such noble thoughts and sentiments unless he was animated by the purest virtue,' he replied.

"I asked myself if this chance acquaintance of mine belonged to earth or heaven, so strangely did this remark sound in my nineteenth century ears.

"'Solomon says "that it is hard to read the secret thoughts of the heart," I replied.

"'Your remark would lead to the inference that this speaker's words did not represent his heart.'

"'Well sir, I can only say that the universal opinion of this man is that there is no more skillful politician in the country, or greater adept in the use of what we call 'practical politics,' for his own advancement. Why sir! he is just here fresh from vetoing twice a ballot reform bill to prevent the horrifying vice of corruption at the polls; a reform system that has been tested for more than thirty years successfully in some of the most civilized countries: and with us was the final struggle of the hope of patriots to save our free political institutions by making it difficult, or impossible, for the unscrupulous to control them. You may find among interested politicians those who would endorse your sentiment in regard to him, but it is doubtful if you could find any among the general public who are acquainted with such matters.'

"I had seen many serious expressions on this peculiarly grand and interesting man's face, during our few days acquaintance, that impressed me; but the searching look that he gave me as I finished the last sentence was one of virtuous indignation that I shall never forget. If sublime virtue herself had been grossly insulted, she could not from her deified face have looked such scorn. I thought he would never relax his gaze upon me. If the evil of all the powers of darkness in the universe had culminated in its last effort against the throne of truth, it could not have awakened greater horror than was exhibited in this

mysterious man's face at that moment. I was paralized by his look. As for me, I was trained to hear glowing tributes to virtue from sinners; it had grown with my life and belonged to the age I lived in: it was part of the system. I had been taught to admire such maxims as those of Talleyrand, 'that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.' Hypocracy had become the god of all the earth; extending even to the teachers of piety. A distinguished exhibition of it had passed us on horseback in the parade a few hours before, a follower of the humble, modest Savior, bowing and scraping for adulation.

"The toast: 'The People of the United States,' had been responded to by the ex-President, when my younger companion remarked 'that the subject was fertile.' 'In the present condition of society, the statements of your ex-President are certainly quite mild. He evidently knows more of social conditions than he cares to state. When he states that: 'The value of these things is measured by the fullness with which our people have preserved their patriotism, their integrity, and their devotion to free institutions. If engrossed in material advancement, or the turmoil of business, they have not held fast to that love of country, and that simple faith in virtue and enlightenment, wkich constituted the hope and trust of our fathers, all that we have built rests upon foundations infirm and weak.' It is quite clear that the man sees the drift of your present social conditions.'

"'I think so, in a general way; as though a man from a lofty height would see the general features of

the scene before him. That he knows by contact the real state of society, I seriously doubt.'

"'He said, also, 'that our people are still jealous of their individual rights and freedom, as is proved by the fact that no one in place or power has dared openly to assail them.' This I should think is a hopeful sign, furnishing something as a foundation to build on for the improvement of society.'

"'Yes sir, it may so be hopefully considered; but then, his following remarks weaken that hope, for they may be construed in two ways: a full return to the laborer for his labor; or, the charitable view, that he is to be paid the wages of lobor competition, which is kept active by shut downs, or importations of cheap labor, that forces him to the death line. I am willing to put the best construction on his words when he says: "The diversity of our interests, through the source of boundless wealth and prosperity has a tendency to press our people apart. This condition demands of us a counter force of liberty and toleration toward each other, and an enlightened regard for the condition of every individual who contributes to the aggregate of our National greatness. This aggregate, fostered and increased by united, earnest, and unselfish effort, will yield a full return for individual enterprise and labor, without drying up the fountains of brotherly kindness and forbearance upon which the political health of our people depends.'

"'So, you see that all men are engaged in reasoning; all are occupied in deducing good or bad conclusions from premises. In a general way correct prem-

ises oring about uniform results. A theory that does not tend to benefit is unworthy of regard. A modification that is only a temporary expedient, is almost useless, and stands in the way of a radical cure. But, in putting the most favorable construction upon his words, it can only be on the line that the ex-President is manly enough to speak of serious things as he believes them, and that he does not resort to the beautiful glamor of the Governor to dazzle the mind. The meaning of his remarks is simply this: the wealthy people and the laborers are pressing apart; to counteract which, liberality and toleration are needed. There should be unselfish regard for the contributors to national greatness; and political health depends on brotherly kindness. Is this not coaxing the two sides (forever separated) together? The laborer cannot come, for he knows that he must exert his strength to its utmost while it lasts. He also knows that the meanest, and lowest, and cheapest people of the earth, are, by an organized system of agents, scraped up in every down-trodden country and their fares mostly paid across the ocean, to compete with him. Under these conditions he has no brotherly kindness, or liberality, to offer. It is as certain, also, as the grave that the capitalist who employs him, however humane he may naturally be, must ever increase the strain on the loborer; for that is compelled by the curse of competition. One is as much a victim as the other of the system. So you see, the kind thoughts of the ex-President can neve. be brought into practice by charity; but must, if ever

brought about at all, be on the principle of common justice, by giving to every man that which honestly belongs to him; viz, the full fruits of his labor. To do so, politics must be totally abandoned, and, in the words of Washington, "We must raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair.'"

"'The reply of the Chief Justice,' said my Jefferson-like companion, 'to the toast: "The Federal Constitution,' embodies a perfectly clear idea of the progressive history that developed the Federal Constitution. All systems had been studied and discussed in the several states and the difficulties of each were well understood, so that with patience, moderation and wisdom it was brought together in its present form.'

"While general Sherman was responding to, 'The Army and Navy,' my tall, Washington-like companion paid close attention. The recitals that were given of the fidelity and sufferings of Washington and his army at Valley Forge, visibly agitated him—his chin and lips quivering with emotion. As the General closed his address, he turned to me and said: 'How sad a reflection that the excuse must be made by this brave man for the existence of an army and navy because, 'no government has yet been devised where at times force has not been necessary.' After some moments of thoughtful reflection, he continued: 'There must come a time when the adoration of a character will, by changes and new conditions, become weakened, or obliterated. With these speakers, the universal sentiment is the adoration of the single character,

Washington. The reasons given are purity of character and unselfish devotion, well assuming these virtues to be represented in Washington's character in their highest human phase, and admitting the desirability for a National model worthy of imitation, is it sufficient to maintain a nation of people in the path of virtue? From what I have seen and heard of the state of society, it is not in condition to contemplate the unselfish virtues of any character, even that of our Savior. It has been stated here by your ex-President that your rich and poor are pressing apart, and you say that as matters stand the gulf must widen, that competition between one another forces the rich to press upon the laborers, and competition is forced upon the laborers by multiplying them by cheap importations from abroad. That combinations among the rich to control competition can not save them from disaster, is evident; because, it will shorten employment, reduce laborers, and render the mass unable to buy the things which constitute industrial wealth. There must be some other ideal among the people than the adoration of an unselfish character; for here we find the adoration given by all kinds of men who, by words extol virtue, but, by necessity or some other cause, do not practice it. The element of strife among you, is the fear of poverty and its miseries; a danger from which none are exempt. The rich among you are liable to become paupers, and do frequently become such; none appear to have security. The desire to be removed from poverty, leads to a hard effort to acquire wealth, which again in most

instances, if not in all, brings on the insanity of greed; a disease that obliterates all virtuous thought and feeling, and leaves the soul a wreck. There is something higher than an individual character to adore; that is, a principle—the principle of justice, justice to one another. A people who have justice, rest upon an enduring foundation, as enduring as humanity itself. With such a people inordinate greed or want could not exist: vice, misery and crime, would be entirely eliminated from their midst, and society would know war and strife no more. This is the only 'standard to which all wise and honest men can repair.'"

"The closing address by President Harrison, was excellent in sentiment and produced a good impression, which found expression in unanimous and enthusiastic cheering, followed by a rush for the doors in which all formality was forgotten.

"By the same mysterious influences that had previously transported my campanions and I to wherever we wished to go, we found ourselves free from the crowd and out on the broad avenue.

"Although the night was far spent multitudes of people were on the street, as though sleep fled the city. Many could be distinguished as strangers who were doubtless taking advantage of the entertainments so largely put forth by the shows and numberless fakers of the city. Most of the people were stimulated into a nervous excitement by the extraordinary magnitude of the Centennial of the Inaugural that had lasted two days, with another day of fete to come, which I informed my companions, would be more in-

teresting as a civic fete than any we had witnessed; because it would be the work of the people themselves and not of officials of the State or Nation, exhibiting more of the characteristics of industrial life. My companions replied, that they would not witness it, having been interested principally in the character and work of the Executive and Legislative branches of Government; the joyous efforts of the people on such an occasion, would not represent the blessings derived from happy and just government; they had already seen the character of the press of the country, the character of the officials and the methods by which they were chosen for their high offices; they had seen the absolute rule and influence of monopoly and money; the awful wretchedness of the laborers who produce all; they had seen the crimes and vices born of poverty; and the heartlessness and emptiness of even the pious, and would see no more.

"The younger man, who resembled Jefferson so strongly, threw his arms about my neck and leaning his head upon my breast, sobbed and trembled from head to foot with emotion. I had often tried to conceive the mental agony of the Savior of the World during his awful night in the garden of Gethsemene, but until the mental sufferings of this divine looking old man, who hung like a wrecked spirit upon my unworthy neck, could I form the slightest idea of what mental agony was: physical suffering, accident and death, had often been witnessed, but they pale into nothingness before the sufferings of the intelligent soul. The tall, Washington-like man took me by

the right hand of fellowship and said: 'I thank you, young man, for the spirit of kindness you have shown us. I appreciate the generous thoughts you have towards humanity; and marvel at the liberty of your social ideas in an age when the souls of men are so deadened to virtue that the idols of wickedness have become the deities whom they fiercely adore. Farewell! I bless your generous spirit. Do what you can in your day to break the power of monopoly to destroy this race of men, and should you perish in your work, your full reward will be in your heart and conscience; and your spirit will come to the arms of the glorious martyrs of all times, with whom we are permitted to dwell. I am the spirit of George Washington; with my beloved brother, Thomas Jefferson, I have been permitted to visit earth again at the end of the century, to witness the glories we anticipated from the results of our toil, and to see the fulfillment of the hope for which martyrs died on bloody fields with huzzas for liberty gurgling with the death rattle in their throats. Alas! my young friend, our hopes have not been realized. The canker worm of all this social destruction, we could not eradicate in our day; it came to us from ancient days. It was imbedded in the laws upon which civilizations have ever been based, and it has eaten the heart of every empire established by man—it is the private monopoly of production. This power was too much for the commune of the early Christians, who, when blotted out, had their creed of love and justice changed to a base similar to what you now call "practical politics." My

dear young man, never lose sight of the central principle, that the private monopoly of things belonging to, or produced by, all, is the cause of the social horrors which we have witnessed at this Centennial of my Inaugural! Bless you! farewell! farewell!' And they both dissolved before my eyes, leaving where they stood a sentence in letters of blue, chaste light, from which radiated rays like those of the fixed stars, that read: 'All men are entitled to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.' These lasted but a moment, when they, too, dissolved before my eyes, leaving me alone in a world where every human being is alone, and as isolated as Robinson Crusoe in his solitude, but with less chance to exist. Solitude may have its poetic charms, but its awful weight to me, at that moment, was almost unsupportable. Farewell! farewell! farewell! reverbrated through my depressed soul, until fatigue and sleep, the sweet sister of Death, mercifully threw over my spirit her heavy mantle of oblivion."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CIVIC PARADE.

The rapid panorama of events of a past age thus made visible to the wondering eyes of the historian, was evidently producing upon him a degree of mental excitement that ordinarily would be considered dangerous in the extreme. The muscles of his face were rigidly set; his eyes were fixed and the pupils dilated;

the veins in his forehead were swolen; and his temples throbbed with a feverishly excited pulse. The strange power that brought this retrospective view of a dead past so visibly to the present, also guided his flying pen as it uncontrollably dashed over the endless sheets of paper with the history he so greatly desired. The story of the fete of the people went on as follows:

"The morning that had opened sultry with the Sun shining through a misty, or hazy, Septe. ber-like atmosphere, inconveniently heating the paraders on their way to the line of the parade, now began to thicken in the sky, forming a veil that protected the crowded mass of humanity from the direct burning rays, as though an approving smile from Heaven had ordered this beneficience to the people's hundred year holiday.

"'The floats are coming! the floats are coming! rang out from thousands of throats—their gigantic size and gilded splendors making them visible from afar. Thousands of faces were turned towards them as their decorated tops moving with human life in all the gaiety of costume evolved excitement from the novelty of the occasion. Expectancy was intensified by the delay of several hours beyond the time announced. The various civic societies had been coming into the city from New Jersey, Long Island and those parts of the state adjacent to the City of New York, since early morning. The patriots who were to march and display their zeal and love for the blessings of free government, on this gala day, after a century of progress, or decay, whichever way it may

be viewed, or both, which may be more logical, were not of the chieftain class of political, military, or religious life. For them the shrine where Washington knelt was surrounded with no pious sermon, no caustic words from holy men upbraided them for their corruptions, nor held up the grim spectre of the tendencies of their evil practices. The model of the 'Royalty of Virtue,' was pictured not in eloquent words; all was left to the simple hearts and unsophisticated consciences of these bent and crooked toilers of the wage system, as they came in from the ferries and the rail roads, dressed in their best, but mostly unartistically cut clothing, embellished by brilliant, highly protected, cotton, silk and gum ribbons; and carrying flags and banners of their different societies embellished by pictures of some patriot, or holy saint, of our own or other lands, over whose heads floated the stars and stripes of the thirteen original colonies that gained from their British king and master, the right to tax themselves as high as they please, even into the paralysis of trade and the bursting of the Nation's Treasury vaults. No wealthy representative of the lawyer element pronounced his studied oration reciting the history of the people, or what achievements had sprung from their brain and muscle, and disinterested souls! Nor what intellectual schemes had been planned and worked out in all ages for their utilization, as wealth producing factors, for their so-called heaven-selected care-takers and pocketers of their toil! No feast illuminated by the wizard, Edison's magic light, beautified by cut glass colored with

the rose tints of gold and the yellows of uranium, dazzled their eyes, as the enchanting illuminations fell upon choice viands imbedded in flowers, rendered more beauteous by the artificial splendor! The verses of no poet of the people were read to listening throngs and throbbing hearts! Even the President was late upon the scene! The fatigue caused by the choice adulations of Washington's virtue and devotion to the 'people's cause,' on the previous evening at the Metropolitan House banquet, where Sancho Panza's base of virtue was so well fortified, and the intellectual emanations of glowing thought and imagination sent forth by the historic, retrospective trumpet of the departing genius of the century just ended, and by the joyous blast of young life and hope of the century just born, had rendered these celebrities unable, or disinclined, to undergo the pageant of the common people, who were not shimmering in diamonds, or influential in station: with whom personal contact was unnecessary until the opening of the play of prejudice, upon their ignorance, wants and superstitions, would begin with the judicious shower of gold at the next election, when the franchises of free and independent men, would be exercised for the nominee for office who had paid the highest price to the political ring for the honor of representing his beloved people; whose joys and rude pleasures would bore and fatigue his over feasted body that was unable to undergo the ennui of the grand stand for one more day.

"Cheer after cheer was heard along the line as the

procession came on headed by thousands of brave boys from the schools and colleges who marched with a precision and steadiness that eclipsed the trained soldiers of the military pageant of the previous day. One of the astonished military chieftains remarked to the President: 'Give me three months' drill with these boys and I would fight any army in the world.' Yes, he would fight the boys; their hearts would be animated with martial fury, and they would go forth in myriads to kill their brothers, and be killed, for the glory of their chieftain, to whom the grateful parents would raise an imperishable monument to commemorate his glorious achievements, at which other boys could be stimulated and marched to death and martial glory for other chieftains' fame, as generation after generation of boys came on forever.

"The drill! the drill! What inspiriting animation is in the drill? It was Macedon's power! It leveled Greece! Mighty Rome went down before its weight! Persia, Egypt, Babylonia and Palmyra perished under its influence! And the earth where once fair cities stood, whose polished marble temples and palaces glittered in the sunlight, within whose walls flourished the arts of peace, now exhibits only a few stones to mark the spot, where the hiss of the serpent and the roar of wild beasts have supplanted the hum of industry and the musical sound of human joy; and what was once the paradise of man's intellectual achievement, is now sunk into oblivion by the glorious, inspiriting drill! It is the substitute for social organization. The soldier represents organized society.

His power is irresistable. Millions of men can be supported, and all the expensive paraphernalia of war maintained, by the few laborers of a nation. The organization of the army is State Socialism carried out on a plan to successfully kill. Were its social organization used to cultivate the arts of peace and to increase production, light labor to the soldier would create an abundance that would bring ease and comfort to the mass who now supports him to murder; and should all contribute lightly to production, these joyous carnivals could be multiplied to infinity and happy hearts beat in every bosom and joyous smiles beam from every face.

"The soldier is losing his utility as a means of support to the power of autocrats: there is a growing suspicion as to whether he will fight or not. In all the great aristocracies of Europe there is a feeling that the seeds of ideas hostile to aristocracy are sprouting and growing in their ranks. It is called Nihilism in Russia, and Socialism in Germany, France, England and Italy. The soldier begins to view intelligently that his life has some value beyond its creation for the purpose of killing his brother across the border for the hollow glory of insane kings. The power of association and discussion is fast weakening the power of his control by superstition or patriotism. Every effort is being made without avail to stamp out this independent, slave-relaxing tendency. Its advocates are exiled to Siberia and to America, put to death by prison torture and confinement; their influence and subsistence destroyed by infernal arts of

social prejudice; their meetings forbidden and their writings destroyed.

"The wealthy lawyer orator, of the previous day, said: 'Both Monarchial and Republican governments are seeking safety in the repression and suppression of opposition and criticism. The volcanic forces of Democratic aspiration and Socialistic revolt, are rapidly increasing and threaten peace and security.' We hear the customary rumors of war between the great nations but it is studiously avoided by the rulers, except in contests with barbarious and savage tribes for their subjugation, or the control of their territory. Uncertainty reigns. The fear of a repetition of the tragedy of the French Revolution that would bring the reckoning of the oppression of centuries upon the heads of a few helpless aristocrats, causes a halt in the process of fighting armies for amusement or glory. Society seems on the balance. Which way will it turn?

"As these thoughts ran through my mind at the speed of lightning, brought up by the brave and beautiful young men and boys who marched with such admirable precision past the President's stand, so occupying me as to their future, that I did not hear myself addressed until I had been spoken to the second time by 'The Brother' who was standing beside me; to whose kind inquiries for my companions, I stated that they had gone away suddenly and would not be present at the civic parade. This puzzled him somewhat, but he politely deferred any questions until I saw fit to more particularly explain.

"'You do not see the floats that are passing. The

brown study that occupied you for some minutes must have been more interesting than the procession. Are you thinking of your Continental friends? or, are you in love?'

"'I am in love,' I replied. 'But at that moment I was not thinking either of love or my acquaintances, but of those lovely boys who marched so beautifully, wondering if the drill would lead them to die on gory fields of ambition.'

"'Yes, that is sad. To-day you must dismiss sad thoughts, for you know you have had enough of them for the last few days and nights. You see, the people are happy to-day; it is their fete. There is little or no committee of the select four hundred picked elite, of New York, in this affair; but the honest people get on wonderfully by themselves, all willing to be happy and obey any orders given them. This is a day of a hundred years to enjoy and make the most of. It is always pleasant to see the people in a free state, without restraint, enjoying themselves; and you will find when night closes there will be fewer cut heads from police clubs than on any day of the three. Do you see the girls on that float? I knew every one of them. They work in a tobacco factory for a sweater.'

"'What do you mean by a sweater?'

"'A sweater is a man who works hands either on contract work, or on his own account; who employs the young, and poor, and needy, who cannot help themselves and are obliged to work for what they can get, glad enough to obtain employment that will ensure them a bite of the coarsest food to keep them

alive. Where competition is close, he makes his profit out of the sweat of these poor people, by the difference in wages, and the amount of work he can get out of them. These girls are young and fine specimens of physical beauty; you could not match them among the four hundred. That brunette looking this way with the green and gold tights on, is the finest figure I ever saw; she would make a fine model for a sculptor. Her aged father was badly crippled some years ago in a tunnel; out of fourteen workmen he was the only one saved, and this beautiful girl has worked cheerfully for him ever since. The other families of the men who were killed, went all to pieces; some of the children are around yet, the woman mostly died, after depending on charity for a while, or went to the Island as paupers. The engineers were to blame for the accident, but it made no difference except the loss of work to the company; and several lives have been lost since by the same causes.

"'Hello! 'Brother,' cried some of the girls from the next float, kissing their hands to him in fun. They were evidently happy, and unconsciously free from any idea of rudeness in their actions. The lives of these girls did not acquire their freedom from nature but rather from the classic precincts of the tenement and sweating shop. Being devoid of rules of propriety they gave expression to their feelings without restraint. It was, indeed, amusing to see these crude beauties in the costumes of court ladies, delesses, angels and nymphs, with their uncultured movements, impulsive speech and actions. The representations

on the floats did not suffer from these defects; there was natural grace and a certain ease, arising from perfect indifference to the gaze of the multitude of spectators, that did not abash them at all, although they were handsome and lovely to view.

"The remarkable grace exhibited in the bachanalian festal processions of the ancients, which artists have transmitted to us, was developed from the national character of their athletic games, and the customary and frequent repetition of these events kept them in training to suit a public taste that their social life had fastidiously developed. With us the daily struggle for existence, in our age of scientific progress, has been unfavorable to even the recognition of graceful movement. In the stiff proprieties of the Fifth Avenue promenade it is no less observable than in the natural, rude impulses of these wild children of nature. The awkward movements so peculiar to our careless age, from which even the artists of the stage are seldom free, were visible here, accented somewhat by the muscles trained to active work in shops and factories. Still there was much to admire, and one should not be captious with untutored society, devoid of favorable surroundings, happily rewarded when they can look upon a loaf of bread, a bit of cheese, a piece of meat, or, salt fish, with poor coffee, for a meal; with freedom from sickness, or death, and prospect of work ahead, however poorly paid, when their wealthy sisters have the same universal defect of elbow awkwardness, even in the drawing room.

"The young men were not behind in physical per-

fection, and made great merriment for the by-standers in some of the amusing characters which they represented. Others were imprisoned, for the time being, in stiff costumes, of heroes and patriots of many lands; of Washington's, Jefferson's, Franklin's, Courtiers', and dignitaries', which admitted of no amusement. The industrial scenes of mechanical operations of all kinds exhibited the paraders more at home than in the stiff habiliments of the last century; for here the box coats, long, embroidered vests, frills, laces and wigs, were discarded for the working costume; rolled up sleeves, brawny arms and the familiar tools, which were wielded with skill born of long practice. Many of these were highly interesting, as allegory was blended with practical industry in the fanciful creations of the gigantic floats, whose lofty tops frequently suffered from the telegraph wires that hung across the line of march.

"'Here come the kilts!' cried the crowd. And, sure enough the Caledonian club came along with their tartan plaids, bare knees and Highland dress. Bag pipes lent their wild, savage strains to the variety of scenes that were ever passing our eyes.

"The banner of Switzerland, the oldest Republic, preceeded a float containing a bevy of beautiful girls in charming costumes, representing the years of independence, who flung a shower of rose bouquets at the President as they passed. Merry laughter arose from their midst, and the yodel of the Swiss vales beautifully echoed over the park to enchanted ears of the wearied but delighted crowd. Bravely the bands

played inspiriting popular airs as they unceasingly followed clubs, societies, and floats. Hail Columbia, The Star Spangled Banner, and America, were blended with Wacht am Rhine, Yankee Doodle, Marching through Georgia, and Patrick's Day in the Morning. Knights of Temperance followed the Apotheosis of Bacchus and the Brewers float. The Jamestown colonists, contrasted the Piano Makers. The Kindergarten, contrasted the Russian tea caravan. The German refugees, contrasted Symphonic Music. And the Log Cabin, the Shrine of Flora. From Ranch to Kitchen, offset Washington's farewell. The Carnival, contrasted The landing of the Emigrants. Wagners Opera, The Ships of the Puritans. Natural Science, contrasted the catholic societies. Arion, Washington crossing the Deleware; and fairy tales, the House Smiths. The Tammany Society of politicians offset the tragic music; and baking and brewing, the Swabian Harvest Home. The Provision dealers contrasted the Firemen; and the joys of Kriss Krimble, the Brooklyn Bridge. In all this medley of fancy, myriads of strange costumes, jests, and merriment, the people found pleasant entertainment, marked by good humor, and honest enjoyment. The pale looking President at last inquired when the pageant would end; half an hour more the proprieties of his station compelled his remaining. At last the stragglers came and the President's carriage rapidly passed away as the rush of the people for the restaurants and cars, closed the extraordinary three days festivities of a century of American presidents; and ushured

in the newly born, whose history, fraught with weal or woe, will be recorded after this generation of men, who so proudly celebrated the event, shall long be forgotten in the activities of other times."

CHAPTER XII.

BOWERY SCENES, THOMPSON STREET AND THE FLORENCE MISSION.

"The mental state that succeeded the strange experience of the last few days was such, that I felt as though removed from fellowship with men. What I had seen and the character of thought it engendered brought a change in my view of society; had made me feel that my life was an idiotic chapter of folly and error, and I regarded myself and society simply with feelings of horror. The strange beings who had made my acquaintance on the lonely battery, where, in the stillness of night, I had sought the sympathetic sadness of the dark, turbulent waters of the bay, whose friendly surge and splash, and sighs, were consonant with my love disappointed spirit, the two most sublimely intellectual patriots developed from all the times of the ages, who stood as monumental pillars, so grandly above all other intellectual monuments, that, in the vast historic panorama of the great, they were alone in their lofty solitude, had brought me the horrors of knowledge and left me mentally wrecked.

Imagination forced upon me the picture of the great of the world, and the sufferings of their noble minds in the sorrow brought to their souls by the knowledge of wisdom. Men who lived lives of pain because the intellectual light made more clear the folly and misery of their kind, high and low; follies that would, and did kill the wise and good who tried to help mankind to better life. I thought of Solomon writing in his study as he sat in full view of the splendors of the Temple and Palaces of his magnificent reign, the eloquent and profound words that have survived even their foundations: 'Much learning maketh the heart sad,' 'Of all thy gettings get wisdom,' all else is vanity and vexation of spirit.' I thought of the wisest philosopher of Greece, forced by the howling mob to drink the poisonous hemlock and end his beautiful life because his noble thoughts were too strong for them. I thought of the wise men of the dark ages, done to death at the stake and poisoned, to satisfy the fury of pious hypocrites; and, of the Savior of the World stabbed to ensure his death upon the bloody cross. I thought of helpless innocence hounded into poverty, vice and misery, by the wicked, and indifferent of society, and the awful, yawning gulf that awaits us all as we hurry around its cycles to the vortex. I felt as though my brain would burst in the unsympathetic solitude wherein I had been left by the sad farewell of the god-like Washington and Jafferson; and my spirit finally found relief in heart breaking sobs and tears.

"Company I must have, and naturally I sought the sweet woman to whom I had pledged my troth.

My dejection brought to her heart anxiety, inquiry and explanation, followed by heaviness of spirit. Unavoidable was the story of my experience, and I felt the crimnality of its recital: reflections on the sad state of society fallowed and the joys of innocence gave way to the sorrows of knowledge. 'If ye eat of the fruit, ye shall not die, but ye shall be as God's, knowing good and evil.' She had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and, henceforth, we both must leave the garden of paradise, wherein we had so happily dwelt, for the world where hateful things annoy the spirit and fill us with regrets.

"The restless feeling continued. The ghost of society would not down, but haunted me day and night. At last I sought the classic precincts of Regan's saloon to find 'The Brother,' hoping that his companionship would either bring relief or cure my malady by the 'similibus curandum' principle. Should I not find a remedy for my disease, I might, at least, find occupation by studying its cause.

"I had expected to find 'The Brother' on the Bowery early in the evening, but the racing course had opened that day and, from the excited conversation in the saloon among the gamblers, I learned that all the favorites were beaten. This gala day proved disastrous to their purses and proportionately gainful to the managers, pool sellers, and them in the secret of how the race was to turn out. My friend had been in the whirlpool of the racing world that day and was belated. The time was interestingly occupied in watching the eternal tramp of crowds of sad, tired

men, street girls, and depressed, married men, who were airing, or purchasing a few necessary articles, with their scantily clothed and hopeless looking wives. An unusual number of drunken soldiers embellished the Bowery accompanied by street girls who shrewdly endeavored to obtain from them what money was left of their pay, or bounty, before leaving to make the acquaintane of the aborigine, or the buffalo, upon the vast plains of the Mississippi or the Missouri. The numerous electric lights rendered the Bowery brilliant and the general effect was enchanting; sham diamonds of great size and brilliancy flashed in the shop windows purchasable for a trifle; the various fake shows of the wonderful leather man, the headless woman, wax figures, and the exhibition of beauty, which latter consisted of three small monkeys called by the names of princesses, to which the passer was attracted by flaming pictures, and a Dutch street band playing from behind a screen painted with wonderful scenes of fairyland. To make up for the paucity of the exhibit a private room was in the rear, where greenhorns were introduced to a professor with a high sounding title, who manipulated their bumps with many extravagant words ending with a pompous demand for, 'One dollar, sir!' met with a quarrel and an offer to settle for fifty cents. At the door a greenhorn, who stood gaping at the advertised wonders, was being relieved of his watch by an expert; the proprietor shook his head at the thief but dared not speak, for this gentleman was one of a dangerous gang. So confident was the thief in the

ease and success of this operation that he did not discover that by a more skillful thief his own watch was abstracted at the same moment.

"A group of men were standing in front of a restaurant; these were part of the gang called Whyos, whose numbers and boldness make them dreaded throughout the city. Their peculiar virtues consist of ability to obtain food, drink, and lodging without paying for it. One of these had entered this restaurant where he regaled himself with the best the larder afforded, enjoyed the attention of the waiter, picked his teeth pompously, and throwing down his check to the clerk requested him to 'hang that up.' The clerk, a rather small man, happened to be a pugilist, vaulting over the counter, he closed the door and proceeded to get his money's worth out of the Whyo by giving him a thrashing that the bold ruffian, unable to resist, finally begged for mercy, when the door was opened and the Whyo was sent reeling into his own crowd, who, intimidated by their chief's defeat, did not attempt to raid the house.

"The vast concourse of human beings rolls on like the wave losing its form and disappearing before your eyes; like the sea of humanity, it is the same water before you, levelling, changing, followed by another roll of a newly formed wave which you carefully but vainly watch to see whither it is spent, and before it has gone, another mighty wave is upon your vision following to the same eternal sea. Here and there unsubmerged fragments of the wreck of human lives are seen for a moment as they rapidly pass, to be

followed by others who, by some strange accidents survive awhile upon the surface, like the air bubble in the midst of a howling tempest, which the rapid thought can single out for a moment. One a hatless, tattered, young woman, is passing, her straggling, unkempt, rich brown hair survives as the only ornament to frame the haggard features once highly and intellectually beautiful. The large, open, well formed eyes, gaze forth with a vacant stare. Beauty's attraction has brought the revels thick and fast, soon fastening the serpent fang of alcoholic thirst. She stops and vacantly gazes awhile upon a candy stand, then passes on without purchasing and disappears on the passing wave.

"The Pawnbrokers were thick in this neighborhood and business was brisk; the characters who passed in and out were various, and the variety of goods received in these magazines of curiosity, was as strange as the characters who deposited them. Poor women pledging a flat iron, or a pair of worn shoes, to obtain a small sum to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Crooks and pick-pockets leaving, unredeemed, a watch or jewel, surreptitiously borrowed from some other more wealthy rogue, whose operations are on change, banking, or merchandising. Many were well dressed, borrowing to relieve temporary embarrassment; others pledging the last possession for the last morsel of food between them and death, that, in few hours or days, will bring, in some pestilential hovel, or in the dark river that flows with rippling sound by the sides of the grand navy of commerce,

or washes the ends of the docks, the sleep that knows no awakening. In the window were displayed for sale a number of medals; the inscriptions upon these gave the names and date of many distinguished persons; on the reverse were mottoes in latin indicative of some sublime virtue or deed of heroism. Some were struck in honor of the prowess of the pugilist; others for some scientific, or scholarly, achievement; others for honors achieved in the salon, for artistic skill, or on the rostrum, for oratory; some to poets, for their masterpieces of thought; some for heroism at the cannon's mouth, or the sacrifice of their lives in their country's defense; some were for moral and religious distinction; the Catholic Knight and the Mason who had achieved the thirty-third degree, all for sale as unredeemed pledges. Advertising here under the brilliant electric light, the submergence of all distinctions, whether of moral, heroic, scientific, or artistic virtue in the great vortex of want, to which these intellectually endowed virtuosi were as completely subject by the unequal struggle, as the meanest wretch who grovelled for a few pence amongst the fetid garbage and waste of civilization. Culture, honor, virtue, all, all overshadowed by the power of individual wealth, leaving to society the delightful treasure, the survival of the meanest.

"It was with pleasure I hailed the arrival of 'The Brother' for gloomy reflections were taking possession of me, and I well knew that one who begins to grieve over the horrors of the Nineteenth Century, was a lost man. Hardened to the horrors, which he clearly

saw with the eye of the mind, in their true light, his influence upon me was beneficial, enabling me to suppress to some degree my emotions; for, as he said, his heart was dead, and he coldly looked on society as one gigantic scene of hypocrisy and injustice; its victims sharing in their misery only the logical outcome of legalized crime and plunder.

"The words of the preacher at St. Paul's Church on the morning of the centennial of the inaugural of Washington, that so pointedly touched the core of our social disease and gave such offence to the magnates who keenly appropriated his words to themselves, kept rising in the mind as we walked through the purlieus of Thompson street and the surrounding district. Thousands of men, women and children, lined the sidewalks, sat upon the steps, or stood around the groggeries, alley-ways and cellars; dirt, squalor, wretchedness, rudeness, oaths and vileness, were only to be seen and heard. The population of the neighborhood at this evening hour was in the street, and presented itself in good shape for study. Here could be seen without difficulty, what the good man meant when he told the President and the wealthy Monopolists and Politicians of the 'adulteration of our National Manhood,' for here was the adulteration almost in its last savage stage: Americans, Irish, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Negroes and the scrapings of the world, all mixed in one repulsive mass, without thought of race, color, distinction, or even the vaguest conception of decency. The shock to my senses was intense, and forced the reflection of the utter degra-

dation that man reaches when he declines from the civilized state; a degradation far beyond that of the savage, and impossible of regeneration; for the degraded civilized never rise again. The absolute savage presents a nature upon which a new civilization can be built, and such is always the case. First, his superstitions developed into some form of morality, then the chieftainship, with the monopoly right of land and property, which is the canker worm that eats again the heart of each new civilization as it rises. Upon this festering mixture of 'adulterated national manhood,' no impression for good can ever be made under present conditions. One has only to view the mass to see the hopelessness of the efforts of the brave missionaries, to have forced upon him the conclusion that not all the missionaries in the world assisted by all the good and pious men and women, could make the faintest impression upon this degraded mass of civilized man, without his conditions were radically changed. The keener sufferings of the respectable people, in their struggle to avoid the slums and the repulsive associations of this jumble of races, in a maggoty mass, on the decaying carcass of modern civilization, is still more dreadful and pitiable than the ignorantly contented human animals that are growing in our cities as fast as the locusts of Egypt, or the Colorado beetle; and that will crush the civilization of the North by the weight of their multitudes, as the increasing millions of degraded negroes, will blot out the South: and over the sacred soil dedicated to the hope of man by the free government of Washington and Jefferson, in which man's

better nature was to find its highest expansion. A low mass of beings will fester a while in beastliness, murder and superstition, then yield their place to the savage and wild beast.

"It is needless to come to this sickening sight of degraded humanity to seek the evidence of the decline of civilization; the mere reflection that the monopolist and the politician, are willing to add even this class to the pimp, the brothel keeper, the gambler, the saloon keeper, the newspaper, the tramp and the tough, the labor agitator and the ecclesiast, to sustain their control of power, is sufficient without further search. When honorable position is maintained by the supposed greatest only by the support of the meanest, no further commentary is needed on the quality of a civilized state that has reached its last stage of decline.

"Turning again towards the Bowery, we stopped a few moments on the opposite side of the street to view one of the women's lodging houses. Poor women, they must pay five cents more than men, although they earn less, and have no free drink of wood spirit whiskey poison, in the morning, as a prize for their patronage. Without the necessary fifteen cents they must stay on the street and survive as best they can. I was surprised to see how respectable and well mannered the inmates were. A number of young women from sixteen years upward, were sitting around the restaurant tables conversing with one another. The door was open to the street and the place was in full view of the not overly elegant pub-

lic of the neighborhood. At the upper windows could be seen a number of women of thirty years of age and upward, who had evidently returned from their daily employment, and were resting in this only 'Home, Sweet Home,' they had on earth until the day returned and the hour for toil arrived.

"After having viewed the horrible mass further down the street, the sight of these neat, well mannered women in their cheap refuge, left upon the mind a warm, sympathetic feeling for their strong efforts to avoid, even in this cheerless home, the awful fate of their outcast sisters who passed and repassed us in multitudes. A turn into a side street brought us to the Florence Mission with which I saw 'The Brother' was well acquainted, having interested himself in the various problems of social reformation at the gatherings of philanthropists engaged in this holy work. Within the meeting room was a number of desolate looking tramps and abandoned women whom these mission saints had gathered together by their pious influence. Cheerful, religious songs were sung, in which all joined, succeeded by a prayer and the experiences of those wholly or temporarily saved from a life of crime. Then followed other songs luring the outcast to the splendors of virtue, the language adapted to their vulgar comprehensions; as, for instance:

"'My father is rich in silver and gold,
The wealth of his love can never be told,
With diamonds and rubies and jewels so rare,
In heaven we'll shine when we get there.'

"Several young women rising in their seats spoke brightly of the blessings they had received by being rescued from a life of crime by the exertions of the good people who devote their lives to this benevolent purpose. Men told the story of how these angels rescued them from the demon of rum, asking assistance of the assembled friends in prayer to Almighty God to preserve them from the luring temptations surrounding them on every side, from which it was almost impossible to escape. The beautific expression on the faces of the good men and women, who appeared to be the leaders in this holy work, bespoke the satisfaction they felt with this evidence of the result of their labors in the divine Master's cause, and the supreme joy they experienced in [illegible]ing themselves daily, dying martyrs, on sacred crosses, to save a few souls from the maelstrom of social injustice and perdition. So emotional was this scene that I became visibly affected. The recitals of the sorrows and sufferings of the redeemed brought sympathetic tears streaming down my cheeks in spite of every effort to control my feelings; for the whole evening had been spent in viewing and contemplating the sad fate of doomed humanity. For relief we sought the open air which refreshed me somewhat. The night was balmy; a clear sky and bright stars twinkled merrily over the just and the unjust; no storm added its discomfort to the homeless and outcast, nature was in one of her loveliest and most peaceful moods; Venus and Jupiter, astrological emblems of intelligence and love, shone brightly in Taurus, near the constellation of

the Pleiades, the approaching moon about to embrace them both; the twins, the Crab and the royal Lion, were ascending, and Aldebaran, Castor and Pollux, added their lustre to the heavenly scene, viewing in their daily round the insane contentions, struggles and entombment of all the races and generations of men; the movements of armies in the work of destruction; the rise and fall of empires, and the far greater power of evil and destruction; the power of greed that, over the entire face of the smiling earth, sinks, age after age, the generations of men, into misery and death. Oh! in your bright orbs do such crimes appear! or, are we on earth the only existences fated to misery? When shall the desert bloom as the rose and war of man upon man be known no more? When shall the reign of the divine Master come, and man live in one common brotherhood from which shall be eliminated the love of gold, the accursed root of all evil?

CHAPTER XIII.

A FIFTH AVENUE PARTY, A TENEMENT FIRE AND OONEY MAGUIRE.

"The night grew on apace as we wandered first up one street then down another. From elegant residences gleamed brilliant lights illuminating, in front of them, the mounted trappings of the noble steeds in

whose veins coursed the finest strains of Arabian blood; their grooms closely watching as they champed their foaming bits. Liveried footmen expensively attired in boots and tights, were active in attendance upon the arriving guests. Within all was joy and pleasure; strains of sweet music performed by skillful artists floated out upon the balmy air; in the refined embrace of the waltz whirled famous beauties blazing with jewels that sparkled on fair breasts, arms and necks, amid the sheen of an Indo-European, multicolored silks; lovely faces with languid, dreamy eyes, parted, ruby lips and snowy teeth, spoke the exquisite pleasure of the scene: odors of rare flowers were wafted on the air by their graceful motions; rare paintings of famed artists decorated the rich walls; art bronzes of great value, and choice ceramics, relieved the profusion of splendor everywhere visible. Through an arch hung with flowers the festal board was seen and here again all was loveliness. Rare china of graceful form and decoration from Sevres, royal Worcester, Berlin and Limoges, covered with viands prepared by artistic cooks; baccarat cut glass and rare wines of lucious flavor, cooling fruits from the tropics invitingly arranged on comports, enamelled in green, brown, gold and blue, relieved with flowers trimmed low upon showy linnen invited the appetites of the guests to the perfection of luxury. Soft divans artistically embellished with old gold and rose blended in a confusion of ornament, rested the stately dames and elders, who conversed fluently and gracefully, in cultured language, upon cultured themes. The life of

the halls was a picture worthy of reproduction by a Fortune, or a Madrazzo. Carefully studied and elaborately executed architecture delighted the eye by its well conceived and arranged species, the proportions of its parts, the color, effect and design, of its members and ornaments. Decorative bronzes grouped the easy stair-way and landings. Windows of artistic glass blended their harmonies of color, their irregular surfaces sparkling like dew drops on flowers as they reflected the dazzling electric light, or, the transmitted moonlight from a cloudless sky that failed to rival the artificial splendor within. Lovers elegantly posed upon the stairs; the blush and smile played upon fair faces as tender words were lowly spoken, or whispered, into willing ears. In the unconscionable moment of happiness, natural grace displayed her perfection in the free movement of figure, arms and head; facial expression freed by the joy of happy hearts rivalled the choicest dreams of artistic thought. The strain and crush of life was not visible here; even the stony features of the brokers and kings of change relaxed to human form and expression as the corpse of the soul was galvanized into a little life by the splendor and happiness of the enchanting scene.

"Descending the easy flight of carved steps that led to the wide avenue, the strange effect of the moonlight attracted us to the lovely panorama of the dark blue vault of the heavens overhead, whose breadth and vastness, studded with worlds, doubtless peopled with myriads of other existences, carried out the

mind to bright and beautiful Nature, who speaks to all her children with one voice and greets them with an universal smile. On the broad, smooth pavement were a number of professionals whose artistic employment consisted in giving evening exercise to that large and favored portion of society, the aristocratic canine, that was led by silver chains, or, embossed leathern straps attached to engraved or jeweled collars. These favorites of fortune trotted the polished streets, and sniffed around the balustrades that protected the palaces from too near approach of the vulgar. The toy pug with saucy, belligerent face, the picturesque and snappy skye terrier whose long, carefully brushed silken hair rivalled the tresses of children, the pretty, long-eared spaniel, who for centuries has enjoyed the luxuries of wealth, and the intelligent St. Bernard who, in the soft caresses of the various Omphalis, has lost the virtues and heroism of his Alpine brothers and retains only his personal beauty. These darlings on return to their palatial homes would have their dainty feet washed with perfumed soap, dried on soft, white linnen towels, and put to slumber sweetly upon downy beds embellished with lace and covered with choice fabrics ornamented with embroidery deftly worked by fair hands. A tall, respectable, but seedy looking, man approached one of these interesting professionals and asked for assistance. From the conversation that ensued it was evident that they were acquainted. Want of work and bread for the dear ones had brought him, at that late hour, to watch for his friend who, through

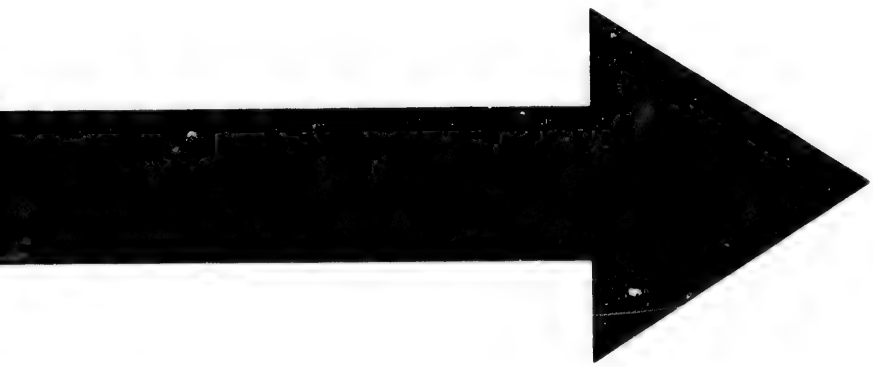
the care of the aristocratic canines and a warm place in Bridget's heart, had obtained the fortunate position of occasional close proximity to the choice crumbs that fell from the tables of their wealthy owners.

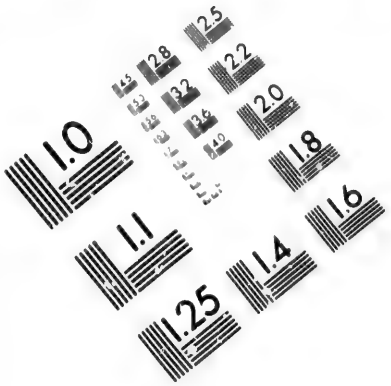
"The fire alarm was sounded, and instantly the splendidly trained horses at furious speed came rushing by, plunging and leaping with the heavy fire machines from which the sparks flew like a stream of shooting stars. Another and another passed; then whirled the hook and ladder round the street corner; the rattle of the wheels and the clang of the alarm gongs changing the stillness of the night to the din of rush and terror. Away they sped, the skilled drivers lifting the plunging horses with the reins at each successive leap. The alarm increased; in other streets we could hear the rush and clash of the mailed hoofs, and rattle of the wheels. Evidently there was a general alarm and serious work was before the heroes of the fire department, whose brave hearts and strong arms would require their noblest efforts that night to save age, beauty, helpless innocence, or property, from the devouring elements. Following the sounds, a few blocks brought us to the exciting scene. The dwellings in the neighborhood had emptied their multitudes into the streets. A panic had seized upon all, for a row of densely populated tenements were ablaze; the wild flames leaped joyously from room to room and from house to house, as though it greedily luxuriated in the fiendish work of destruction. The active firemen were assisting the aged and helpless sick, or the bewildered women and children, to the fire escapes,

or to avoid the leaping tongues of fire that threatened to engulph both saviour and saved every moment. The wonderful ladders were shot into the air, section after section, reaching windows where the surrounding fires had entrapped the unfortunate inmates, who were lowered in canvass bags with the speed of lightning by the firemen whose tireless energies were bent to the utmost to avail themselves of the few moments left before the flames should engulph the whole block and swallow the helpless victims. A handsome young woman sped from floor to floor by the fire escapes, every moment or two dragging some helpless child or aged person to these dangerous but only avenues of safety; cheer after cheer went up from the crowd below as her marvelous efforts were attended with success. Against all remonstrations she refused to descend, until a last search in the suffocating smoke satisfied her that none were left within reach; with the agility of a cat she descended the fire escape when the roof fell in, the flying cinders burning her beautiful hair, naked arms and shoulders, as she fainting fell into the heroic arms of "The Brother." Sympathetic arms bore her to a place of safety through crowds of desolated people, whose admiration for this sublime heroism obliterated, for the moment, their woes and found expression in choking sighs and tears, as her sweet form and pallid face illuminated by the awful flames, was carried by them. Rough hands spread with tender care a bed upon the floor of a neighbor tenement, where her aged mother, saved from the devouring element a moment before, had also been

taken as a place of safety, who, believing that her only support on earth was dead, bewailed her child with piteous moans. For a moment the strong men stood viewing the despair of this blasted, aged wreck as she bowed her palsied head over the apparently lifeless body and stroked with bony, withered hands, the fair face and silken tresses of the sweet beauty who once nursed her breasts, and babbled with dimpled mouth the holy name of mother. The men turned away as though called to their duty slyly wiping from weather bronzed cheeks, unwilling tears.

"The destruction of the fire was complete. The poor furniture and clothing toilsomely gathered by these people were gone; many without a garment were covered with the spare rags of sympathetic neighbors, and sheltered in their already overcrowded rooms and hallways. What they were to do on the morrow was not yet a question, for all were absorbed in the grief of the present. The ambulances had carried away all the burnt and wounded that could be found. In some of the tenements where the people lived, cooked their food and slept in the same room with their dead and newly born, a few persons in both these states of entrance to and departure from the turmoil and strife of existence, found their tombs in cremated bodies that mercifully saved to the living the expense of burial. Without the firemen vainly fought the flames and people wildly ran from place to place seeking those who never more would share their sorrows. The horrors of the tenement with its ever present spectre of cholera and death, or the blissful happiness





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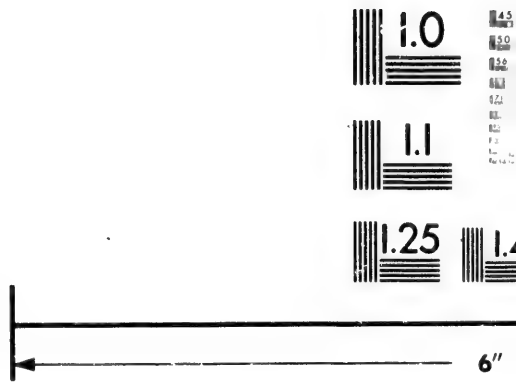

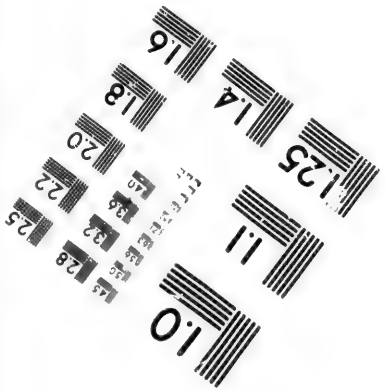

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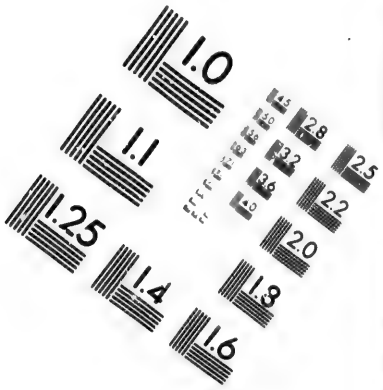

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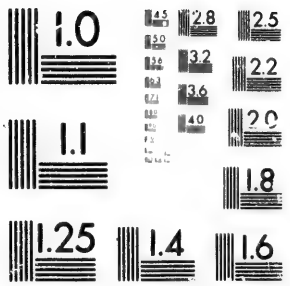

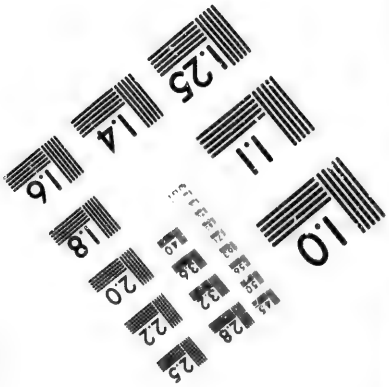

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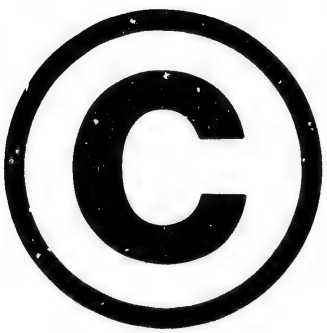

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of the Avenue splendors where balmy odors invited the weary revellers to downy repose, no longer troubled them. In the last sleep all are equal. Luxury or rags, feast or famine, joy or misery, culture or ignorance, pride or modesty, ambition, power, greed, selfishness and cruelty, all find their level in the last eternal sleep. No social disparity afflicts this final state; here the forces of production belong not to the privileged few. The land, that belongs in usufruct to all the children of men, yields here no rent to the monopolist. Gold cannot recall the fleeted spirit, hypocrisy or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death. The fire was at last controlled. In a group nearby angry words were passed between the officers of the private institution of the insurance companies, called the fire patrol, and some of the tenants of the destroyed houses. The prominent actor in the scene was 'The Brother,' who had cunningly instructed the tenants to reply to the questions of the fire patrol that they were insured; by this artful means goods had been blanketted and saved that had no insurance, much to the gratification of the owners and to the chagrin of the insurance men who had exerted themselves for no benefit to their companies. In answer to their upbraidings 'The Brother' artfully replied, that he certainly was insured; the furniture dealer from whom he had bought his things on installment charging also insurance, and the other tenants were in the same position. This sophistry did not satisfy the fire patrol who abandoned the discussion with the angry jeers of the bystanders and tenants.

"This principle of protection of private property by private effort in insurance, could be carried out by the public in all matters that concern life and provision. In learning, industrial education, and social justice, by which the blankets could be thrown to protect from the flames of despair the bodies and souls of men. From 'The Brother' I learned the history and sad condition of many of the neighbors. Mills and factories having shut down since the election of the protectionist President, work was scarce and some were homeless and beggared; others had been out of work suffering for a long time before this additional affliction. Some were ill with fevers or rheumatism. One woman in child bed had been lost; aged left without support, and helpless children without parents; all hopeless, helpless, dependent on their single-handed individual efforts in the struggle against the impenetrable barriers of a monopolized world, where no spot exists that they could freely occupy, where no opportunity was open by which they could hope to profit. To bend their backs under a weary load, when such boon can be occasionally sent by heaven, is their only chance to gain the pittance that will bring the coarse, adulterated food, or afford the hovel, or poor clothing that shelters them from the winters blast.

"The heroic beauty had revived and was affectionately stroking the white hair of her aged mother, caressing and consoling the almost wrecked mind with happy prospects of future comfort, which, together with the joy of her restored daughter, gradually

soothed the old mother into quiet sleep. Oony, as she was called, 'the beauty,' had figured as the Goddess of Liberty in the centennial civic parade, and was one of the distinguished, hired persons who personified the numerous symbols and attributes of States, Heroes, Nymphs; Washington's Jefferson's Franklin's, and the glorious Fathers of the Republic, on the numberless floats in the gay procession, and whose name, pedigree and social standing, studiously avoided, did not appear in the glowing accounts of the splendid pageant published in the daily papers on the following day. These were not included with the pomp of military celebrities, or the select four hundred whose manners so shocked society at the high priced ball and supper. Oh no, Ooney had received her small pay for personifying the highest glory of her country, purchasing on her way to the now obliterated home some comforts for her aged mother, and then obliged, for tomorrow's provision, to secretly take to the streets for the cash of the rake to supply her mother's need, the only means, scarcity of poorly paid work and her sex's disadvantage, offered her."

Comus had quietly moved to the side of the historian who began to give signs of breaking down under the choking emotions excited in him by the almost photographic character of the sad pictures of social life in the Nineteenth century, that flew from under his uncontrollable pen. Blinding tears streamed down his face which Comus wiped away with the skirt of his red cloak. The sighs, labored breathing

and slight groans, occasionally escaping from the breast of the historian, seemed somewhat to disturb the calmness of the spirit of Edward Pureheart so that it changed position burying its face in both hands. The encircling halo of sacred light flickered as though troubled by sound, but by the powerful effort of Comus' psychic force, it gradually assumed a clear, steady flame, and the story went on as follows:

CHAPTER XIV.

FIFTH AVENUE SWELLS, A SALOON KEEPER'S DAUGHTER, SALOONS AND PROHIBITION.

"Standing on Fifth Avenue observing the elegant promenaders who, in the late afternoon, were taking their constitutional walk, and instituting mental comparisons between these favorites of the blind goddess of Fortune, and their brothers and sisters whom that fickle deity had so indifferently passed by, I observed an artist friend and his wife, whom I had not seen for years, approaching me and gesticulating in earnest conversation. Evidently some misfortune had happened that caused them so much concern. I learned that they had visited the city for the sole purpose of viewing the progress of American art after all these years, and having found themselves in the presence of an exhibition of wooly landscapes, vague, impressionist pictures; bad imitations of bad French

color, goddesses and nymphs painted from models of common, badly drawn, ugly women, posed like animals, and the entire art devoid of art idea, it made them both angry. The prize exhibit of art, they claimed, was an insult to the public. Warm expressions of old friendship could not relieve their indignation, and I saw them still excitedly gesticulating as they were lost to view in the elegantly attired crowd of afternoon promenaders. Poor, innocent, old friends, little do you dream of the cause of art decline! It only shares the fate of industry and the flower cannot bloom without the root and stem.

"Driving recklessly through the crowd of fine, orderly equipages on the Avenue sat two strong, tough looking men on a huckster wagon, evidently returning from the day's peddling of vegetables in the poorer districts of the city. A messenger boy was sitting undisturbed at the back, having jumped a ride to save his weary legs from the long hours of walking and running, along the stony and treeless streets, with the telegrams of society, or business engagements. The moving mass of promenaders composed of extremely dressed women and weak swells, who could scarcely stand up were it not for the choice nourishment, baths and luxuries, at their command; many with the dude stoop carrying their canes by the middle which they swung with a peculiar twist of the wrist, similar to the movements required in using a violin bow; some leading toy dogs, pugs, bloodhounds, or St. Bernards, the keep of which would afford a revenue to support the redeemed drunkards

and girls of the Florence Mission, had furnished great amusement to these two strong toughs and started them laughing violently. For the moment they forgot the feeling of social disparity that made them despise these howling swells, the absurdity of the scene throwing them into the greatest merriment and endangering by their reckless driving the fine polish on the wheels of the elegant carriages. A tall, lank, long backed, young woman, with a stride as though she were used to wading through grass, passed along in the throng of promenaders; her dress was of gobelin blue trimmed with old rose color; the trimming of old rose was sharply V shaped to the small of her waist; an immense black laced hat, profusely adorned with flowers, decorated the hard, coarse features of this daughter of a wealthy saloon keeper, in one of the most vicious districts of the city. Her elegant attire, made by the best artist modists of Fifth Avenue, seemed ill assorted to the uncultured being whom it adorned; still her standard, as measured by dollars, was superior to many who promenaded with her in the great swim of Fifth Avenue: a pleasure to which the growing wealthy, throughout the great Republic, aspire as the sum of happiness to be achieved, inferior only to a residence in close proximity to a millionaire Stewart, or Vanderbilt, with a coat of arms on the carriage, liveried servants in tan colored leggings, snow white knee breeches, gilt buttons, cocked hat and coats of livery green; costly fur robes and carriage furniture, all made in London or Paris by the various makers to their Royal Highnesses, and by

what is called foreign pauper labor. The dollars of our lady promenader, or rather, her father's dollars, were many and gave a power and pride that overshadowed the seedy condition of those who chose the phantom of knowledge or aesthetic taste. Scholars vainly, scornfully smile with down cast eyes as they pass her by. Shallow envy chatters and laughs with malignant hate, but all give way to the mighty power of mammon, however coarse. These dollars were carefully gathered, in small amounts, from the five cent glass of beer of the poor man as well as from the wines and cigars of the prodgical spendthrift; for in the gilded saloon, fitted up in tasteful luxury with California, polished Redwood, silver trimmings, tapestries, beautiful pictures of nymphs and Venuses, polished marble and luxurious chairs, the poor man out of work can go to escape for an hour or two the filth and squalor of his wretched tenement, the sight of his crushed and fading wife into whose true eyes he once looked and hoped for a better life in his stronger manhood, with his loved ones' companionship stimulating him to greater and nobler effort in that battle of life where he was taught that the way of success was fully open to the humblest. Here he finds the poor man's lyceum where he is heartily welcomed by the landlord; where he can read the papers or receive from the ticker the news of the ball games, prize fights, the races, the arrival of ships, accounts of strikes, or the escape of boodlers to Canada, and have all the advantages of wealth in the news of the moment, that by the genius of Morse and Vail assist-

ed by the Baconian alphabet has given the speed of lightning to man's thoughts. Here he may meet friends who are seeking a job for him, which joyful news once obtained strengthens his credit with the golden father of the Fifth Avenue promenader in gobelin blue and old rose, to the amount of fifty cents to treat his true hearted friends to beer, as some expression of his heart, for their kindness in searching the boon to toil, even for a poor reward, that will maintain, while his strength lasts, his loved wife and offspring in their nest of filth and disease, somewhere a little above the death line.

"Not alone is the vast institution of the saloon confined to the relief of the poor man in offering him luxurious surroundings, the advantage of the daily papers, or a place to meet Mike, who brings him the glad tidings of a job; but, in the wealthy precincts of Wall street where the income of the bar and other emoluments proceeding from accommodations to the giant gamblers of that interesting neighborhood, where the fierceness of the struggle for gold reduces the average of financial life to about ten years, the saloon affords an important medium of exchange, where bargains and deals can be made and checks exchanged by the saloon keeper to an extent that will run his revenue into the hundreds of thousands. Ofwhat importance is the cost of fine wines, or choice cigars, quail on toast, delicacies from the hot house, or the tropics, to his patrons, in their immense speculations on the food of the world and the staples of industry, in the sale and barter of the highways of

commerce, or the manipulation of laws and enactments, or the total purchase of all governmental action for their private benefit? But, to the saloon keeper, it is of great importance and rapidly swells his coffers; it is further the discount and interest proceeding from this gambling arena, from the profit of the players, enabling him also to become one of the giants in the fierce competition to appropriate the developed wealth proceeding from the vast productive power of an age in which the producer obtains sufficient only to maintain him wretchedly for a few years to reproduce his kind, to produce more wealth and to perish at a shorter and shorter period as each generation becomes more and more enfeebled and degraded.

"The appalling increase of drunkenness has of late years brought a large portion of society, who still maintain themselves in a position of comfort and respectability wherin this vice is not required to bring forgetfulness to their social condition, to consider what steps can be taken necessary to ameliorate, or abolish, this species of crime. Individual effort on the part of pure hearted and noble minded men and women, who have sacrificed every comfort of their own to this holy duty, persistently and thoroughly, has been made, with comparatively small results; so small, indeed, that this method has come to be considered inadequate to accomplish the desired object, and that some legal steps are necessary to suppress it. Hence a movement of considerable power exists, at present, in every community for the prohibition

of intoxicating drink. In several districts, and entire states, this legal plan has been fairly tried, with the result, according to the statements of leading advocates of the movement, that: 'It must be confessed that, wherever it has been tried, it has failed to prevent drunkenness.' It appears further that drunkenness has alarmingly increased under restriction, and where before a man would drink but a glass of beer or whiskey, at a bar, when restricted he purchased it wholesale and kept it by him for more frequent use than before, with far worse results as regards the cultivation of the alcoholic habit. An addition to the evil of the use of alcoholic liquors to the point of drunkenness, is that of the forced introduction of wood spirit into the market by placing high duties on alcohol for revenue, or tariff purposes. Wood spirit will cut gums or other substances in the same manner as alcohol, and can replace it for use in the arts; it costs more to manufacture, but having a light duty, it replaces alcohol which, having a higher duty, costs more per gallon. Wood spirit is injurious to the health of workmen, causing disease about the hair and eyebrows compelling them frequently to abandon their work, for a time, until they recover; it has also been introduced as a beverage on account of its cheapness through the high duties on alcohol, and is preferred by coarse drunkards on account of its higher drunk producing power. One of the most important dealers in spirits in the United States informed me, that train loads of whiskey are distributed to the Southern plantation stores, that contain not one drop

of alcohol from rye or corn; and that they are deadly poison. The same holds good with the liquors sold to the masses in all our large cities. Any style of spirituous liquor is formed from wood spirit and passed over the bar to the ignorant and unsuspecting, or indifferent purchaser.

"In all foods or drinks furnished to the public there is practically no protection against the science of adulteration and misrepresentation. Laws seem to be enacted only by which individuals or combinations of individuals can be protected in robbing the unprotected, who stupidly and blindly elevate and worship those to whom they give these privileges. So successful is this method to attain wealth by legal robbery, that the entire intellect of the country has devoted itself to pushing to the front rank of 'practical politics' for this purpose, and science finds its chief employment in the arts of adulteration. In the meantime, the condition of the industrial class has become distressingly bad from the legal monopoly of every conceivable article in use, by parties who have worked themselves into a position where they can control its make, or production, and charge the monopoly price, which is all that can be forced from a needy public; with production controlled and limited by trusts, workmen's wages reduced and their combinations for protecting themselves broken by the wholesale importation of alien labor from the impoverished populations of aristocratic Europe. And so the social crime of one man plundering many by legal means in coal, food, shelter and every other nec-

essary of life, together with the supplanting of home labor by cheap aliens in every industrial department, goes on, there is no avenue of escape for our outcast workers to exist but steal, or, in the abandonment of despair, seek the wood spirit poison which, if not attainable, can be substituted by the far greater evil of opium or chloral to deaden the few remaining days between his god given life and the monopolists' pit of death. The same law holds with more helpless women for whom a living death, for a short time while youth and beauty last, is far worse than the dark river.

"What would society think if I were to describe the true condition of the foul nests of humanity abundantly existing in its midst, among the degraded poor, removed only from their eyes by a wall of bricks and mortar, or by a few steps into a side street? Ah! no, these things cannot be told; the press, the pulpit, decent society, the municipal and national governments, would all prove hostile to its recital. It will never do to display to the world our cancerous, social sores. Such an exhibition of the results of social disparity, resulting from poverty and the defects of our favorite institutions, would prove to the world that a Democracy is no cure for the evils of society; and that chattel slavery, aristocratic, or ecclesiastical systems, exhibit no worse conditions, and perhaps better.

"Evidently some canker worm is at the root of society which no form of government yet devised by man has been able to eradicate. Is there no cure for this disease? The confusion of statesmen, divines,

philosophers and scientists, over this puzzling question, led even to the universal embrace of the illogical and now exploded theory of the Rev. Malthus, that poverty and misery were sent us by Almighty God to develop patience and gratitude. Any argument seems welcome to these horrified thinkers that shifts social crimes upon the Creator, to whom we owe our existence; or that will stultify or soothe conscience with the opiate, that this state of things is a necessity, for which God only is accountable, and is without cure. This is the question that must be immediately settled. It admits of no delay. Society is a corpse: the coroner has given his verdict of 'death according to the facts.' The autopsy is held and in its vitals the root of the disease has been established. Remedies have been suggested to cure this fatal malady: Henry George has given one; Marx and Groenlund have given another; and Edward Bellamy another. The American people, and, indeed, the people of every race, tongue and clime, must gather as a court to try the case and decide which or what is the sanitary regulation for this universal plague, that sinks into insignificance all other plagues affecting humanity.

"An eminent mechanical engineer with whom I had been acquainted for many years, had joined 'The Brother' and myself in our midnight walk. He halted in front of a penny restaurant, at No. 41, Bowery, to read the sign that, in gilt letters, announced the price at which food could be purchased. It ran as follows:

4000 PEOPLE EAT HERE DAILY.

BOSTON BAKERY AND LUNCH ROOM,

41 BOWERY. Open all night.

BILL OF FARE.

BAKED ON THE PREMISES.

Rolls, each	1c
Tea biscuits, each	1c
Buns, each	1c
Corn Muffins, each	2c
Graham Muffins, each	2c
Crullers, each	1c
Coffee twists, each	2c
Lunch cakes, each	2c
Vanilla cakes, each	2c
Apple tarts, each	2c
Mince tarts, each	3c
Cream puffs, each	3c
Chocolate eclaires, each	3c
All pies, per cut	4c
Metropolitan cakes	3c

SPECIALTIES.

Pure creamery coffee	3c
Tea	3c
Pure milk, per glass	3c
Bowl of milk	4c
Corned beef sandwich	3c
Ham sandwich	3c

"The front was open to the street and the patrons, waiters and viands, were perfectly visible. The interior was nicely fitted up with California red wood in

the latest style, taste and good workmanship, with automatic fans to cool the guests while at their repast. Capital had here been confidently invested, and science had lent its glories in electric communication that economized time and labor. White, cheerful splendor from numerous incandescent lights, added to the penny restaurant the regal magnificence of the palace, and extended the bounties of civilization to embellish the feast of the impoverished citizen, who, a moment before, had on the street begged a nickel from some good Samaritan, or had pawned some fortunately obtained article from one of the long established shops of the distinguished and reliable firm of Simpson & Co. Within busy waiters moved rapidly among the crowded tables supplying the appetites of its patrons with the various luxuries the establishment offered to give them in exchange for their wealth, to which an extra flavor was added by that most important ingredient necessary in every department of life, the cheerful smile and happy face of the proprietor. Many of the guests were strong and healthy, a fact that contradicted the views of many who maintain the idea that man can only exist and survive successfully under conditions that give the choice cuts of food and its scientific preparation together with cultured surroundings, choicely located habitations, free from the malarial microbe, with the gentle stimulus of fine wines, and the restoring qualities of the Turkish bath. Here were strapping, strong men, both of the compulsory idle and the occupied class, and others who had abandoned ideas embracing the demoralized life

of the confirmed tramp. Not in the penny restaurant after the midnight hour, because of revelry and dissipation, for the prodigal's patronage is here obtained only after his power for prodigality has ceased; but because the civilized industries of the metropolis demand his services during the hours of night, or because the hour of rest in a doorway, or the cheap lodging houses, is unregretfully postponed as long as possible. The establishment frankly displayed its quotations of the market to all the world without reserve. No attempt had yet been made in this industry to form an inner Stock Exchange ring, or to establish private lines for secret communication, so as to prevent the independent bucket shops from competing. The philanthropic blessing of these cheap restaurant commodities to the public, could be claimed from a motive the opposite of that so ably put forth by the Standard Oil Co. who, by obliterating every individual producer has not only given to society a better and cheaper oil, but has also limited the ability of society to purchase its perfect product. So a still cheaper if not a better oil will be the future necessity of this world-controlling, philanthropic Company, in order to meet the purchasing abilities of that portion of consumers who still precariously maintain themselves outside of the penny restaurant, or the cheap lodging house.

"The motive here was individual investment of capital in a smaller and ever growing smaller kind of merchandising, to meet the smaller and ever growing smaller power of purchasers. Our Chinese neigh-

bors in the adjoining street, with all their infinite division of small cash dealings, are here eclipsed and outdone in the race towards littleness. The scientific power of the Anglo-American mind obliterates the infinite economy of the Mongol intellect. Further up the street a more elegant establishment, with artistic tile floors and all the refined embellishments of the modern saloon, offers to the cheaply clad dude nourishment for his body at the same prices. But not to offend his sensibilities in regard to the emptiness of his purse, or wound the loftiness of his secret aspirations to impress society with the idea that his financial position is on a basis that will command the respect of the universal worshippers of the golden calf, the sign which publishes the prices of the luxuries at the other penny restaurant is here kindly suppressed.

"This penny restaurant pays $1800 rent per annum; the creamery pays $2300. It takes 230,000 cents to first make the rent that goes to the landlord; then comes the expenses and profit of the owner: and, you see, capital is invested freely here. Now, can you imagine how many people live at the penny restaurant? It is easy to calculate, and none aspire to the luxury of a ten cent purchase; still they live and prosper on the tramp, the beggar, the down trodden and the outcast. Who can say that the avenues to success are closed to enterprise?

"The frequent occurrence of adverse circumstances upon numbers of the great class of society that are obliged to live so near the death line, often termi-

nates their struggles for existence by death from many other causes than suicide. And the authorities whose painful duty it is to look after these matters become by practice wonderfully expert in recognizing where the unfortunates belong. One young man whose body was found on the sidewalk, illustrates this expertness sufficiently well. The police had summoned the coroner who, upon arriving, demanded if they had searched his clothes to find any means of identifying the body. Upon receiving from the police the assurance that no means of identification had been found, he asked what kind of collar the deceased had on. The reply was: 'A paper collar, sir.'

"'Umph! He is a Jersey man. Take his collar off.' The policemen proceeded to divest the dead man of his paper collar and remarked to the coroner that the collar had been turned.

"'Oh!' replied the coroner, 'the collar has been turned, eh? Then he is a New Yorker.'

"'Observe this man coming towards us,' said 'The Brother.' 'He is one of the characters of the city.'

"We turned, and saw a tall man with intelligent, regular features and a heavy military moustache. On his head was a wide rimmed, soft felt hat, and he was in his shirt sleeves. He was introduced to us as the 'General.' It was at once evident from his ease of manner and good language that his education had not been received in this neighborhood; and so it proved, for we soon discovered that he once occupied a high place in social life and had been wealthy. On his intelligent brow was a sabre wound received

in battle in defense of his country. He had never lost his honor, his humanity, nor moral respectability. His manhood was intact, but still he was an outcast from society and ignored by well-to-do acquaintances of former days, not bacause of personal taint, but for being subject to the never-to-be-pardoned crime of losing his money. This expulsion from the garden of paradise of his former life, did not drive this brave man to commit the customary suicide, either by the slow process of alcohol, or the rapid one, the bullet. The rules of civilized life regarding the moneyless outcast, were accepted by him as correct and proper—at least, he was not disposed to become a reformer of any of them that, to him, might be objectionable, and simply accepted his punishment without a murmer, stepping out before the expelling angel with the flaming sword, and going into the land of Nod, where dwell the great dollarless mass of the human race apart from the wealthy few.

"The 'General' had risen to be the manager of one of the better sort of cheap lodging houses, which, at the request of 'The Brother,' he kindly showed us, taking us from floor to floor exhibiting the arrangements and the sleepers. Entering a narrow, obscure hall, we ascended to the second story occupied by those who could afford to pay the munificient sum of fifteen cents. These accommodations consisted of stalls about five by ten feet, with a cotton curtain in front for the rare few who cared for privacy. Each stall was furnished with a cot bed formed of unpainted, iron gas pipe, containing a mattress, two sheets

and a comfortable, and in the corner a very small closet to hang the clothing. Three floors of a large warehouse, with plain brick, unplastered walls, whitewashed, were divided off in this way, the larger portion of which was used for beds formed in the same way only placed one above the other to economize space. These are called double deckers and cost ten cents per night. Many of the sleepers entirely divested themselves of their clothing, glad of the relief from the heated, saturated and stale covering worn every day in the year, and constituting the only encumbrance in the shape of wealth they possessed. Unlike the man with a wife and family, and a few articles of furniture, they could not be dispossessed; for, if turned into the street, nothing prevented them from walking off into the world wherever fancy or necessity took them, being without ties of affection of any kind that build either the family or the state.

"If it be true, as Confucius states, that 'upon the family is built the state,' then, with us, there will soon come a time when there will be no state. For daily the family is disappearing; a few weeks out of employment being sufficient to send the poor household goods to the pawnbroker, or set them on the street for non-payment of rent; to make of the husband a tramp, the wife and children paupers supported by the rest of society, who enact rules to prevent them, even in prison, from producing anything; and send the boys to the streets as homeless gamin and his daughters to worse than the grave.

"Home, Sweet Home! The music of that sweet

sentence found no response in the hearts of the army inhabiting this homeless place. None here could say: 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.' To few was there recollection of tender associations; in their memories sweet, sympathetic voiced mothers, affectionate fathers, loving brothers and sisters, or innocent children, found no place: the charm of civilized life, developed from physical comfort, ethical culture, literature, art and society, was to them a desert waste. Recollection brought only the tenement, the slum, the saloon, the brothel, the daily struggle for bread and the contempt of all who were more fortunate.

"In this hollow mockery of a home, a settled sadness prevailed, as though the blight had settled on every hope of joy. No father, mother, sister or offspring, were here, around whom the ivy of affection could grow and flourish. Not even the news boys' mouth organ, with which they shorten the weary hours of night, was heard in this homeless desert, to compensate for the sublime music of Beethoven, Wagner, or Verdi, which ravishes the senses of their wealthy brothers. Not a picture hung on the walls to call out the mind to the ideal beauty of life; even the agonizing cry of the god man from the cross, that would have been consonant with a possible human emotion left within their breasts, did not exist here. Only the white-washed, brick walls, the gas pipe beds and dirty bed clothes, shelter from the storm and the sad company of their kind, presented to them a pitiful substitute for the emotional thrill of joy embodied

in the tenderness of 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"Pointing to one of the sleepers, the General said:

"'This boy has been with me since early last winter. His mother placed him here in my care and I take an interest in him. Ofcourse, I had to have a written permit from her to place him here. He goes to work at four in the morning. This young man sleeping on his face works in the market and goes to work at three in the morning. We have frequently to stand him on his feet for some minutes to ensure his being awake, for he is a heavy sleeper. See what strong muscles he has in his back and legs for a young fellow. This man in the upper bed has been with me two years and is a nice, steady man, a lithographer. When he can get work his wages are good, for he is a very fine workman; his living amounts to about $2,50 per week. The balance he gives to me to save for him, so as to pay his way when he is out of work. All he has in the world is the dirty clothes you see hanging there. We have all kinds here; I keep everything as clean as I can for them and ventilate the place well. Here, in this corner, is a water closet, and a basin and towel to wash with. Often, those with only one shirt wash it out in the basin, and I let them hang it up at the stove while they lie in bed till it dries. I do all I can to make them comfortable. About three, or half past three, there will be three or four hundred more come in from the street and fill the place up pretty well. We have them all numbered in this way (showing us a neatly arranged book) and make a list like this, giving the numbers of the beds that require

to be called at each hour of the night or day to go to work. Here, in front of the office, you see, we have a large room with chairs and tables where they can come in out of the bad weather and read the papers, and—just walk back here!—you see I have even a place to blacken their shoes, if they want to. Everything is as complete as I can make it.'

"Really, the General was a humane kind of a man to these homeless people. Of course, he said: 'I don't own the place but run it for another man who is out of town.' This other man, who was the proprietor, I learned afterwards, was in prison for fraudulently voting his guests at the last election in the interest of some of the successful, distinguished officials who live in splendor on the Avenue, and who so intellectually dispute and veto the ballot reform bill, with such virtuous display of protecting the rights of the free and independent citizen and the blind and illiterate voter.*

"As we left the good General, who had come into

*In an article on "Crime's Breeding Places" in the current number of the North American Review, Inspector Byrnes says:

"It is undeniable that the lodging houses of the city have a powerful tendency to produce, foster and increase crime. Instead of being places where respectable people reduced in circumstances or temporarily short of money can secure a clean bed for a small amount of money, they have come to be largely frequented by thieves or other criminals of the lowest class, who lodge in these resorts regularly and here consort together and lay their plans for crimes of one sort or another."

The Inspector goes on to show that nine out of ten of the boys who run away from home and get into cheap lodging houses become thieves, if, indeed, they do not sooner or later become murderers. The Inspector suggests as a remedy the enactment of stringent laws by the legislature for the government of lodging houses.

So great has the evil grown that the police admit that they are un-

our class (as 'The Brother' termed it) and who had borne his lot with such fortitude, contributing what he could of his stock of human kindness towards his submerged fellows, 'The Brother' remarked, 'What is the significance of all this? Have you ever seriously thought what it signifies? Does it not signify that the men who are without the encumbrance of wife or family, can sleep in the lodging house and eat at the penny restaurant, and in the constant pressure of wages to the death line, survive the man of family and home, who cannot possibly compete with them? Here is a pamphlet of the Florence Mission that states that in New York 60,000 girls are homeless and on the streets. Is that not the result of the destruction of the family? and you may add to that a proportionate number of fathers, mothers and small children, and see what proportion the select four hundred bear to the great mass of unfortunates. The landlords,' continued 'The Brother,' 'live on the Avenue in splendor. These wretched properties, you see here in the Chinese and Italian quarter, I can assure you, pay better than the finest in the city; for they are divided up into small rooms, each occupant paying a good rent. The buildings have no value worth speaking of, but the site on which they stand forces these people to crowd and herd together like sheep in a pen. You can see here that even banks flourish in the Italian quarter. These aliens who work for 80c

able to cope with it without legislation giving them special power in that direction. There are now in the city 845 lodging houses of the class referred to, and during the year 1888 there were furnished 4,669,660 cheap lodgings in these places.

per day and have supplanted our married and single laborers, save, even then, something, which goes into these banks and forms an amount for money changers to use profitably; because these aliens herd together, sleep in their clothes and eat stale, mouldy bread, sent in bags from all over the country by the car load, which I have seen eaten in holes by the car rats, which however makes no difference to these people who, as bishop Potter told the President and cabinet the other day, 'diluted our national manhood,' and whom Henry George in Progress and Poverty calls 'European garbage dumped on American soil."

"In a handsomely fitted saloon, well filled with men, we stood in front of the bar. 'The Brother' was quietly hailed by the bar tender as 'Brother,' a title by which this fraternity recognizes friends or pals. Although his intimacy existed with these developments of the hard side of humanity since seven years of age, at which time he had shaken off the paternal and maternal care, if such ever existed, a connection of which all trace had been lost in the wastes and solitudes of the mighty, struggling throng of men; yet most of these intimates never knew his real name, or cared to know, 'Brother' being the only necessary pass word between them, symbolizing the fraternity and confidence between friends who were known and trusty. So firm is this bond that no power can break it, and so close are the relations of their social state, that punishment and even death is borne with fortitude and heroism, in the protection of each other from

the interference of their so regarded enemies, the wealthy class, or the legal authorities, fully equal to the Spartans who composed the immortal band of Leonidas, at the pass of Thermopolae. In this class, representing to society, as they do, the odious side of human life, it is evident, that the holy spirit of truth, honor and manhood, exists, even though it finds a disagreeable and unfortunate expression in the defense of each other's crime. From their standpoint it presents an admirable spirit of heroism, being, from their low state, the only conception of the ideal.

"If we wish to look for souls entirely dead to the nobler feelings that naturally animate the human breast, in which the icy chill of Arctic wastes has frozen the pulse of goodness to unrestorable rigidity and blighted the last hope of the germ of human sympathy to ever sprout and blossom in the warm sun of noble thoughts and deeds, it is certainly not here for evidences arise on every hand of rough affection that the ultimate of misery has failed to eradicate from human breasts. The army of homeless men, women and children, in this great metropolis, who rise from fetid lairs with every returning sun or storm and know not from whence in this world of superabundance is to come their breakfast, still show a spark of human sympathy in mutual assistance and protection. Souls entirely dead must be sought elsewhere. For it is not in the poverty stricken and forced-to-be criminal class that virtue is eliminated, but rather its more attractive features hidden by degradation. While viewing the actors in this legally for-

bidden Sunday night environment, who make and unmake their governors according as their privileges are enlarged or restricted; supremely rulers of the rulers who have driven the would-be monopolists of wealth to divide the spoils of society, called the corruption fund, with the supreme rulers at election times, and at all other times permit the full enjoyment of the pleasures and pains of their social state, I could not resist the reflection on what history would say of the tendencies of the closing years of the Nineteenth Century.

"Several young women, whose splatchy faces showed the strife of the ravages of alcohol with the vital forces within, entered with male companions and passed to rear enclosures where they refreshed themselves with stimulants, then passed out again to their only parlor, the reeking streets. At a rear table sat a policeman, with two blue stripes on his left arm, amusing himself by throwing dice; another policeman entered and received from the bar tender a large glass of whiskey which, I observed, he did not pay for. The legal restrictions of the police when on duty, were evidently here a dead letter.

"Human passions, or human injustice, were not the only subjects of interest in this study; the wizard power of invention, which has so multiplied productive forces in this marvelous age, was also present here. A machine, that would, in former ages, have brought its inventor to the stake, as one inspired by His Satanic Majesty, following the spirit of its human maker in the desire for gold, stood awaiting an invi-

tation, by the deposit of a nickel in its spacious pocket, to speak to you with mathematical precision upon a given theme. Amazing mechanical skill, in scientific calculation and superior workmanship, the result of a life of training, added its charm to the contemplation of its mysteries as it glittered and sparkled, under Edison's electric light, in its silver mounted, glass case. A gilded spiral column, surmounted by a silver ball, rose and danced like a sylph for a moment to the tinkling music of a pathetic, negro song, and as the last strains died upon the ear, a click of the machine beneath threw out a small card stating the date and year of this incident, with the further information that my weight was 178 pounds, and a request to preserve this advertisement of the saloon for future reference. The pool tables in the rear were the central attraction for the entertainment of a quiet group of homeless, young men and boys who amused themselves and enjoyed each other's company until the midnight closing of the saloon, when they betook themselves to the ten or fifteen cent lodging houses, or to the benches of the two cent coffee house until the light and life of nature's morning brought the daily struggle from meal to meal, the evening comfort of the saloon, the lodging house or coffee shop at night; and so on, till society reaps her golden harvest in the prematurely grey haired sot whose home is the gutter, and whose couch is the cold stones of a doorway; where feverish rest of their aching bones and throbbing temples, is only undisturbed by the patrol of the night because the workhouse, jail, hospitals, public

and private institutions of every kind, overflow with multitudes of wrecked, hopeless and helpless citizens of the Republic. No public amusements of the arena, combats with wild beasts, gladiators and christians, amuse these crushed slaves; no public palaces with thermal baths, chariot races nor olympic games. It is true, we have a little harping on the miseries of life in our churches, tiresome to the ear, and are pointed to the blissful state to come; but this retains the mind ever on the misfortunes and struggles of life and is less relief than the forgetful moment when the heart is stimulated to riches in the flowing bowl. No elegant Cataline cries to the depressed mob: 'Dance plebians, dance! Why are you so sad? Largess, scatter largess! Drink! be happy, largess!' The institution of the saloon, as a place of meeting, has become so thoroughly imbedded in our modern social life, and so vast in its uses and attractions, that its annihilation is simply an impossibility. Whatever form it may be brought to take under the improved conditions advocated by the new economists, there is the absolute certainty that, under present conditions, it is one of the greatest sources of wealth, which, like food, clothing, fuel and shelter, is controlled by powerful monopolists who produce the beer and liquor consumed in them and furnish the capital for their elegant improvements. The Real Estate Record and Guide furnishes weekly an account of the mortgages by which the saloon keeper becomes simply the agent or medium through which the millions flow into the brewer's, distiller's, or merchant's coffers. Its vast

trade furnishes civilized government, one of its most powerful sources of revenue, the means for designing men to obtain position and power for unpatriotic motives. Remote antiquity gives evidence that the public gathering place has always been where cheerful wine, music and the dance girls, gladdened the hours of conversation or barter. In Greece, it was claimed that the educated found their most interesting society in the public houses, and among the women whose free lives sharpened their intellects by association with men. With them the saloon played an important part; claimed, indeed, by some philosophers, to have been the only institution, by which man has been kept from isolation. However that may be, whatever the vices, or imperfections, of the modern saloon, it is evident that it is an institution that can only be torn up with the roots of society. As many saloons can be counted as of other establishments which furnish the necessaries of life, and infinitely handsomer in style. The proprietors become acquainted with every neighbor, know the nature of their thoughts, their business and private affairs, as they are from time to time discussed over the glass of beer or spirits. He becomes the man of confidence for the neighborhood and thus the means of working and influencing the ward politically in whatever interest may be his interest. His decision places the President in power, and the judge upon the sacred seat of the blind and impartial goddess of Justice. It can open the prison doors to the wealthy criminals, or divide the treasure of the people among the intellectual schemers and

rogues. Possibly the tendency of competition, combination and concentration, in all forms of business operations, may, as it undoubtedly will, soon reach the saloon. The distributed expense economized, and their present elegance, will give place to far greater luxury, multiplied attractions and conveniences. Such an evolution would increase the contrast with the wretched tenement, gradually driving men, women and children, to enjoy the millionaire saloons and gardens with their profusion of music, paintings and statues. Under such open public conditions, it is probable that, if society survives at all, manners would improve. The changed conditions caused by concentration, is the hope of the Socialist, who fondly dreams of the abolition of all misery and wickedness, by the people taking and using every useful institution for themselves.

"As my friend, 'The Brother,' exchanged civilities with his friends in front of the bar, inquiring for some of the brotherhood, the oft repeated invitation to 'take another with me' was avoided, as I stood alone looking at the numerous portraits of the leading politicians, pugilists, horse races, boat scullers, pretty women, fighting dogs and the mysterious machine; while my thoughts on society pumped the blood into my busy brain till the pressure was painful. At the door, I was introduced to the pugilist proprietor, who informed 'The Brother' that, at his order to the authorities, Barney was to go on the police force in the morning; an announcement that brought to my mind the distinguishing characteristic of our exalted sys-

tem of government, the club; the club, the sword or the bayonet, in the hands of the most ignorant and brutal of society, whose only idea of government is the splitting of heads and murder.

"An aged German, whose only comfort was a dirty pipe which he held in his teeth, exposed the naked stump left from an amputated hand to excite sympathy to induce the purchase of a few pencils. A tough hustled away this objectionable and yielding object from the saloon door, rudely informing him that he did not want to buy either his pencils or his hand. Another begging tramp was scolded as a big, lazy banana who would not work if he had it. His only reply was to show him the job and see if he would not. And so the stream kept coming and going without end, continually furnishing new food for reflection on the horrors of man's condition and the injustice of the monopoly by a few of all production and the forces of production for the gratification only of an insane greed, that sends humanity to despair and death, eats out of the monopolist's heart every trace of human feeling and virtue, bringing to him and his posterity the curse that has followed every pursuit of the mind except that of wisdom and goodness.

"The merchants desecrated this holy Sabbath evening, on the corners and along the pavements, by their stands, where salt clams, lobster, vinegar pickles, hot sausages, rolls, coffee and cigars, were disposed of to correct the influence of excessive beer on their stomachs. The fruit merchant was, of course, ever at his post; indeed, he never goes to bed, but

sits watching his wares through the seasons, relieved by someone for a few hours of sleep in the day. Although it was well into the 'wee sma hours' of the morning, business was brisk with these merchants, whose only fear of absorbtion by monopoly consisted in the small competition amongst themselves for the few dimes that would supply them stock and bring the treasure of a cot in the lodging house.

"Some conversation with a 'brother' who was standing at a lamp post, evidently on picket duty for the game of poker that was quietly going on within, separated only from public view by the layers of glaring show bills of the play called, 'After Dark,' that rendered the scene, embellished by Tom lying drunk in a corner, as apparently dark from without as Halloway Kirk at the moment when Tam O'Shanter spoke the fatal word.

"'My friend,' I said, 'you could wield a great power over these men for their control under a great rising or upheaval of society, if you chose.'

"'No,' said he, 'I would not speak a word, they could go on and revenge themselves for the injustice society has done them and their ancestors. I use my abilities only to instruct even the lowest in the cause of social injustice, and never lose an opportunity to breed in their minds discontent. It is the same when I can get hold of an intellectual man who will expose it. And by thus spreading discontentment, I will finally revenge myself on society for the injustice I have suffered from childhood.'

"Worn out by fatigue, sickened by the stench of

the Chinese quarter and other choice cholera gardens that lie within the shadow of the halls of Justice and the sublime palaces of the New York dailies, we separated for the night. I wandered to the more elegant part of the city, passing the palatial saloons and private retreats where, at that late hour, the sleepy coachmen and elegant equipages awaited the wealthy sinners, who, heavily veiled, slipped quickly into the closed vehicles and were driven rapidly away."

The pen of the historian paused for a moment but the spirit of Edward Pureheart did not move. In a short time the pen began to move again slowly and wrote: "Have you had enough?" "No," replied the historian aloud. "It is horrible, but go on." The halo of light flickered again and went out altogether. Stygian darkness succeeded the faint light that made the writing on the paper visible. Comus laid his hand upon the historian's head, remaining motionless. A period of silence ensued. A faint light began to appear that gradually increased in intensity, revealing the spirit figure standing erect with arms folded in an impressive, commanding attitude.

In a short time the pen began to move, the first words imperatively commanding absolute silence. Then the recital continued as follows.

CHAPTER XV.

MENDICANTS AND ADULTERATIONS.

"The morning was fresh and beautiful. Its enchantment was heightened by the pleasure of a walk with Victoria and her mother whom I accompanied on an errand of mercy to the burnt tenement district. The sadness of the sequel to that tragedy among the poor people, powerful as it was upon the emotions, was more than compensated by the joy I felt in the company of the charming and noble woman who had entire possession of my heart. She had naturally taken to observing the incidents of social life and reasoning upon its defects, so that our thoughts were running in the same groove upon this subject, my attention often being called to points within the sphere only of woman's keen observation. We passed along the street viewing the rich displays of elegant goods entirely devoted to luxury, and the endless, giddy throng of people engaged in purchasing or promenading. A number of toilers were excavating the street, laying the cables and electric wires, that were, by the mighty genius and skill of Edison, to give the city light in the darkness of night, and to conduct

intelligence at the speed of lightning, instantly informing the distant of the demand and supply in trade, the result of the races, the fluctuations of the stock market, the engagements of the courtezan and reports of sermons. A poor blind man was singing on the street, accompanying himself with an accordeon, exerting his best effort to please the passers-by, with a voice that, judging from its quality, might once have been listened to in rapture by worshippers of the vocal art. Two giddy, young girls were passing by; unsympathetic training of their virgin lives to scenes of misery and want, had rendered the upturned, sightless eyeballs of the poor singer for pennies, a matter of great amusement to them, bringing happy smiles and laughter to their pretty faces, as they imitated and mimicked, with their sweet voices, the song of the mendicant.

"We stopped in front of a group of fatigued, sooty artisans, who were working at a portable forge, welding the rivets of the iron cases containing the underground wires of the monopolized electric light, telegraph and telephone. Their strong muscles and hardened features contrasted strangely with the soft bodies, weak gait and insipid expression, of the luxurious army of idlers who passed in an endless stream always going on and on, apparently without object, without motive, disappearing from view one after another forgotten in a moment, while others followed, pressing listlessly on to be ever and ever succeeded by endless streams, passing, no one knows whither.

"A gilded statue of John of Bologna's divine master-

piece of art. The flying mercury, newly lighted upon a 'heaven rising hill,' reached out towards us on the sidewalk, but not with the winged and serpentine caduceus, the wand of the god of commerce and lying. This was replaced by a bottle of quack medicine, or some mixture, to preserve the exquisites from wrinkles and decay, or relieve the pains of dyspepsia produced by inaction. After musing a while upon the mutability of things, and to what base uses we may come at last, we began to observe again the goods in the grand bazaars and to more closely inspect their qualities. It was evident that the vice of adulteration had entered into every species of luxurious merchandise. Silks were cottoned and gunned; woolens were attenuated with artfully manipulated shoddy; jewelry was plated and filled, and genuine diamonds made of strass. Large sheets of plate glass gave polish and attractive lustre to the goods, enhancing their appearance. These unperceived plates, like the song of the siren, lured the purchasers to part with their gold for the ever increasing adulterations caused by competition. But these glassy mediums were of themselves grand efforts of skill, produced by the poorly paid labor in the coal, lead and salt mines, and the soda works, in the vast glass works of France, Germany, Belgium, England and the United States, where crowds of men and boys sweat over the intensely heated furnaces, and blow, spin, press and cast the vitreous flux into every species of utilitarian or luxurious articles; their diseased faces, and eyes inflamed and ulcerated by the constant radiation of

heated glass, present a painful aspect, as they work at the furnaces gathering the glass on their rods to be blown, or pressed into cheap articles for the poor, or spin the luxurious vases for the table or parlor of the rich, embellished with engraved ornaments of artistic groups of athletic Greeks—who have transmitted thair physical and mental qualities as models to our enfeebled age; who have left their art and literature to an unappreciative world of speculative nabobs and self-degraded industrial slaves. Bad laws, cunningly established, little by little, as the people become accustomed to them, for the benefit of the wealthy robber class, by able men who aspire to riches, are not alone the cause of deterioration in the quality of goods. The deceptions practiced upon the public are rather the result of a desperate competition arising from the necessity to force goods upon a people whose purchasing power is ever becoming less, as wealth is absorbed and concentrated in the hands of a few. The manufacturer or merchant is not responsible for this awful vice; it is the result of defective institutions among men. Competition and industry may be considered as two criminals sentenced and chained together until both are dead. It is evident that one criminal, competition, is already dead, and that the vain struggles to galvanize it into life, are hopeless. The still living criminal, industry, is already poisoned by the decay and rottenness of its brother's corpse and must also soon yield the beat of its feeble pulse to the same cold embrace."

CHAPTER XVI.

BROADWAY, OONEY AND MY NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER.

"'The Brother' and I had not met for some da s or rather nights, for it was usually when darkness, or when the lesser light of nature ruled the night, that each others society was mostly sought.

"We met this night at Union Square. When 'The Brother' arrived, I was observing a poorly dressed woman, wan and pale, who appeared to be sadly worsted in the struggle to maintain a presentable appearance. She seemed tired and hungry. The brilliant electric light of Broadway fell upon her upturned face cutting into strong relief the serious lines, which were almost as solemn as death in their expression. Looking in the direction of her steadfast gaze, I observed an enchanting effect of light and illuminated shadow upon the bronze group of Charity surrounded by her children, as she stood high amongst the transparent green of the branches overhead, tenderly smiling upon the helpless, innocent babe in her arms. Here was the emblem of human consideration for one another 'n all the beauty of artificial light perpetuated in imperishable bronze, at which the defeat-

ed in the struggle to exist could comfort themselves with a look, while hunger knawed their vitals and the sense of social injustice rankled in their breasts.

"The catch-penny weighing machines, that had lately obstructed the public walks in the Square, had for some reason or other been removed. Feeling tired we looked for a seat, but most of them were set back on the lawns, having been freshly painted; 'The Brother' apologized for the park officials by saying that they had not time during the winter to paint the seats, when no one wanted to sit on them, so they were obliged to take the fine summer weather for this purpose. On one of the occupied seats a poor, homeless, grey haired man had fallen asleep, sitting upright with his head leaning on his hand. The vigilant park policeman caught sight of this not very objectionable looking object and tapping him sharply on the knee with his club ordered him off. As he moved sadly away, my friend remarked. 'There goes a brother, moved on for the crime of being asleep. Poor men! where will they go? If they sit on the steps, or take the doorways to sleep or rest on, they will be ordered off or, perhaps, arrested. They can escape only by being eternally on the move. Generally, they are undisturbed around the docks, where a few moments of forgetful slumber can often be had with their myriads of companions, the water rats. The saloon is the only place on earth left for these poor men; but they cannot benefit from its inviting luxuries if they have no money, without some generous person happens to contribute a nickel, with which

prodigal sum they can hold shelter for a short time.' We walked around to the fountain for a drink; the usual spectacle of a cup was present, but no water. Several men were there discussing the New York drinking fountain question. From them I learned that there was scarcely a drinking fountain in the city where water could be had except at the Battery and Central Park. Either the cups are gone or there is no water. 'The Brother' assured me that the saloon keepers remove the cups, or damage the water-flow in some way, so as to force passengers to go into their places and purchase beer or soda; that this, together with the indifference of our political machine officials, leaves the entire population of the metropolis practically without a drink of water on the streets.

"Our walk led us past the regal saloon of one of the political factors of the city, who had spent four years in the Auburn Penitentiary for the murder of Jim Fiske. 'The Brother' refused an invitation to step inside and view the wealthy loungers and curiosity seekers who frequent this famous model of what the saloon may become in its highest ideal of splendor; the world's famous paintings of satyrs and floating nymphs, of [illegible] beauties whose exposed charms ravished the [illegible] by their loveliness, had no longer charm for him. The elegant crowd that moved along the sidewalk towards the theatres and places of amusement, were illuminated by the brilliant incandescent lights that shone from among the rich goods in the windows of the bazaars. Many attracted by the jewels and rich wares, stopped a moment to look

at them or purchase. The flower girls were busy selling choice boquets for the coat lapel, or the bosoms of fair ones. A short distance ahead I observed the graceful figure of Ooney, the heroine of the tenement fire, which the eagle eye of 'The Brother' detected before me. A fine looking gentleman passed, cautiously touching her dress, whom she followed down the next side street and was lost to view.

"'Do you know who that is,' said 'The Brother.'

"'No,' I replied.

"'Give me your honor,' said he.

"I extended my hand and he whispered in my ear.

"'Impossible!' I exclaimed.

"'I swear it!' he replied.

"I looked at him aghast.

"Several minutes elapsed as we walked on in silence. Suddenly raising his head, which had been bowed in thought, and fixing on me his dark, searching eyes that wore no pleasant expression at that moment, he said: 'Ooney's mother is dead, but she doesn't know it, and I would not tell her. We thought she had changed for the better; Ooney had secured her a new bed, paying for it in installments. It was put up in the corner of a kitchen, opposite the burnt tenements, where the neighbors were kind to her, but the old woman stretched out about an hour ago. Poor Ooney will take it hard and I fear the worst, for her crimes are only for her mother's sake.'

"A lump rose in 'The Brother's' throat that almost choked his last utterance, greatly to my surprise; for I could scarcely suspect this stony victim of society

possessed of emotion. He turned his head towards the opposite side of the street, as though something attracted his attention; his chest labored heavily and his whole frame trembled as with clenched teeth he endeavored to control himself.

"'I am a moral man,' said he, 'when you consider the temptations with which I have been surrounded from infancy. It is a wonder to myself that I am not a deep dyed, heartless villain. I realize the fact that there is no benefit in sin to myself and I do not practice it. Although I am conscious of it in my friends, I am at a possible something higher; hence my inclination to study. I care not for death; it is more courageous to live than to die. A few drops on a piece of sugar and all would be at rest. I know how to make all poisons and destructive things, but I live merely out of curiosity, for I know that this state of society cannot last more than ten years and I want to see how it will turn out.'

"Wishing to divert his mind from sad reflections, I informed him that I had concluded to join the Nationalist Colony, then forming, to settle on the Pacific slope; and that I intended to go with the first who went as pioneers, happy in the thought of escaping from the horrors of the metropolis that was fast giving my mind a misanthropic tendency. And pressed him warmly to join us, believing that he, too, would benefit by the change of scene and circumstances.

"'No, thanks,' he replied. 'I will not go; here I was born, here I have been bred, a gamin in the gutters since seven years of age, without a home.

without a friend. This is my home; I will not leave it. It is my right to remain as much as the millionaire, and I will not go. If I cannot survive with the strongest, perhaps I can with the weakest. I owe society nothing but revenge for my blighted life; for I know I am mentally, morally and physically superior to the privileged who, by this accursed system, can work me and my class to the death line, who are one and all responsible for even poor Ooney's crimes and the victims of the tenements. I desire no violence, but will stay here eternally devoting my life to breed discontent, and if society cannot be reformed and justice done, I am willing to go down with it in a carnival of blood.'

"As he spoke, his whole soul was roused with awful earnestness. Demosthenes would have envied his eloquence. I was truly impressed with the force of his statement. This then is the thought and feeling of the down-trodden masses; and I suppose, 'to this complexion must it come at last.'

"'See here,' suddenly said 'The Brother,' drawing me to a show case containing photographs of beautiful women, and pointing to one perfect model of physical beauty, whose bare arms and bust, rivalling in grandeur the Venus de Milo, were delicately massed with the rich white silks that composed her tasteful, evening dress; 'Do you see that lady? That is one of the new arrivals at Madam Black's, at the Park.' I looked into the fine features of a face of remarkable expression, that, once seen, could never be forgotten. My heart gave a leap—it was my neighbor's daughter.

The memory of her innocent childhood and girlhood as she played so merrily, a favorite with us all; her development into womanhood, which we watched with so much pleasure; the happy evenings spent with us at our country home, when music and dance lent their joyful influence to the social hours with kind neighbors. Alas! the procuress had in due time heard of the favorite of our neighborhood, and with serpent arts had enticed her away from the simple home, where horny handed toil had guarded her tender age and happy, happy childhood, to the glittering palace of splendid vice. Celia was now in a delirious but brief whirl of intoxicating bliss.

"I recalled the aged father, whose partner in life had, dying, left him this, his youngest treasure, his bowed head, in silent, unutterable, inconsolable grief at the loss of his daughter; a grief kind neighbors viewed with awe, not daring to offer consolation that would be vain. I recalled the shame of her sisters, who, avoiding society, devoted themselves only to the blighted father who soon would be at peace. With wealthy bloods, amid luxurious surroundings, folly and the revels went on with sweet Celia, to end as they all end, in the lower and lower brothel, in drunkenness and the outcast's grave at the docks.

"'And so it goes on,' said 'The Brother,' 'from high to low, from Park Place to the slums, where girls of twelve and fourteen are sold at from five to ten dollars apiece.'

"'Impossible!' I exclaimed.

"'I can swear it,' said he. 'And if you will go with

me, I will prove it by the parties themselves.'

"'Who are the parties who commit such awful crimes?' I asked.

"'Who are they! who are they!' he replied, 'I'll tell you who they are, mostly—men who are out of work; that's who they are!'

"This awful fact was subsequently added to my view of the glories of christian civilization, whose cities decorated with graceful, fretted spires pointing heaven-ward to the hope of virtue, and joyful chimes ring out the glad tidings of 'peace on earth and good will towards men."

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTES IN PASSING.

"The world of society had not yet risen; although the birds had given their morning concert, ceased feeding their young and were resting until noon. The needy world, however, was wide awake, and the seats in the small, but handsomely shaded, park, were filled by men, boys and girls, eagerly scanning the 'wants' in the morning papers, for a possible job; while a crowd was reading the advertisements charitably posted on the bulletin board, by the Young Men's Christian Association, for those unable to purchase a newspaper. On the sidewalk, a bare-headed whistler of alien race accompanied himself with a harp. Far-

ther down, a German street band was playing, for a few pennies, the waltzes and airs of the Father-land. In a basement door-way, a handsome, well dressed, respectable looking, young man, apparently about thirty years of age, who, thinking himself free from observation, hastily picked some pieces of bread out of a slop barrel, which he concealed beneath his coat and rapidly walked away. Well-to-do people passed by the numberless mendicants with a look of unconcern, having necessarily become indifferent to the ever present cry of suffering humanity, which they cannot help, honestly lifting their hearts in thankfulness to Almighty God for his goodness in not making them as one of these unfortunates. And so goes the morning world. The high priest passes the unfortunate by with lofty mien, considering him a sinner. The Levite considers him a fool for being unfortunate. But the Samaritan regards him as a man, and as such requires his sympathy. Here is the christian ideal.

"At the corner of the street a number of men, women and children, awaited the opening of the Charity Hospital. Inflamed and ulcerated eyes proclaimed the curse of transmitted disease, visited upon the children of men to the third and fourth generation. The fame of the scientists within became greater and greater as their skill was more profoundly displayed in manipulating the complexities of diseases that multiplied to infinity by the still greater complexities of the social state of these victims.

"Visible through an open window opposite was one of those human beings who only follow a happy des-

tiny, whose wealth, moth or rust, cannot corrupt, or jobbers, speculators and monopolists, break through and steal; one of those whose paths are paths of peace, whose life is worthy and memory blessed. Within a large room, surrounded with instruments for microscopic, or chemical, study, appliances for dividing, analysing and recombining the elements, that were symbolized by letters and numbers, covering the entire walls, stood the professor addressing the youth upon whom civilization builds its only hope. A divine light shone from his quick eyes and nervous face as he explained and illustrated the wonders of Carbon and Oxygen to the enchanted boys, who breathed quickly as they became more and more rapt in the splendors of science, which obliterated for the moment every other thought and made every tumultuous passion cease. Faster and faster spoke the inspired professor, as deeper and deeper he delved into the marvels of his theme! Faster and faster beat the young hearts as new worlds of life and thought and beauty, were opened to their vision! Unconsciously the professor labored, carried away into the empyrean realms of nature to nature's god, wiping occasionally the beads of perspiration that the excited and heated brain caused to stand upon his brow! On, on, imagination sped until, with wings of light it almost lighted itself from the earth of scientific fact and fled into the region of the ideal! The gong sounded, startling all from their enchantment, and the boys marched thoughtfully to another room to hear the Alladin story of a scientific worker in the bleak regions of Arctic ice.

"In front of a hotel a boy of fourteen sat upon an ice cream wagon; his wondering, upturned face regarding the splendor of the well fed, elegantly attired, luxurious guests, as they appeared at the doors and windows smoking expensive Havanas, or chatting pleasantly with beautiful women dressed in morning wrappers of fine linnen and lace. His poor, but respectable, clothing covered a body delicately formed and his attitude indicated the fatigue of the night's work preparing in the cold basement of a gigantic establishment the frozen cream that was to relieve the fever of over-feeding, idleness, or dissipation, from the soft throats and stomachs of the favorites of fortune. Long he looked upon this world of elegance to which he could never hope to aspire, till, at last, becoming conscious of the cold, indifferent gaze of the guests, who regarded him as only a speck upon their vision, a necessary object created to hold the reins of the fine team of greys that brought the morning luxuries to their favored bodies. He dropped his intelligent eyes and turned his refined, sad face away relieving his embarrassment at the inferiority of his position, by a pretense of fixing the cover of one of the ice cream freezers.

"Upon reaching the docks I stood for a time watching the myriads of boys, in every direction, who appeared to lead an aimless life. Groups were formed here and there playing cards in the wagons or behind casks; some were pitching pennies, others were fighting; all were using the coarsest manners and the vilest language to one another. A mighty dangerous class

of citizens was here growing up for the Republic. They were of a class whom the priests forbid to go to the public schools. Many who were swimming around the docks had on their necks the little bag suspended by a string—a superstitious charm blessed by the priests and supposed to protect the faithful off-spring from the attacks of evil spirits. As the boys dived off the boats into the water, I observed them invariably make the sign of the cross upon their breasts; so, if any accident happened by which death might ensue, they would enter the next world with a spiritual charm about them, that would modify their punishment and increase their happiness.

"Sympathetic thinkers on the subject of social injustice can only be found among people who have not felt, or, are not familiar with, misery. In their breasts may be found the element of pity. Hunger, want of clothing and squalid surroundings, are appalling to them. Under dire calamity they display greater heroism and go to greater extremes to advocate and defend justice, and punish injustice. But they naturally look upon the sunken wretch with feelings other than pity. They despise him for lack of manhood, for the want of effort to elevate himself from his position. They reason thus: 'In the mutability of things, I may meet with reverses. To the fearful uncertainty of business or investments, in which the brightest and ablest are daily ruined, may be added war, famine, accident, and loss of health. Many unforseen circumstances may happen to destroy my fortune and my chances of remaining at the top of society, or anywhere

near it. And it is possible that I may fall so low that not even a hovel would afford me shelter from the winter's blast. Hunger might even force me to ask alms at the hands of another, or seek the charity of a soup house. But then, I would not remain long in that position. I have intelligence, education, ability and pride, and would find some way to free myself from poverty. I could not herd with such low people, nor would I any longer than I could turn myself and get out of it. My friends on Fifth Avenue, at the club, my banker and acquaintances on change, I would have to shun, because I know that when a man has no money he loses caste, and when he becomes absolutely wrecked he is passed unnoticed; I would [illegible] out of the way until I got up again, then I could [illegible]er society without having been damaged.'

"Alas! my friend, little do you dream that all your advantages in the way of intelligence, refinement and laudable purpose, would be against you, rendering you less able to hold your own in that low state (from which you could never rise) than the sharp gamin whom you regard with such contempt!

"At the end of the street I met 'The Brother;' he glared at me awhile with a wild stare, his haggard features and bloodshot eyes told of some awful struggle within his breast; his fierce look terrified me. To my civilities he did not reply, and the thought flashed upon me that his reason had fled. 'Come with me,' he said hoarsely, taking me by the arm and leading me into an open door-way. 'Look there! see what society has done!' A beautiful figure lay before me,

its graceful outlines distinctly apparent through the slight dress. A loose mass of rich brown hair, that shaded softly into the pure, firm brow, temples and neck, scattered itself in trailing lines over the white arms and shoulders. The rosy tints of the lips, nostrils ears and eyelids, were changed to cold purple; and an awful calm was upon the features. Here by the hands of rough, tender hearted, weather beaten sailors, was laid upon the wet, icy floor of the Morgue the sweet body of Ooney Maguire.

"The final preparations for my departure for Peace Colony had been made, but I could not resist the wish to see 'The Brother' once more before I left, and strolled down town hoping to find him in the neighborhood of the saloon which was practically his headquarters. Sure enough, he was there. The saloon was packed with men and he was standing at the far end on a beer keg, speaking to the crowd.

"The dreadful Johnstown disaster, which had taken place the day before, was his subject, and he was speaking to an attentive audience over whom he held great power. As I entered he said:

"'But my brothers, let us justly consider these matters. Who among you would be willing to return to the days when, if you wished to cross the river, you would be obliged to accept the discomfort of a row boat at a cost of fifty cents? Who would return to the loss of a day and the expense of a team if you wanted to go to Harlem, or use up six months and a dozen oxen in a trip across the plains to San Francisco?

Today we can sit upon a finely fitted ferry boat, with steam heat and electric light, and enjoy the newspaper while we cross the river, for three cents. For five cents we can go to Harlem by the elevated railroad, with the same luxurious comfort, and return in half an hour. In six days, instead of six months, we can ride in a palace car to San Francisco for seventy-five dollars. We can buy a gallon of oil from the Standard trust for seven cents. We cannot go back to the old individualism of effort. Trusts and combinations are evidences of high civilized life, whatever may be the attendant increase of poverty and misery that accompanies their development. Go on with the trust until the entire nation is its own trust, and more luxuries, better qualities; greater advantages, and greater reductions, will result. The entire buying community can put all their money into one trust, in which they only will be the stockholders, and share the dividends in economy of production and distribution. As it is now, several millionaires make the goods and take all the profit and unearned increment arising from accidental qualities; such as scarcity, or advantage, of market, either natural or artificial. But it is better to have several millionaires than to have the scattered and expensive old fashioned way of Tom, Dick and Harry making the goods in awkward and incomplete shops and factories. The trust only needs to be carried out to its legitimate conclusion, and the nation make its own goods, and take its own profit and the unearned increment of values.

"'Now brothers, what does this disaster of Johns-

town tea[illegible] (Here he began to draw a diagram on the blackboard) Here we have a small square which represents the cluster of summer cottages of the millionaires of Pittsburg; below we have a very large square representing the reservoir, a fishing pond of the millionaires, with its rotten dam; below the dam we have a city of 25,000 people, called Johnstown. Here are a lot of men calling to these millionaires in the elegant cottages, and annoying them continually while they are pulling the speckled trout out of this gigantic, private fish pond, that 'the dam will burst! the dam will burst!' 'Oh!' say they, 'you have been crying that old chestnut for several years and the dam has not burst yet. We are tired of hearing that; tell us something new.' Well, the dam did burst and in a few minutes, at least 12,000 of these people perished, and how many more will never be known; millions of property swept away, and the scared millionaires contributed the paltry sum of $3,000 dollars for the sufferers. I will not picture to your already shocked senses the horrors of the scene; the desolation of homes, the maimed and murdered, homeless men, women and innocent children. Let us draw the veil over this ghastly picture of destruction and death. Nor will I picture to you the cringing meanness of these frightened favorites of fortune who owned this murderous dam; nor the interest which they took only in their personal friends, at the cottages, whom they feared were short of luxuries because of the destruction of the railroad. Let us be merciful even to these ignorant and indifferent millionaires; and to individ-

uals extend the principle of charity to its sublimest extent.

"'We must consider these questions on a broader ground than even this awful calamity presents. For the entire United States is a millionaire's fishing pond of which the dam is poorly built, and the water,—money—that is accumulated behind it, is for the exclusive benefit of a few, all of whom are non-workers. In proportion to the accumulation of water behind this dam for private benefit, misery and discontent increase in the same ratio among the workers. No one can judge the strength or weakness of the dam, but the accumulated waters of discontent can be approximated. Those who claim that this dam of waters is making them poor, give, as a reason, that it is for the benefit of a few millionaires.

"'There are always a few reformers who are crying, the dam will burst! but they are regarded as crazy and are rebuffed with the taunt that they said so years before and it has not burst yet. But while saying that, it is already breaking and is regarded as nothing, only a little water; a few lives, and, there is no danger; a little discontent, settled by the killing of a few anarchists, and all is lovely now.(?)

"'The dam did burst and 12,000 people perished. Society is shocked; the horror is telegraphed to all parts of the world. But thrice that number, and more, perish by leakage, every year, in this city alone. What will it be when the giant social dam bursts in the United States? Will the people be the only victims of the millionaire fish pond swept away? or,

will the millionaires themselves go down, crushed to death in the mighty flood?'

"He ceased speaking, and from the dense crowd of men a murmer went up, thoughtful and deep, and deadly in its tone. 'The Brother' saw me standing in front and came towards me, wiping the perspiration from his face, wishing to get out in the open air, where, on the street, the eternal sea of sad people, was ever moving on in ceaseless agitation, seeking daily bread."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT IS A REPUBLIC? AND "THE BROTHER'S" LETTER.

"One night, about 10 o'clock, 'The Brother' and several acquaintances entered their headquarters, at the Bowery saloon, and seated themselves at a table in the rear. They had been at the rooms of the National Debating Society at Cooper Union, where the subject under debate was: 'What is a Republic?' From their conversation I judged that a great variety of opinions had been expressed on the subject, which had been debated for several nights. Some of these opinions were given from the uncultivated ravings of natural instinct, as though the ignorant debaters were guessing at the subject; others were the result of general reading of the various authors who had treated

the subject; from Plato to Sir John Moore, and so on down to our day: others were given as deductions from these as to a possible Republic. The group of men who accompanied 'The Brother,' were evidently not satisfied with the arguments given, which had left the poor Republic as far from being explained as ever, and the minds of the debaters more puzzled and confused than before; although each one imagined, at the start, that it was a subject easy of explanation, that anyone who did not know what a Republic was, must have some defect in his intellect. However, after all the hammering and disputing, and confident statements, that were no sooner uttered than knocked to pieces, counter statements shared no better fate. The final debate closed with a lot of dissatisfied men, a part of whom were here to air their chagrin to one another, over a friendly glass of beer and a cigar. One of them said:

"'That was a cute old fellow who advocated the monopoly doctrine and was so strongly in favor of trusts. Who is he?'

"'I don't know much about him. He used to be a slave owner in the South before the war; I suppose it is in him yet. Wage slavery is cheaper than chattel slavery, with no responsibilities, as this old fellow knows. He is a bright one, and a twister. It is hard to pin him down to the base of an argument; he will slip from under you somehow.'

"And so the conversation ran, with remarks on the arguments and personalities of the various debaters who had tried to ventilate the apparently very simple matter of 'What is a Republic?'

"The Brother' had but little to say. It was evident that he had taken part in the debate and had purposely been arguing fallaciously in order to drift the subject into a tangle and force the debaters into positions that would so damage their premises as to make them come to conclusions far different than the object they had in view; for he was a master in the art of logic, and could put the cleverest to their mettle when necessary. He had been listening and smoking quietly when some question was asked him about the subject of debate. He looked up and said:

"The whole defect in this question that so bewildered everyone who attempted to debate it, is the rottenness of its premises. But not one saw it. The Republic, as they understand it, is based on ideas developed from what is and has been; a state of liberty in which freedom has never existed in speech or in thought. This idea of a Republic is based on individual freedom, which, of course, is illogical; for no such thing could exist with man any more than it can in other parts of nature, or in the whole of it; and any attempt at individual freedom inaugurates contention and strife with the environment of things, on which man, or any part of nature, is dependent. The worlds in space are not free from the natural laws of gravitation and repulsion. The life on the planet is subject to atmospheric influences and the earth on which it lives. Man is called free, but, is he not governed by the necessities of his existence and his environment, whether social or otherwise? And is it not a fact that his greatest freedom arises from the co-opera-

tion and help of others. In the isolated savage state, would he not be the veriest slave to his natural wants and the dangers to which he would be subject? Then, is not his greatest protection and benefit derived from the most complete social interdependence of his fellows? And does not the nearest approach he makes to independence, remove him further and further from social advantages and bring him nearer and nearer the savage beast, that works on the independent plan and is only social when his passions force him to be so? The idea of a Republic, as it exists in the minds of men, is a fallacy; and its development into fact would be as disastrous to man as the system by which men live off the labor of others. There is no such thing as a Republic, as it is commonly understood; nor can there be. Man is simply a social being, and his social development, carried to its highest ideal, is his perfect Republic. The only idea of a true Republic is, 'That which is equally good for all."

The pen of the historian paused, then drawing a long, straight line, it commenced to slowly write the following: "This is the last interview I ever had with 'The Brother.' I can only give you additionally the conversation Victoria and I had over his letter received three years later. If you wish me to go on, do not speak, but raise your left hand." The historian anxious to obtain all the knowledge possible of the founder of their civilization, raised his left hand, and instantly the pen began to fly over the paper before him, and the story continued:—

"'My dear, you are late for breakfast. What has kept you?'

"Victoria:—'I felt somewhat feverish this morning. The wine I drank after the opera last night, I think, did not benefit me any; besides, we smoked too much and chatted too late about the new Prima Donna. So I went to the baths for exercise, and now I feel as spry as a lark.'

"'We must go at once to the hotel; the electric has called for second breakfast. I have some mail for you from New York, but do not open it now for I am hungry. I, too, have been exercising, on the galleries and beat Miss Jones in a foot race twice around the block.'

"'You are quite an athlete and will be head of the gymnasium yet, if you are not careful. I will just glance at this letter to see who it is from.'

"'Please don't till after breakfast; we must go!

"'All right; come, we will go to the hotel.'

"'What do you think Victoria, I have a letter from 'The Brother,' at last. My attempts to force some communication from him have been crowned with success, and here is a good long letter from the noble fellow.'

"'I hope 'The Brother' is a happpier man than when we left New York. I feared from your description of him, at the time of Ooney's suicide, that he might do something violent.'

"'Yes. It was difficult to imagine the outcome of that sad human history, of which I saw but a small part in her heroism at the tenement fire, the streets, her aged mother's death and the scene at the morgue. Victoria, will you read his letter while I smoke a cigar?

New York, June 21, 1892.

MR. EDWARD PUREHEART,
Box 27,384,
City of Peace, Oregon.

My dear Sir:—

Your friend here hunted me up at considerable trouble to himself and gave me your letter, which I was much pleased to receive, and to hear of your happiness and prosperity. It is exceedingly pleasant to hear that you have named the little boy, Jim, after me. The happiness of the feeling that any heart should beat in sympathy for me, outside of my robbed and plundered class, is certainly very great.

It is taught us that man forgets himself and his poor friends when prosperity and comfort set in; and forgets God also. Under our system here that has been the case, ever since the Bible was written; it works exactly that way. But the system of the city and county of Peace seems to work just the other way; people have a full chance to not only love God and man to the fullest extent, but, also, to love the world and everything else that we are constituted to enjoy. Of course, I get a good deal of news of the workings of your co-operative society from missionaries and agitators in our midst; but all the leading papers keep as quiet as mice about it. The influence of that experiment has undoubtedly made the giant monopolies and their sole official agents at Washington, uneasy for the future, and they will work the public to the utmost as long as their power lasts. What amuses me is to see the hellish eagerness to get everything turned into money, which a change to Nationalism would render utterly worthless; unless they propose to skip to slavery countries and enjoy their boodle with the rotten aristocracy.

The Presidential election is coming on fast. Here,

of course, ballot reform has been killed by Gov. Hill and the corrupt gang, for whom there would not be a ghost of a chance if we had it. But I know that the leading politicians on both sides have joined their interests secretly, and in the next election will reign supreme. The entire saloon interest is solid with the brewers, and, to hold them, the railroads and every other combine, dependent on legislation, are compelled to fall in together for common protection. The sufferings of the people are even greater than when you left; more small merchants and mechanics have gone under; drunkenness and stealing are on the increase and the Prohibitionists are numerous; the police force has been strengthened and given more power: weak women and helpless children come in for their share, as you saw at the Centennial Inaugural. Even with the example of your Peace Community, that has removed all cause for greed and misery, the same social crimes go on here, in a worse degree than before. The sea of discontent is rolling high. The cargo is being thrown overboard, in the shape of charities, to save the vessel. But the storm is increasing and soon the waves will lash in fury over the wreck and lifeless bodies of those on board.

With us the strangler is not only at the pocket, but at the life, and humanity gasps for existence. In the last deadly struggle of the masses, may we not expect an awful scene! Happily, the stranglers are concentrating their numbers. In fancied security they stand upon the brink of a precipice; a moment, the slightest accident, may bring the spark that will set the crushed world ablaze. In this seething, social mass are men and women of high abilities, with intellects quickened by the struggle for life and hearts hardened by injustice; scientists who, without the slightest harm to themselves, could sweep the noble harbor and docks of the metropolis of the entire navy

of commerce and war, level forts, produce a water famine and leave this festering, hypocritical, social state a mass of ashes and rotting human beings, at the cost of a few cents. Where, in such not-far-from-impossible uprising, would be the lives, the fortunes and the luxuries, of the privileged classes—the Four Hundred?—

"'What a dreadful letter! It is enough to give one the blues!'

"'Yes, Victoria; it is horrible because we are removed from these influences and surroundings. Can you not recall your happy days, when you actually grew to womanhood without even an idea that such horrors existed all around you? and I, a man, with greater opportunities, was but little better informed.'

"'Poor 'Brother!' What a sublime martyr he makes of himself for his fellow wretches, whom he will not abandon to their awful fate! How insignificant the worthless dole of alms from the wealthy churches appears in comparison with his labors! How does he support himself?'

"'Well, Victoria, I have had an insight into his life without his knowledge, and I assure you, he is just like the fifty thousand men, women and children who rise every morning in New York without an idea where breakfast is to come from. Sometimes they manage to get food during the day, frequently one meal and often none. I have known them to be without food for three or four days; it is then they are driven to the slop barrels in the wealthier portions of the city. The waste of the hotels is all bought up, mixed together and made into hash and Washington

pie, and sold on the stands and eating houses of the slums.'

"'Dreadful! And yet good people still believe in the doctrine of Malthus, that God makes this poverty, crime and disease necessary to remove the surplus population from the earth.'

"'Well, Victoria, we, like the Pharisee, must thank God that we are not as other men are. Let us hear what else the noble 'Brother' has to say.'

"'Well, here it is:

It is very difficult for me to realize, situated as I am in this large city, whose advantages as one of the centres of the world's inhabitants, with its unequalled bay and giant railways penetrating to every fertile valley of this continent, how you, in an enclosed, interior district, with only a medium sized river, can enjoy the possibilities of human existence; freedom from peddlars and beggars, bonds and mortgages, and not a rich or poor person among you; and have such complete comforts, all produced from the bare earth in so short a time. But I suppose it arises from no waste and all production going into the public pile. Your city must be a curiosity, built as it is in connected angles, witn the sun and air reaching every appartment. The arrangement, on the plan you sent me, makes clear how you walk from one end of the city to the other through the covered centre of the dwellings to work, hotels, amusements and to the stores, without inconvenience from the weather or passing vehicles. The porches or the road-side with their open gardens must be very pleasant from which to watch the drive on the quiet, dustless, asphalt streets. The company of the neighbors as you promenade and chat with each other on the continuous porches must also be very agreeable.

Here in New York rich and poor live in what are really boxes, fenced off from one another in the meanest way; their only exit is to the hard, stony, badly paved street, where the noise and rattle prevents conversation: and everyone is exposed to the rain, wind, snow and ice.

One thing puzzled me for a long time—how you managed to shorten the distances for vehicles on the streets without going around long corners and losing time; but, by the arches leading through at each angle, I see that force is economized in the highest degree. I cannot fully appreciate the delights of your art galleries, fine concerts, theatres and operas, because my education has not been favorable to a higher study of these refinements. Although, in the midst of this festering mass, I know an aged, submerged artist, once a man of recognized ability, who lives in a dirty garret, and from whom I have learned to draw characteristic subjects; but the ideal art in painting, sculpture, poetry and music, is really a dead letter to me.

When you speak of the way agricultural products are economized and the happy state of the farmers, I cannot help contrasting it with the waste here. Our farmers send their produce to the commission merchants who charge 10 per cent. and sell at a monopoly price. If the market is full they hold the produce for a high price until the stuff rots, and then it goes over the docks into the river. They are in a position to say what price they choose to the farmer, who is at the disadvantage of distance and the railroads, and must accept a false price minus the discount; and so he gets nothing. The farmers have taken to raising milk lately and get only 3c a qt. from the dealers.

It is certainly wise in your colony to take secret measures to procure large quantities of arms and ammunition, and to have your athletes well trained to the

drill; your suspicions in my opinion are well founded. Such a menace to what St. John clearly saw in his vision, "the great beast of property," cannot be permitted to live. The millionaires are really the dangerous class of society. They are the Individualists, and will stop at nothing to dynamite any portion of society that will prevent their absorbtion and control of all other men and the fruits of their labor. I shall watch closely all movements of the concentrated Stock Exchange. Trade balances are getting closer and closer every year, and the brokers, money dealers and traders, must turn more and more on the home market. They can get at you by changing the National and State laws easily enough; but I hope we will be able to spread the Nationalist movement fast enough by private effort to make that impossible.

There is much that I might add to this letter but it is already too long for you to read. I suppose it would be polite for me to say that I regret the misfortune of your wife's father, who was caught short last week in Wall street and made a bad failure, from which he will never recover. But I must be true to my own sense of justice and say that I am not sorry. He comes into our class also and will make a violent reformer, who will want to kill some poor, unfortunate, rich man; just as though the rich were to blame for the system. All must come to me and be submerged in my sphere! The high officials, the banker, inventor, scientist, artist, philosopher, poet, innocence, beauty, the railroad king, minister, heroes of war; all must come to the inevitable slum of poverty. Social disparity is King and absolute. I, like the grave, welcome them all and begin to breed the demon of discontent in their breasts. Of course, it is too late for them, for other powerful money kings step into their abandoned places; but it is all I have to work on. The army is growing faster and faster and soon

will include all but the golden few.

Please let me hear from you occasionally, and if you will send your Nationalist paper to my address at Regan's Saloon I will be obliged. Enclosed find tin type of my not over handsome self, and a Centennial medal for little Jim.

Your friend,

"The Brother."

P. S.—Here is an extract from a letter by Senator Ingalls. It was published the year after you left New York, and shows you the brazen, public acknowledgement of open political crime by even honorable, or rather, honored Senators:

"With the possible exception of the two terms of Washington there has not been an absolutely fair, free and impartial expression of the deliberate will of the people in any Presidential election since the foundation of the Government. I doubt if there ever will be. Patronage will allure the ambitious, force will coerce the timid, demagogism will gull the credulous, fraud will rob the weak, money will buy the mercenary. The purification of politics is an irredescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is succes. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. The republicans and democrats are as irreconcilably opposed to each other as were Grant and Lee in the Wilderness. They use ballots instead of guns, but the struggle is an unrelenting and desperate one, and the result sought for the same. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to kill, to destroy. The commander who lost a battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This cant about corruption in politics is extremely fatiguing."

"'What a painfully interesting letter! Is it true that food is allowed to rot, thrown over the docks and the farmers cheated in this way?'

"'Yes, Victoria; "The Brother" showed me this once when we went to the markets at o'clock in the morning and watched the workings of this system till after 10 o'clock. The scene of activity there and the characters engaged in it, was a study. We saw how good food was rendered unfit for use, and diseased meat artfully pushed off on to purchasers. We saw the Italian garbage gatherers, the tramps and a thousand horrors that the public has no conception of. I saw one cause why the farmer is growing poorer and poorer every day; swamped with mortgages and paralysed beyond recovery; and wishes to fly to the cities, fancying to escape the doom that awaits them. It is useless to consider the farmer in the regeneration of society; his intellect is beyond reach; he alone presents the type of the perfect pagan. This class has declined in the march of intelligence. The hard struggle to maintain themselves against the social disease that has absorbed their vitals, to which they contribute more than any other class to nourish and feed the virus, has obliterated the last vestige of the noble sentiments, of all honor and dignity, they once possessed. The farm hands gather around the polls and stand for sale with an idiotic effrontery worse than the wretches in the cities; and the proprietors demand the price of their vote, and often require a team to be sent to bring them to the polls; the expense willingly furnished out of the corruption fund by the sharpers

who run the elections in league with the monopolist robbers. It is not from the purchasable agricultural or city class of voters that any hope can be expected in the reformation of society; these will never accomplish it, but rather retard and give the greatest trouble and danger in any change that may, by force of circumstances, be compelled. It is rather from the class who still maintain themselves respectably and feel the insecurity of their position. For no man is secure in his fortune, or sure that his so carefully trained and educated son, will not become a homeless tramp, or that his sweet and tender daughter may not compulsorily become the companion of the vilest, and be rapidly hurried along with the giant crowd on the highway of crime and suicide. It is from those merchants and manufacturers who are wiped out by competition with their more wealthy brothers; from scholars and professors of learning; from the few grand clergymen who have displayed a splendid heroism in throwing off the shackles of orthodox dogma and superstition; from the reading, thinking part of the great industrial army ground to pieces by competition and combinations of monopolists; from those who are found in ethical societies, anti-poverty societies and the gatherings of those who are discussing the new economy of rent for the community, and the larger theme, the absorbtion of all the forces of production by the nation. The pressur on all below the grade of the millionaire is rapidly closing up the ranks of this, the intellect of the world; and already they stand in mighty array armed with all the forces

of the nineteenth century against the two great crimes of society; the forced vices and crimes of the impoverished and hopeless and the greater crime of monopoly and millionairism.—Farewell."

The pen flew from the historian's hand, a sudden flash and all was dark. A feeling of dizziness came over the senses of the anxious inquirer of the secrets of "The Brother," who swooned in the arms of Comus.

CHAPTER XIX.

FETE AT PEACE CITY AND THE PLAY OF HYPOCRITES.

Endless crowds of people had filled the streets all day engaged in the pageant. The great halls had echoed to refined music and oratory; the senses were soothed with poetic thought and rythm. Athletic sports had awakened excitement in the young and old; and the immense salon emblazoned with the works of artistic skill was the scene of admiring thousands. Above all loomed in gigantic proportions and splendor Keramicos' enchanting works of The Spirit of "The Brother" and the collossal panels of Truth and Justice. The honors had been conferred upon this sublime artist, and the day ended with his marriage to the beautiful Sappho whose face beamed with the perfection of happiness. Joy seemed to sit on every heart as the charming day closed cloudless, in

a twilight of pure, even tinted sky.

Comus, silent and alone, walked the streets after the populace had retired within musing on the mighty event, which his active brain continually contrasted with pictures of the past, where he could find no parallel with this happy state. His recollections of former times brought only painful contrasts. He was suddenly startled at the sound of his name—the historian was calling him from a window of the museum. Entering, he was warmly welcomed by the scholar, whose prostration after the wonderful revelations by the spirit of Edward Pureheart and Comus' occupation in the fetes of the last few days had prevented them meeting. Naturally the conversation turned upon the subject of nineteenth century times and the scenes in which "The Brother" lived, and had portrayed in his records. The spirit of Edward Pureheart had thrown light upon the causes leading to the establishment of Peace colony, an account of which "The Brother" had given in one of his histories in the vault, stating that it was taken from their newspaper as an account of their fete. Comus' anxious inquiries in regard to that colony were answered by the historian reading the following from "The Brother's" book:

Peace Colony, Oregon, May 21, 1892.

For the first time in the history of man there was what could be truly said a fete of the people in which there was no social distinction, except that arising from emulation of each other's virtue. Independence arising from interdependence rested on every spirit. The bitter spirit of exclusiveness, fear, jealousy and greed, were practically eliminated from the citizens,

who, only three short years before, had emerged from the savage state of individualism; who, only three short years before, had left the perlieus of splendor and woe to raise the Washingtonian standard "to which the wise and honest can repair." Here was the fact, the absolute fact; no carping hypocrite, or bigot, sophistical twister of truth, or selfish intellect, could gainsay the fact before us. A look into the restful, joyous eyes of all was sufficient to speak the bliss of an anti-poverty social system; even the hard features of the elders, that had been set in disagree-

FETE AT PEACE CITY.

able lines by a life struggle between the upper and lower millstone of monopoly and poverty, now, under the happy influence of the abolition of want and the joy of peace, relaxed into expressions that tended towards the primitive form in which God had made man after his own image, and were pleasant to view.

"It is our own. It is our own," was written on every face and animated every heart. No king, no emperor, no tyrants, no ecclesiastical bigotry, no monopoly, greed, misery, poverty, no social disease, no tramp, no drunkenness, no prisons or lawyers; all

were rich; every man, woman and child owned the city and the wealth of the country. None begged for their share; nor used the abundance that came to each. The mighty surplus brought greater comfort, greater elegance, better libraries, greater arts, better morals and purer religion. Here they were a happy, happy people. They came from all parts by the steam and electric roads, where kind hearts welcomed them to the feast of joy, that was the offspring of their material and spiritual abundance. They came in carriages, on horses, on foot, filling the shaded porches and comfortable seats along the line of the procession. The various divisions of the industrial army formed at points right and left of the line and wheeled into their places with perfect order and precision. The children formed at the nearest points and headed the procession: the little darlings came on with a swing like soldiers, first the seven year old girls, then the boys dressed in silk tights and waists that displayed the form and their graceful motions. They wore no caps; their hair was cut close, which gave a neat appearance to the head, neck and shoulders. Next to these, the youths were graded, according to age, up to the fully grown, the costume changing from the children's tights gradually into the silken trousers of the ancient Persians, with the addition of a very broad, embroidered Mexican strip, that hung from the waist to the ankles of the young ladies giving somewhat the general appearance of a skirt. The costumes of the men athletes were pretty tight to the form, with a jacket and short skirt that kept the general appearance of the human form, similar to the ancient Greek military costume.

The platoons were massed in color so that one part of the mass would relieve the other by harmony of contrast; thus avoiding confusion of effect, and maintaining the whole procession in a simple, broad

effect of color, that charmed the eye by its judicious combination and great simplicity, as each wave of color came on blending indistinctly in the moving mass. It would be impossible to particularize the beauty and charm of individuals in this procession, whether of the young, the youths, the young men and women, or the older men and matrons. The beauty and charm of individual appearance, like the beauty and charm of individual life, was absorbed in the mass of effect of color, beauty and happiness, to which each contributed a noble part; every movement was like the rythmic beat of human life, every face shone with the peace and joy born of comfort, health and the spirit of justice to one another.

The song of the children grew fainter and fainter, as distance carried the sounds from thousands of little throats towards the central amusement park, and the cadence of the new national hymn, "We are the People," was lost to the ear as the clatter of thousands of hoofs came by proudly prancing and chafing under the restraining reins of graceful riders, who were plainly masters of their steeds. The female athletes were not a whit inferior to the men in the equestrian display; the line and angle of their bodies gave them the same direct power in the saddle: their costume, which was similar to the young women athletes on foot, enabled them to sit on their horses like the men and the broad Mexican strip, on the outside, looked like trousers combined with a divided skirt of folded silk. The rein hand was held upward so as to give more ease and power in management, the whip hand hung gracefully down back of the thigh; the head and neck were kept firmly on a line with the body and the feet hung loosely without stirrups. In this position the riders, men and women, in all the beauty of their costumes, rose and fell with the motion of the horses as though one with the steeds they rode.

The performing horses were massed in the rear of the cavalcade, and were inspirited by one another as well as by their riders and kept up a variety of plunging, pawing, stepping, pacing and waltzing, that was not only exciting but lively in the extreme.

The human mind has a strange combination of tastes to satisfy, in which the humorous and grotesque appear to be indispensable. The perfections of classic beauty, the animation of graceful life, the intellectual splendors, for some reason, naturally require a counterbalance of what is known as fun and humor, which, in this glorious pageant, rivalling the most elegant efforts of ancient Greece, was not wanting; for the clowns were not confined to the boys and young men, the girls also added many comicalities to the outskirts of the pageant as it passed, that gave the delight of amusement to the classic beauty of the civic parade.

It was a pitiful sight, but not without an intense degree of absurdity, to see the comical sport these funny young people made of a poor tramp who had stood alone on the line of the procession looking as though he had escaped from another world. This offspring of the monopoly civilization had crept across the lines of a new era, in which our young people had lived long enough to see the absurdity of his existence, and the poor, cheeky tramp, during that happy day in Peace City, was obliged to bear the burden of amusing ridicule, for the sins of the savage civilization of which he is the chief ornament and product.

Among the many amusements that followed the civic procession and festivities of yesterday, we must not omit to mention Edward Pureheart's play of "The Hypocrites" at the Central Theatre, which lacked not for talent or sufficient support. For there was no anxiety on the part of the manager about his rent, salaries and expenses. These all belonged to the people, were performed by the people, for the benefit

of the people, who pocketed their own profits in pleasure and enjoyment. Only in a community such as this, where hypocrasy is no longer a requirement of civilized life, could such intense appreciation be formed of the subject of the play. To the next generation of Peace Community there would perhaps not be the same degree of sadness mixed in the fun of the play; because all the present inhabitants of the Community were born and bred in hypocrisy, and their emancipation from it was not free from painful recollections of the thralldom of its slavery.

The author has certainly equalled, if not surpassed, the great Moliere in keen perception of the absurdities of this species of vice. It must be admitted, however, that Moliere wrote under greater difficulties and for audiences of hypocrites incapable of appreciating the refinements in Purehearts play. A thorough, marked and deliberate scoundrel, like "Tartuffe," only could reach them. Here the fortunate author enjoyed an audience that recognized themselves in the characters of the play, as they represented some place or other of the old social state.

The customary, old hackneyed treatment of the hypocrite, by taking some unfortunate teacher of piety for a character, was substituted by the treatment of all characters so as to show hypocrisy in every shade of social life, as well as the necessity for its existence under the monopoly system of society. Pureheart has so managed the situation and the language of his characters as to bring out some marked peculiarity in each, to show it effectively.

We had the respectable lady whose attempt to impress her acquaintances with the idea that she was more wealthy, witty and accomplished than she actually was. Even her husband was deceived and humbugged, as he, in turn, deceived the partner of his bosom by a thousand arts arising from his conceited

superiority. The habits of daily business life were so confirmed in his nature that no affection or holy thought could arise in his breast without its hypocritical taint. The Madame's beautiful daughter trained to arts of deception, which she practiced with such infinite skill, masked by her beauty and affected girlish innocence, upon whom again her coldly intellectual lover practiced his hypocritical arts with even greater skill; so that the speculative father, mother and daughter, and the lover himself, were victimized.

The supporting characters to the main features of this dramatic representation furnished great amusement by the way the peculiarities of each were developed; and the range of society was pretty well covered without confusing the play: although there were many characters introduced, yet they were managed so that the main features were not damaged, all becoming tributary to the main idea. Of course, the popular preacher, the Jesuit and the poor parson, came in for their share as practical pietists. The church deacon, the trustee and the pompous pew holder, with the church committee women, were so presented as to show, in a most amusing way, the peculiarities of each, and the false system that forces even professional pietists to the moral prostitution of the holy things of our more exalted nature. The bank president and directors play with the depositors stockholders and borrowers, were nicely shown; and, on the other hand, the arts of the depositors and borrowers to impress the bank officials with false conceptions of their wealth: the hypocrisy exhibited here was a masterpiece in the powerful effort of intellectual scheming. To this monied interest the author attached by artful means the various commercial and industrial interests and the syndicates, trusts and combinations of trade, so as to show the small arts of cunning and the weakness of their operations, which

mostly depended on the false pretense of the direction of their dealings, with flourishes through the press, and the manipulation of laws and elections to deceive the public into confidence and so obtain the use of its money. The characters of Mr. Moneygetter and his legal advisor were perhaps the most amusing in the play; because of money being the base of all the hypocrisy of the rest of society. If Sancho Panza's theory is correct, that our virtues depend on a full stomach, then of course the money that procures the food to fill it must be the principal means to obtain this virtuous result. And so it proved. In this character it is clearly shown that all flesh is human hardened only by conditions, from which again arises defective reasoning and self deception, that throws out its breast and lives on impressions. Moneygetter feared the spectre of misery, and actually said that "only a few circumstances and I would be where these wretched people are, and if I do not outstrip all the world in cunning and scheming to get gold, the world will sink me mercilessly into misery; and more, they will jeer and ridicule, and perhaps kill me. To be affluent I must be merciless. Sentiment or human sympathy is only weakness in the struggle to get to the top in this world, or to hold your place when you get there." Mr. Moneygetter, Mrs. Moneygetter and their daughter, Miss Moneygetter, were all operating the public, friends, lovers and society with the sole object of getting money. Every movement, every thought, every expression, was in this direction. Religious duty was practiced publicly to secure public confidence in their purity of character, by which they, in some way or other, could get at their friends' purses by the dignified father selling them stocks, or becoming custodian of their securities. Love had in it no other motive than the possession of money. Art and literature were cultivated as an ornament to divert at-

tention from the mercenary object of money-getting, and to gloss over the hollowness of their lives. The upper thought of the Moneygetter family was not artfully concealed in their tastes; for elegance of attire, rich interiors and sensuous inclination was visible in all their paintings and artistic decorations. The artists finding their only means of subsistence in producing elaborate luxuries, to gratify the spirit of an age in which comfort is only attainable by successful money getting, every thought, feeling and action must by force contribute to it. For this reason alone has the ideal gone out of art, sorrowfully departing to the shades of inferno where her pain of punishment arises from the sorrows of regret that her votaries are forced to purchase bread by the prostitution of art to suit the insensible soul of the money-getter.

To fully appreciate the remarkable merits of this play it is necessary to witness its performance by the fine talent developed so recently in Peace County. The production of this drama gives evidence that the decay into which the dramatic art had fallen during the Nineteenth Century is attributable only to the absorbtion of every worthy quality in man by the vices of moneyg-etting; and that the art immediately revives under proper influences where money-getting no longer exists, and the mind acquires again its natural condition by the relaxation of the nerves from the strain of a desperate, competitive, social life.

It is unnecessary to mention the fact of the redevelopment of man's better nature under our social state, in this land of peace; allusion to self-evident conditions is superfluous. The only interest attaching to even an observation that had reference to our freedom from the horrors of the great world around us, would come from the recollection of the social horrors in which this generation was born and nurtured, and from which by the efforts of good men who gathered

the wisdom of the good of all times and by its analysis found the cause of social disease and a remedy, by which the few thousands of inhabitants of Peace County are the first of all the earth to emancipate themselves; horrors which have been so instructively and amusingly represented by the young author in this masterpiece.

We have avoided mentioning that side of the play which exhibits the degraded victims of the successful money-getting few and their worshipping friends. The sickening records of this side of life we know too well and can only excuse its presence in the play because it represents the awful results to society in money-getting communities. It may be said that the production of this play in our day, is a fortunate circumstance; for no future generation of this Community, under our changed conditions, can possibly produce from history a drama in which the characters could be so truthfully drawn as these living, breathing, morally destitute beings, who, one and all, come under the general title: "The Hypocrites."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Comus. "Ha, ha, ha! The arts of deception! Very good; ha, ha, ha! I can tell you some more of these arts, ha, ha, ha! in addition to the rottenness of their social system. The moral, religious, artistic, literary, political, industrial and commercial prostition in their happy land of the free to rob as much as you could. The merchant, god of thieving and lying, as Mercury was called, had, with his gold, purchased the virtue of science to teach the art of selling—the art of selling, mind you; not the art of buying, but the art of selling—to enable the merchant to be a successful seller. The art was based

on, How to read character. Now, when the buyer came in, the seller proceeded to read his character from certain rules of physiognomy to see if he was hard and close, and to sell him accordingly; if he was a good, open, honest, frank sort of a man, or a trusting female, easily deceived, the seller, by reading his or her character, could judge how much more he could charge above the price he sold to the close, stingy buyer; and thus cheat to that extent; get rich off these stolen profits, live in splendor, be honored as a smart, successful business man, and perhaps become the head of the nation. From top to bottom they were a nation of peddlars. It did not matter whether they peddled railroads, stocks or bonds, promissary notes, grain, stocks, piety, science, or in the arts of adulteration, the greatest of all the industrial arts, they were only peddlars, cheating, lying and robbing each other. The whole of society was a lie, every action and thought was pretense and falsehood; and under their system it could be no other way. I could not look in the face of any man, woman, or child, but I saw in every movement to some degree the rottenness of the social carcass. Oh! it was sickening! Bellamy's word 'insane' only expressed it; and Pureheart has struck it rich in 'The Play of the Hypocrites.'—Insane hypocrites!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRIESTS.

"Men may differ in tastes and likings, but their intellects cannot differ in judgement except through superstition or error. As science advances diversity of opinion dies away and unity of knowledge takes place."—Patrick Edward Dove.

"Now Comus, if you are not tired of my importunate inquiries, I would like to refer you to a chapter by 'The Brother,' in his seventh book, in reference to the Priests."

"My dear sir, I am never tired and will gladly listen to anything you have to say about the records of the vault, for I am not only pleased with the effect they have had on your age and civilization, but also with your interest in obtaining a knowledge of the past."

"Thanks Comus. Here is the chapter, I will read it:

One of the great causes of the decline of civilization was the Priests. Indeed, I may say that in all civilizations the Priests have been one of the greatest obstacles to its advancement; and have been jointly with the monopolists the two curses that have blighted every hope for the liberation of the body and soul of man. these two parties absorbed all the product of the working part of the population.

The process of the monopolists in getting possession of the land on which the people lived, and of all the means of production; such as, the capital in machines and appliances for trade and the natural increase or improvement in the things the people produced, was assisted by the Priests, who taught obedience to the oppressed. This was accomplished by commencing with the very young child and training its mind to believe in superstitions, so that when it became an adult and able to produce, the superstitions fastened on its mind rendered easy the process of taking away from it all that it produced, leaving only enough to support life in the most brutal and degraded form until the whole mass of the people became coarse and low, farther and farther removed from the intellectual standard, showing in their faces the original type of the brute monkey and many of the lower animals. It may seem strange, indeed, almost impossible, to a future race of people that such things could be. Some explanation of the way these things were done may have an influence in rendering such crimes against humanity comprehensible. It must be said, in the first place, that the profession of the Priests, i. e., the ground-work of their teachings, was highly commendable. Those to whom I particularly refer, who assisted so powerfully to destroy this race of men and their civilization, were organized into a fraternity to teach the words of Christ, a Jew who lived two thousand years before our time whose teachings were so noble and just to all, that they were called God-like. His bottom principle in the humanitarian philosophy he taught, was: "Love to all." And the guide to his practice was: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." This teaching commended itself to every mind, because of its antithesis to cruelty and injustice, which every being naturally feels—the avoidance of harm to ourselves being the

first natural impression of happiness and good; doing as you would be done by suggested the idea that no one who practiced this philosophy would take that which belonged to another, or which by right was his.

This philosophy was very beautiful and attractive to the people, commending itself to both the intelligent and the ignorant; so that it was hard to combat the corruptions into which it had fallen, having so great a hold on the minds of the people who were trained in it. Nothing the human mind could conceive would have been so effective to enslave the people. For this exalted teaching of Christ was made the means of establishing the most degraded superstitions to enchain the minds of men generation after generation for two thousand years; first getting control of the ignorant so that the monopolists could rob them, the Priests sharing in the plunder; and then to even get control of the monopolists themselves through their families and dependents, by infinite arts, of which they were master, and which they handled with the greatest precision without mercy, through their compact and sworn organization which extended over all the world having its centre in a city called Rome, situated in Italy, one of the peninsulas on the south of Europe.

In this great organization of Priests, so widely extended, there were many minor organizations or fraternities, called by different names but all subject to one control. The most skillful, cunning and dangerous, was one called the Jesuits, a fraternity the members of which trained themselves to the greatest possible self-abnegation, which they exemplified by performing the most abasing acts of humility toward each other. Individually, they considered themselves nothing, their identity being absorbed in the common purpose of their order; so that they would under the absolute mandates of their General go to any part of the world, however dangerous, and execute any

orders given them, even to the sacrifice of their own or the lives of others, should it suit their purposes for the achievement of the object they had in view, viz.: to obtain control of the education and the minds of the people over the whole earth, and to obtain all the wealth of the world by influencing the minds of the rich people or their descendants to give or bequeath them their riches, always under the pretense of contributing it to holy purposes.

This society chased the wealthy families age after age with such deadly purpose and secrecy that they were enabled to add many of the great fortunes of the monopolists to the eternal fleecings of the poor, which also were obtained by the same unerring skill through the control of the people by keeping them in benighted ignorance. Their principal newspaper, the "Civita Catholica," published in Rome, openly proclaimed that "the people did not need knowledge and enlightenment; all they needed in this life was 'bread and the Catechism.'" The Catechism was a book containing the rules of their dogma or creed.

This fraternity of the Jesuits became feared and hated by the monopolists of Europe, the nobles or titled persons who controlled the land and the government. For these nobles continually felt the power and encroachment of this priestly order upon them. So that the Jesuits were banished from several countries, coming to America as a refuge which offered a grand field for their operations. Of course they only became more secret in the countries from which they were banished, concealing themselves under the guise of citizens and working their way into the offices of the governments, into the schools, colleges and universities, where they cunningly directed the studies, education, and worked privately through others of the order to control the minds of the youth and women with the object of regaining their power and

wealth. One of the strongest methods used was to secretly obtain knowledge of the private affairs of those most hostile to them, and by the use of their great wealth and secret arts managed to cripple and destroy their enemy's fortune or reputation, sparing no means however wicked (and against the teachings of Christ, whom they held aloft with such pomp as their model) to ruin their victim, using him as an example of terror to the rest of their enemies and the people of the awful fate to be expected by anyone, however strong and great, who opposed their projects. This was easily managed by them, for a part of their superstition was that their devotees must come regularly and confess their sins into the Priest's ear, who, by their superior training and skill, could draw from the ignorant men and weak women such facts as they needed to work the ruin of those whose power or wealth they coveted and secure it for themselves.

With the rapid rise of the monopolists in the United States came the banished Jesuits in great numbers. They established themselves in this fair land and set industriously to work in their new home, where the professed liberty of the country gave them unrestricted freedom to practice their art upon the people.

They selected the richest valleys and most prosperous populations for the establishment of schools and colleges for the training of the young men and boys. In addition to these were Orders of holy women which had peculiar rites and ceremonies. These presented themselves always with modest mein and down cast eyes, wearing plain habits, with a cross suspended to their waists by a cord. The most beautiful and attractive of these women were put forward as principals in the educational work of schools for young ladies, to whom they taught French, poetry, needle work, painting, the drama, religious sentiment; and to admire holy objects—fetiches; such as,

holy water, crucifixes, relics of Saints, bones, splinters of crosses, and old rags of martyrs. These schools were systems or plans of how not to educate; to give only early training of the mind to superstition to secure them in a meek, obedient state, so that the Priests could rob them through life as well as their offspring after them. So great was the fear of enlightenment interfering with this work of the Priests on these young minds that they adopted what was called a Calender, which gave the names of all books written by wise and good men that in any way tended to throw the light of intelligence on the doings of the Priests or their plundering Order. These books the devotees were forbidden to read. And wherever they could, the publication of them was prevented or the text altered, particularly in historical accounts that were unfavorable to them or recorded their wickedness.

A notable American Priest, one McGlynn, who advocated the public school system in preference to the Priest school system, was dreadfully persecuted. Every effort was made to destroy him. The excommunication and curse of the head pontiff at Rome was put upon him to influence the faithful, ignorant followers of this Church against this noble, independent man.

The nations under priestcraft have always been the most backward in intelligence and social improvements. Science and learning with them have sickened and died. Where priestly influence has had its greatest opportunity and development, as it had in Europe from the Third to the Eighteenth centuries, the people have sunk to the level of brutes; while the governing class, priests and nobles, exhibited in their plans and schemes to hold these degraded wretches in subjection, the most heartless vices of unqualified meanness.

Millionairism requires the marshalling of the multitude of villains, whom it creates into a licentious

army, for its support. It requires the Pinkerton spy system for protection; the control of legislatures and the making of laws. It requires the martyrdom of the small element who would reform society to maintain its security, and in their persecution to death it meets the resistance of dynamite, that closes up the ranks of millionaires, and results in the obliteration of the last vestige of human reform by the howling, dependent mob. It brings struggles for supremacy among themselves; increase of vicious natures of their offspring by corrupt mothers, with an increasing velocity towards the savage state. This is but a repetition of the history of the brutalizing effect of the appalling despotisms that have been developed by the debasing superstitions of ecclesiasticism: one, the control of the masses through ignorance and superstition so as to rob them; the other, the control of the masses through monopoly despotism for the same purpose. The methods are somewhat different but the effects are the same. Both find their only security in debasing and corrupting humanity and end in the obliteration of civilized life.

So successful have the Priests and adherents been in preventing this seething, vile mass of superstitious beings from being penetrated by the brilliant splendors of science, developed in our era, by obstructing education in every way that does not support their dogmas, or that would detract the attention of the superstitious slaves from the mystic chains of their thralldom, that we have now reached the closing years of a century of invention and scientific discovery that has enabled man to speak by telegraph around the earth in a few minutes and to encircle by railroad and steamboat its vast oceans and continents in seventy-four days; and still whole nations and parts of nations exist in the same ignorance and degradation they possessed during the dark ages of Priestly

rule. It is from these sections of the earth that the brutalized slaves are sent in myriads to compete with American workmen, as the people are called who work. It is this degraded and priest-ridden horde whose entrance into the country is secretly assisted by the agents of the monopolists and their subservient officials at Washington and the sea ports. It is these superstitious wretches of alien race and language who are marshalled in vast armies with the southern negroes and the demoralized tramps of the north, at this unhappy moment while I am writing these records for the Vault, that are under the monopoly chiefs and the priests, who control them through their superstitions, rapidly obliterating every vestige of the sublime work of the nineteenth century scientists.

Note—The author has seen these aliens in their native countries living in a manner unfit for description in these pages, where they had the benefit, or misfortune rather, of priestly control and education for many centuries. In the fields old men and women were harnessed together dragging heavy harrows over the ground that were unfit for a horse. The product of this degrading labor was all absorbed by the nobles and the priests.

In the city of Rome under Pope Pius IX the streets were almost impassible for human filth; necessary acts being performed publicly without shame, while the fat Priests, the sole governors, rolled by in their equipages clad in purple, scarlet and lace, preceded by cavalry with drawn sabres to clear the way for these well fed and wined holy men by frequently cutting down some of the degraded rabble.

At this period the French army, which was stationed in Rome to protect the Pope from the growing discontent of the people, in order to care for the health of their soldiers, forced some sanitary regula-

tions that made the Papal city barely tolerable.

Every other man in that day was a priest or a soldier. The people were one and all spies upon each other. Every word or act was carried to the Priests through the oracular confesson; and those who displeased them disappeared to the dungeons of America without hearing or trial. In the Jews' quarter of Rome the scenes were sickening. To relate them would awaken incredulity in the mind of the reader. One instance that I saw may be mentioned to show the hate cultivated by the Priests against this unconverted race. Two children had disappeared. The ignorant christians believed that the Jews had murdered them for sacrifice at the feast of the Passover, and surrounding their quarter stoned during four days every Israelite who appeared. This riot was stopped on the fourth day by the return of the children with a country woman with whom they had gone away on her market cart.

Comus gave a yell of laughter and rolled on the floor where he kicked, held his sides and roared in the most uncontrollable way, until the historian became affected with his intense amusement over the stupid follies of former ages and laughed at Comus till tears came to his eyes. They were both a good while recovering themselves; every few minutes breaking out again as the mind brought up some amusing thought in connection with the subject, till, at last, when both had laughed themselves out, they separated for the night, Comus chuckling to himself

as he walked through the darkness towards the house of Agro. "Think," said he to himself,—"of the

COMUS LAUGHING AT THE PRIESTS.

American nation handing over its women and children to the Priests to be educated in superstition! ha, ha, ha; he, he, he!" and his voice died away.

CHAPTER XXI.

KERAMICOS' STORY OF THE DESTRUCTION. EXPULSION OF COMUS.

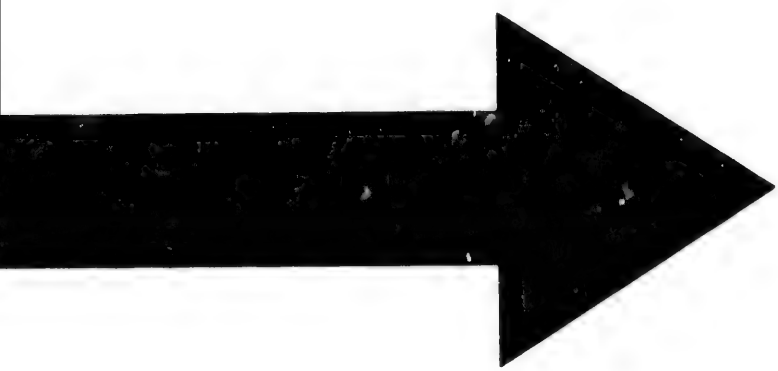
"Oh! Keramicos, here comes Comus!" Sappho flew to meet him with such graceful motion and abandonment of joy in her expression that she looked like a figure cut from one of Keramicos' pictures.

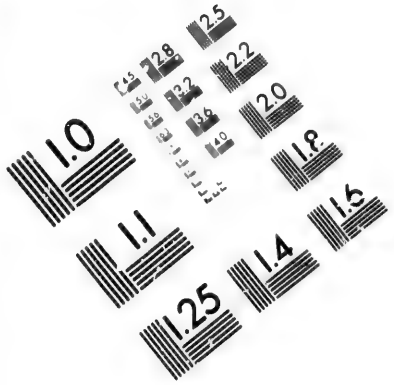
"Where have you been so long? I have not seen your merry face since you kissed me at my wedding. I began to think that you had left us altogether."

"No, no, my lovely fair one; it would have been intrusion on your honeymoon to annoy you by my presence. Keramicos would surely have been jealous to allow me a moment of your company. So, for your happiness, I have suffered the martyrdom of absence from you both."

"You are both kind and cruel, Comus. But we will yield to the joy of your generous visit. And now be seated and tell how you have been amusing yourself during the interval."

"There is no language known to me by which I could describe the pleasure and satisfaction I feel in all I see in this charming city and country; each new development fills me with wonder, leaving nothing to





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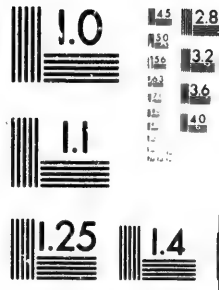

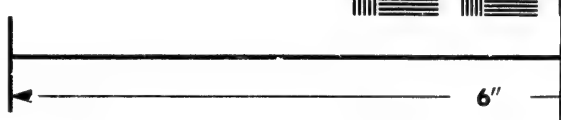

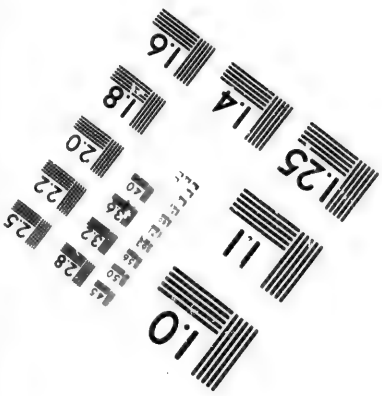

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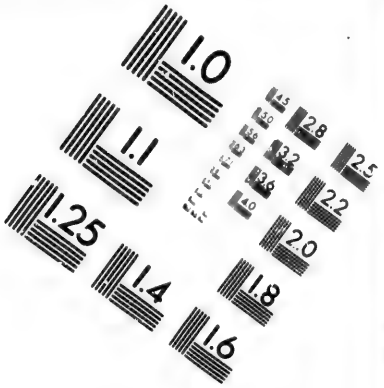

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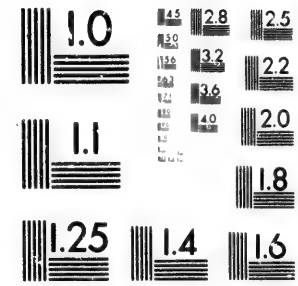

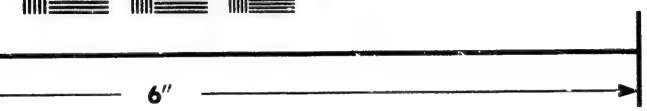

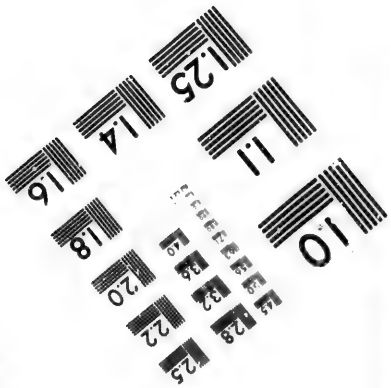

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be desired. The more I learn of the founder of your civilization and the records of his wonderful Vault, the more interested I become in the study of the horrors of the age in which he lived; the more amazed at his toil and sacrifice to collect the wisdom and knowledge of mankind for possible but, to him, almost improbable future generations. Could he but realize the results of his labor I am sure it would fully repay the martyrdom of his sad life by the spectacle of happy humanity, among whom you, my dear lady, are perhaps the happiest."

"It is true, Comus, I am supremely happy and hope that you will endeavor to obliterate the disagreeable past and become as happy as we are. You have doubtless been studying the records of 'The Brother' since you left us, for the subject seems to be ever present in your mind."

"Yes, dear lady, the beauty and joy of life I see on every hand, force my mind to revert to him as the author of all your happiness. For, had it not been for his wonderful records, you would in all probability have been today suffering all the miseries of your sisters of former ages instead of enjoying the perfect bliss of yaur present state."

Sappho shuddered, for she was familiar with "The Brother's" descriptions of the floating wrecks of human lives as they were engulphed in a sea of social crime, where innocence, virtue, or merit, furnished no barrier to its overwhelming waves. Fearing a disagreeable turn in the conversation, Comus artfully began to talk of the beauty of the artists' exhibit at the

convention, drifting into pleasant, merry stories that brought the smile of happiness to the countenances of his friends. Soon Sappho withdrew in order to give the gentlemen an opportunity to discuss privately together, the sound of her sweet voice ringing through the open court as she warbled joyously the song of old Nickosthenes—

"When earth was young, and infant art,
'Neath leafy bower a musing lay,
Upon the happy scene outspread,
Where all of life was bright and gay."

When the song died away Comus informed Keramicos of all that had happened at the scene with the spirit of Edward Pureheart; also of the subsequent interviews with the historian and his inquiries of every detail; then he asked Keramicos what he could add to the fund of knowledge of this people who seemed to realize so fully the blessings they enjoyed through the records of "The Brother," whom they worshipped.

"Ah! Comus, the recollection is painful. My history has been guarded well. It would add nothing beneficial to these people; they have already the results of my accumulated knowledge in my work. In many ways I have guided them. Silence has protected them from recitals that would be disagreeable and useless."

"Can you not gratify the scholar at the museum in perfecting his study of the history of the records?" asked comus.

"From what you tell me, Edward Pureheart has graphically described the actual scenes af his times, and the records have given the account of Peace Col-

ony and its tragic ending. There remains to be told the story of the destruction one century after, just ten years before the arrival of these people from New Zealand. To confess to you, I was one of the parties present, condemned in the absence of all civilization to live with the savages, escaping the catastrophe by taking refuge in the miraculously saved Vault."

"Can you not write an account of the destruction?"

"Yes, I could," replied Keramicos, "but I would rather not have it known that it came from me until after my death."

"Should I father the account and deceive the historian, will you write it?"

"In that case, I will."

The friends separated. In a few days Comus returned and received the following story of the destruction.

Account of the Destruction, By Keramicos.

We have already reached the perils that are engendered by sudden wealth: "a jeunesse doree" and a universal appetite for excitement and for sensual enjoyments, with a dark background where the masses clamor for bread, or threaten to exact their share of the gold that lies on the tables of the game market. In a calm review of history, have we not reason to ask ourselves, what of this second century? Shall our children's children see another centennial commemoration of Washington and the Constitution? I think every thoughtful man must pronounce such a consummation improbable in the extreme.

Bishop A. C. Coxe.

Every civilization that has been overwhelmed by

barbarians has really perished from internal decay.
Progress and Poverty, P. 348.

What has destroyed all previous civilizations has been the conditions produced by the growth of civilization itself.—Ibid, P. 349.

From a point of heavily wooded land two men looked out upon a broad and beautiful bay into which led large rivers. The shores in view were covered by dense, rich foliage that extended back in the country and over the hills as far as the eye could reach. Here and there, were worn spots where the marks of fires were seen, around which were shells, fish bones and the remains of wild animals, indicating the habits of savage life. The surface of the bay was enlivened by a great number of savage looking men who were eagerly engaged in fishing, and the waters gave evidence of the presence of many of the larger species of marine animals that darted and cut the surface with their sharp and powerful fins. Above, the air was alive with myriads of gulls and fishing birds of every description, that circled aloft in graceful lines, or skimmed the surface of the waves, or darted beneath the waters for unsuspecting prey.

The morning sky was filled with light grayish, broken clouds, to which the late spring sun gave a complete edging of silver that delicately relieved against the light blue, and faintly shadowed here and there the waters of the broad bay.

A small island lay to the right, on which were ruins of a monster granite pedestal that recorded the existence of a former civilization, and the dense woods around were musical with sweet voiced song birds.

Evidently the scene was new to these observers, for they looked with strange wonderment around the shores, upon the bay, towards the hills and woods beyond, as though trying to trace the lines that had once been familiar to them; and the life of nature so

abundantly rich on land, sea, and in the air, was not to them without its joy and pleasure.

Suddenly, they were surrounded by a strong band of men, armed with spears and bow-guns, who darted from the thick bushes with savage yells and wielding their arms in a threatening manner; but of whom the two men, who seemed strangers to the place, displayed no sense of fear; for their adversaries, who threataned them with spears uplifted to strike, remained in the striking attitude, without moving for a long time and it was apparent that they had become paralyzed by some mysterious power possessed by the two strangers, which not only astonished the savages but struck them with fear; so that they begged in good plain English for mercy and promised to desist from their aggressive conduct if they were freed from this magic spell. At length the two strangers addressed the war-like band in their own language inquiring for their head man or chief, to which they sullenly replied that, their chief was at his fortress farther in the forest, and that the strangers would be escorted to him; an arrangement to which they readily assented and authoratively bade the band of men to walk in front and proceed to their chief.

At a short distance they emerged from the dense woods of at least fifty years growth and entered a part of the country where the trees were arranged in squares, with straight passages between covered with short, poor grass and weeds. The passages seemed to be of great length, for the eye could not distinguish their termination in the small perspective between the square blocks of heavy tree growth. These avenues, so like streets cut out from primitive nature, were intersected by similar ones with open vistas that revealed the moving, glittering waters of the bay. The sight was unusual. Wild nature with avenues so regular as to suggest a city in the perfection of its plan

and to puzzle the mind in its speculation as to the habits and customs of these savage looking men, who were attired in hairless garments, similar to buckskin and whose accoutrements indicated no knowledge of the arts of civilization whatever.

An old man, one of this band of savages, with a more kindly face than the rest, lagged to the rear and indicated by his looks that he would be communicative, which the strangers recognized and took advantage of by making inquiries about their chief and the character of the country. It was developed that the chief who lived in this region was one of the most powerful in all the country around; his authority extending far up in the direction they were going and to the shores that lay on either side of his territory. No information could be had of ships ever coming to the coast; nor could the old man be made to understand that a large canoe or boat could be made to go out on the great waves. The absence of ships puzzled the two strangers greatly and they discussed between themselves many reasons for it without coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

The band of men, like savages generally, were not talkative; they walked or marched with tolerable regularity along the straight road betweeu the trees which was pretty well worn into paths, as though very frequently used; many spots cut by the rivulets formed by heavy rains revealed stony roads or streets paved in square blocks, covered by soil not over six or eight inches thick, that explained the strange appearance of the place by its once having been an extensive city. The winds had drifted the dust over its streets, and upon the site of the blocks of houses the forest had rooted and grown, burying under leaves and decayed wood every trace of the handywork of the race that once existed here.

The band halted in front of a triangular place

where two avenues diverged that seemed like a huge mound upon which forest trees w re growing. The front had been cleared away and was protected by a stockade, which extended over the mound, forming above a strong, difficultly assailable fortress. This evidently was the home of the chief, who, being notified by one of his guards, came out, with a curious expression on his cruel grey eye, to see what kind of strange men had been presented to him, whose power was greater than his band of bravest men. He stood at the entrance of the stockade without speaking, a massive, brutal looking man not very tall but built heavily about the chest, arms and shoulders, with light hair, sun burnt complexion, square, heavy jaws, strongly arched forehead, short, thick well formed nose, and cold, piercing, greyish blue eyes. He carried in his hand a long hard wood club and a heavy lance spiked with iron sharp and bright. The two strangers did not move or speak, apparently awaiting the first salutation from this savage chief. The band also stood looking at both their chief and the strangers, impressed by the singularity of the event and the uncertainty of the result of the interview with the men who had awed and controlled their wild natures so successfully. At length silence was broken by the chief demanding what they wanted, to which the taller of the strangers replied that they wanted only friendly intercourse and intended no harm, informing him also that they lived far away from his dominions, and had no other interest than to view his beautiful country and make some inquiries about the city that had once existed here. The chief viewed them suspiciously, although they were unarmed, and told them that he could not understand why men should want to interest themselves in things that were of no benefit; that he believed they were spies from some other tribe which he did not know, their

clothing and appearance being different to any people he had ever seen alive; but he knew that such men must exist somewhere, for there were men cut out of stone, and in metal, that looked just like them lying around in the forest in different places, with the same sort of clothes, that led him to believe that such a race of people lived far down the waters where the great waves wash the beach. The erroneousness of the impression as to their being spies, or having any intention or desire to injure him in any way, was insisted on by the two strangers, who claimed his hospitality as two unarmed men seeking only his friendship and such information as he could give, the purpose of which they would explain to him if he would give them the opportunity, at length satisfied him sufficiently to ask them to enter his fortress.

The two men were greatly surprised upon descending a number of steps and entered an immense hall, the roof of which was supported by columns, and lighted by a glass pavement placed over part of the roof, admitting a considerable volume of light to the centre of the hall, that seemed to be mostly occupied by the chief. Seating themselves on square cut stones ranged around the interior, the two strangers began to inform the chief further of the object of their visit to which he listened attentively, then remaining thoughtful for some moments, he raised his head and ordered one of the strong, coarse women who was standing near to go and bring an old man to him. In a short time the friendly looking old savage, who had accompanied the band, appeared, when the two strangers were ordered to explain what they wanted to know. The old man informed the chief that he thought the curious things in the Vault near by would, perhaps, be what they wanted, and asked if he would conduct them to the place. The chief gave his assent and ordered a squad of his men to go and protect the

old man and the two strangers from harm. A short distance westerly brought them to the facade of stone building containing the inscription, "Astor Library." A sloping base of earth and debris lay around the structure, the entire top of which was covered by a mound of earth that formed a perfect roof over a vault-like basement, in which were the remains of pieces of sculpture, mostly busts of learned men of various countries and times in the world's history. The old man led the way through the debris to a well cemented vault in the rear that was dry and in good condition. The top was made of stone, cut in many round openings filled with thick glass well cemented, that admitted the light and the sun's rays, which accounted for the phenomena of dryness of the vault and its perfect preservation. A large flat slab of stone that formed the door had been pried away and broken, so the interior was exposed. Around the walls were a number of small box-like cases formed of a dry hard cement that looked as though it were mixed with paper fibre or some similar imperishable substance. The boxes or cases had all been opened by prying away the small slabs, of the same material that had closed the openings. All the cases were filled with books (except two) composed of some material like paper, but thick and stiff as though it had been made for the purpose of rendering it imperishable. The printing had been done with a pen and ink that had sunk into the material, becoming part of it, and was clear and legible on the pages of the books, although soiled considerably by the savages. These books were all carefully arranged histories of actual times when they were written, and gave clear accounts of the state of affairs in the country at that period, together with the names of those who were prominent in them; and, also, accounts of the causes that led to the events of the times, that ran back into

the history of the world for many centuries, showing that the author was not only acquainted with the histories anh records of the various civilizations that had existed, but also with the sciences, arts and occult studies, that distinguished the profoundly learned of all ages.

Inquiries of the old man developed no trace of how these records came there; nor any traditions that would give a clue to their origin or of the people who once existed there. The few feeble and indistinct statements that he did give only showed how soon all traces of a civilization were lost and forgotten in the active struggle of man for existence in the savage state, that necessarily rendered him indifferent to the intellectual interests of civilized life.

The two cases in the centre opposite the entrance were filled with black plates, exactly like stereotype plates, but nearly an inch in thickness. The letters were sunken, and had evidently been cast from type in this black material, which was of a carbonaceous nature and as little liable to decay as charcoal. These plates were paged and numbered, and could be read like the leaves of a book, a trouble that was unnecessary, for in each case there was a copy of a book that had been printed from the type, on the same kind of paper as the histories in the other cases and apparently with the same imperishable ink.

The book was not large and had evidently been prepared to give a key and explanation for the existence of the histories in the vault and the reason why they were put there.

The two strangers had found the key to the mystery of the ruined city, and eagerly proceeded to read it, before more particularly examining the histories of the other cases. The shorter of the two men took the book and began to read aloud, while the tall man stood listening with his eyes cast upon the ground.

The old savage sat upon the broken slab, and the guard stood around the entrance of the vault or reclined upon the ground, giving curious attention to the account without speaking a word till it was ended.

The book opened with an account of the reason for building the vault, which had been done with great difficulty in troubled times, when men were agitated by matters in which learning played no part. The work of the book, the plates and the vault, was done by an aged scientific scholar assisted by a man named Astor who had great quantities of money secreted, which, in that day, could not be used in trade, or be made known for fear it would be taken away by robbers or plundering chiefs who ruled the country. The money had been cunningly used by the old scientist, who pretended to be a beggar and out of his mind so that his object escaped detection by his fellows; thus enabling him to leave a record of the times, in the hope that some other race of men would benefit by it, and so organize their social life as to escape the horrors of the bad system that had brought upon the people of his times a carnival of horror and death.

An account was also given of how the cement and paper and ink, were made, so as to render them imperishable. Another set of plates was secreted close by which diligent search would discover should the set in the vault be lost. This book was the general account, and referred frequently to the other books for greater detail concerning the various matters affecting society, and the marvelous arts and sciences, of that time. Men had obtained by study and experiment control of some of the most powerful forces of nature and used them to travel from place to place at great speed, and to carry immense quantities of the things they produced thousands of miles at a trifling expense. They had taken most valuable things out of the bowels of the earth which were sent

all over the country for the use of the inhabitants. They had arrangements for conveying what they wanted to say around the earth in less time than it took to say it; and even the sound of the voice could be transmitted to great distances. They could render the night as bright as day; and could go up into the air to great heights and down to the bottom of the waters by the aid of machines. They could with artificial eyes, which they had made, view the distant worlds in space and count their movements. They could foretell the weather and the seasons, and make the sun draw pictures of places and things that could be reproduced to infinity and sent to everyone to show how these things looked without going to see them. They had machines by which they could run rapidly over the great waves of the great seas and carry thousands of tons. They had made strange powders with which rocks could be rent, or the greatest works of nature or man, shattered to pieces. Indeed, the wonderful inventions these people had for their use, were too many to be described here; but were all mentioned in the histories in the vault, and the way each was made, and copies given of the different machines and instruments with which they were done.

After giving a long account to which the savages listened with breathless attention, the author began to describe the reason why all these things were destroyed, by a greedy passion that existed in man himself, a peculiar passion, that haunted every man, woman and child, and kept them in so restless a state that all the benefits they had from such useful machines and appliances, could not be enjoyed; nor did these advantages seem to them of any benefit for good, but rather had the tendency to make this passion stronger and stronger. So the more the passion was gratified the more fierce and absorbing it became;

until the people no longer had any peace, but became its victims; the strongest and most cunning took from the rest by artful means, and by force, until they got everything in the world into their possession, and held it with such fierce grasp, that the larger part of the people had nothing left; when they, in turn, began to strive, with the desperation of despair, to live, by any sacrifice; they sold their virtue, and honor, and goodness, and turned to vices worse than wild beasts to assist them to live.

This wonderful age in material prosperity had been so interesting that the old scholar, who wrote the records of it, said it surpassed all others of which they had any record, and their records extended back many thousands of years; besides having searched the earth, and rocks, and sea, for traces of other people, who had lived and founded many civilizations but none had the perfections of the one of which he left the singular record in the vault in this savage place.

The universal speculative idea had, at this time, taken possession of the people through the advantage given by ownership of money to those who had achieved this species of monopoly, which was commonly called success, had a disastrous effect on the progress of the industrial arts, rapidly producing their decline. It came to be generally believed that laborious training, for any special industrial pursuits, was unnecessary; labor being the occupation of the wage slaves, tainted with meniality and degradation. The indispensable familiarity that comes from an intimate relation with handicraft and mechanical sciences only to be gained in the work-shop, was distasteful because of the toil involved. The association with the wage slaves, whose poverty prevented personal and intellectual polish, naturally drove the

possessors of money to take the most agreeable steps to the increase or maintainance of their wealth. So, by fixing the laws to their advantage, or by putting large sums of money (which they falsely called capital) into an industry, so as to overpower and prevent smaller capitalists, or, even skillful workmen, with their advantages of experience and knowledge, from outstripping them, or by simply educating their sons in colleges and universities, in the scientific theories of the arts, in order to give the supposed equivalent knowledge, to compensate for the disagreeable workshop experience, they finally fully controlled all the skilled industries, operating them according to their imperfect training with a deteriorating effect on the development and progress of skill, and the art became subject to a monopoly scramble among those who had the most money; their subjects, the wage slaves, loosing all their craft by want of encouragement, the proprietors becoming indifferent to all except greed and luxury. The unfortunate industries that had so beautifully developed under the efforts of trained and enthusiastic workmen soon shared the fate of political government, fell into decay and were finally lost altogether.

The few people who got all, did not take it by force at first, but by the aid of a class of men who spent their lives in studying the arts of cunning; men who formed a distinct class apart from the rest of the people and cultivated the art of honied speech to play upon the prejudices, failings, goodness, or weakness, of the people, who were busy with other things, and thus get their confidence so as to deceive and plunder them. These cunning men, in order to better carry on the schemes of bewildering the people, would get up great questions which they would argue up and down the land against each other until they

got the people interested and often fighting with one another. One of these arguments may be mentioned here that was artfully put forward, namely, that "Competition was the law of wages." And while the excitement was on, the rich men who hired the laborers would enact laws to steal the property, or freedom of the people; and as soon as that excitement was over, another was brought forward for this purpose, till finally all was absorbed by the few men who became enormously rich, and had control of all the mighty forces of this wonderful age. Even the earth on which the people stood and from which they had to live, came into the possession of these few rich men; and all had to pay them the entire part of their produce, in various ways, for the privilege of living on the earth. The people were docile and quiet for a long time, suffering even for clothing and food, but the process had been so cunningly planned and executed, little by little, that they became used to it; and the robbery of all the people of the nation was complete, with only here and there a few serious outbreaks. The teachers of morals and religion were also worked into assisting the rich to keep the people quiet by promises of silver, and gold, and diamond crowns, and harps, and wings, and happiness, after they had died in this world, where all misery would be left behind. But, if they rebelled and attempted to take their own from the few whom they felt treated them unjustly, they would, after they died in this world, be punished by fire and torture, and excruciating torments, that would last forever. By these and many other artful means, the cunning men of silver speech managed to plunder the people for a period of forty years, which was the time these wonderful machines and inventions attained their greatest use and wealth producing power.

At the end of this period, the few men who had

become so rich by the aid of the cunning men and the strength of their own powerful abilities, which were applied soley to obtaining riches, began to grow old and feeble, and one by one paid the debt of nature, to which all men must at last succumb. They left a number of descendents behind them who inherited their wealth, but not their abilities; for even the bright minded children had been rendered effeminate by the great luxuries which wealth had brought, and were unable to cope with the desperate people, or grasp the changed conditions their fathers had brought about, which made it difficult, almost impossible for the children of this vast wealth, to maintain themselves securely. It was then that the cunning men of silver speech, whose philosophy was to "get there," as they called it, began to rise to the top; for they had already become wealthy by the share that fell to them for their services to the rich men, and the awful passion for more had come to grow in their breasts to fearful proportions, absorbing every other desire. They began to wreck the weak offspring of the departed rich men, which was soon done, and by the same cunning arts which they practiced on the people, obtained possession of all the wealth the rich men had.

By this time the great mass of the people had become so desperate from being reduced to such straits to exist that the cunning men of silver speech rapidly lost their power to influence their minds. The religious teachers also failed to influence the people, for an entire generation had grown up in such misery and degradation that all sense of the moral or religious idea was obliterated in their minds; so the religious men could no longer promise riches nor misery after death with any effect. The people only scoffed at them, and sometimes killed them for being parties with those who oppressed them.

The cunning men, to make themselves secure, got

together all the worst men they could find; men out of whom every particle of human sympathy had been stamped by the hard struggle for existence. These men were formed into bands to protect the cunning men of silver speech; they were well fed, their passions gratified, and the greatest liberties given them to abuse the people, which they used with unlimited freedom. Increasing dissatisfaction caused the bands to be increased to armies, when the cunning men of the silver speech family began fighting one another, each striving to gratify the growing passion in their breasts to get all that belonged to each other as well as what belonged to the people. When blood was once spilled among themselves there was no possibility of restraining the hardened criminals whom they had brought into their employ; and they fought terrible battles all over the land, that eclipsed the wholesale slaughter of the people, who had revolted many times against the cunning men of silver speech to obtain bread for their families.

Myriads of rough people of alien race and language had been brought into the land to work for smaller and smaller pay for the rich, cunning men; and these too became a part of their armies to quiet the people by killing them; and to fight for the possession of the wealth of each other; until, at last, the shedding of blood became the universal occupation of the land.

In one half of the country the Negro race multiplied rapidly and soon rose to many millions. This ignorant and dependent race suffered greatly by the disorganization of industry and naturally fell under the leadership of chiefs of their own race, who in turn were bribed or hired to join the armies of the lawyer chiefs in the wars upon one another, carrying great masses of the negroes with them. The power of the negro leaders became very great under the favoritism and luxury of the lawyer chiefs, their insolence in-

creasing with this discovery, untill, at last, they demanded the wives and daughters of the lawyer chiefs, which they were obliged to give them to avoid desertion, or insurrection against their rule; their inordinate demands at length caused the murder of many of the lawyer chiefs and the plunder of their vast wealth with which the negroes held high carnival for awhile, and then began to murder one another; famine finishing the bloody crimes that swept all over the unhappy Republic by the death of the remainder by starvation The great machines were broken or decayed and not replaced; and in a few years there were only the chiefs left who were the descendants of the cunning men of silver speech.

West of the Rocky Mountains a large portion of the best and most intelligent people had collected into a community and built themselves a beautiful city, around which they had made fine farms, that were cultivated with the best arts known to man, that in a few years brought happiness and prosperity; where all lived in comfort and enjoyed the benefit of the great machines and perfections of this wonderful age. This community increased and prospered to an extent that had never before been known, and naturally their great wealth and beautifully improved country and city excited the greedy passion of the lawyer chiefs, who had possessed themselves of all the country except this garden spot on the Pacific slope. Many attempts were made by the lawyer chiefs to capture their city and country which were defended with a bravery unknown in the history of the world. The wonderful powders were used by both sides in the attack and defense of Peace County. They were dropped from baloons upon each other, so that many thousands of men were killed and the surface of the country destroyed and rendered unfit for cultivation.

But, at last, by a powerful combination among the chiefs the Community was attacked on all sides and overpowered; men, women and children, put to the sword, and their lovely city of peace sacked by the howling cut-throats of the chiefs' armies, and left a black heap of smouldering ruins. Their General, Edward Pureheart, who defended the city with such bravery and skill, and had so often baffled the invaders, was captured and reserved to be put to death in presence of the chiefs' armies by slow torture, amid the taunts and jeers of the most abandoned set of wretches that ever lived and breathed beneath the stars of heaven.

One of the descendants of a rich man, whose great grandfather had built the Public Library, in the rear of which this vault stands, disguised himself and escaped observation by remaining with me in poverty. A great amount of gold had been concealed when the troubles began, out of which I managed little by little to build the vault and leave these records. The balance of the gold lies buried ten feet deep from the level of the base of this vault, fifty feet from the northeast angle; the angle being twenty degrees from the pole of the North Star.

I am now an old man and the work of the histories is completed; they have been safely placed in the vault which is sufficiently concealed; but after some years the weather will expose the top, so that it may be discovered by some people who may come after us, whom I trust will take a lesson from our misfortunes to establish a better and safer civilization. Should such be the case, I will not have lived in vain; and it is the only hope now left, for we have already fallen into a blood thirsty, savage state and the mighty splendors of the nineteenth century have passed away.

"The Brother."

New York City.

Sealed on the anniversary of Washington's Inaugural, April 29th, in the year, 1912.

The two strangers looked at each other in amazement. "This, then," said the tall man, "is the fate of the noble young man who so kindly conducted us through the city of New York this day one hundred years ago. This, then, is the result of the horrible state of humanity we then witnessed; and the power of monopoly that absorbed all virtue in their luxurious splendors, where all was a master scene of hypocrisy, drunkenness and meanness. In this savage wild which has transplanted that flourishing city, we find the record of the times carefully prepared and left for future ages by a man of the common people, who so interested us at the place of the Inaugural and on the day of the military parade. Alas! my brother, Jefferson, the forebodings I then felt sent a pang through my soul greater than all the sorrows and sufferings I had through the dreary wars for independence; greater than all the anxieties we both suffered to establish equality and the brotherhood of man, during our mortal existence. The absence of ships is thus accounted for. Europe has suffered the same fate as America. And the statement of the orator at the Centennial Inaugural ceremonies, that the 'monarchial governments seeking safety in repression and suppression of opposition and criticism,' and that 'the volcanic forces of Democratic aspiration and Socialistic revolt, were rapidly increasing and threatened peace and security,' was really prophetic."

Turning to the old savage, who began to show signs of superstitious fear, Washington demanded the name of his chief. "Depew Quay," replied the savage. Doubtless a descendant of the popular, wealthy lawyer who figured at the Centennial feast and made the oration at the Sub-Treasury building, who so pompously said, "There are no clouds over-head, no

convulsions under our feet," and "we hail the coming century with hope and joy."

In the presence of the bewildered savages the two sublime men stood awhile locked in each others' arms, their heads bowed upon each others' shoulders in unutterable grief. They then proceeded to the opening in the trees at the end of the avenue where the space was wider and stood in view of the chief, Depew Quay's, fortress, built upon the ruins of the monument to science and art erected by Peter Cooper, whose halls once echoed to the voice of the wizards of the scientific world, and rang with the cheers of the crushed toilers at their anti-poverty meetings; the only hall that was free to all thought and expression of man in the great American Republic.

Where are the thousands of boys, and girls, and men, who were freely educated in the arts and sciences, through the goodness of Peter Cooper? Where are their descendants? In this sacred shrine is the den of the descendant of the mighty men whose master passion was greed. And the progress of the centuries witnesses only the survival of the meanest.

Washington and Jefferson turned their gaze toward the setting sun slowly sinking in a bed of crimson and purple clouds, that stretched far around the horizon, carrying on their edges crispy threads of gold that grew fainter and lost their color in the grey of the distance. Above, the clear vault shaded from emerald to the deep blue of the mid-heaven, and the rich, joyous sunset that enchanted the eyes of highly civilized man, here shown in the same degree of splendor for the dull, leaden eye of the savage. When the Sun had dropped into the horizon and gave its parting smile to the darkening world, the two sublime mortals who had ceased to live in the memories of men, stretched their arms aloft as if invoking some spirit, and from the lips of Washington was heard an agon-

izing cry to the spirit of Destruction, which was no sooner uttered than darkening, tempestuous clouds began to gather overhead accompanied by rumblings in the sky and in the earth. The two men slowly rose in the air, keeping their arms uplifted, and floated away in the direction of the palisades; the terrified savages falling on their faces and groaning with fear.

To the rapidly increasing rumbling, and gathering storm overhead, was added fitful gushes of wind, that became more frequent and fiercer, until the howling tempest swept all before it. Fierce lightning played in the air and crash after crash of thunder came in rapid succession and increasing intensity. The savage chief looked up from the front of his stockade, then retreated trembling with terror inspired by the war of the elements. Great waves rose and fell in the bay and along the rivers sweeping the shores of timber and rocks. The earth heaved and moved, throwing down the remains of the ruins, and a mighty roar underneath opened a fearful chasm the whole length of the island, into which rushed the boiling waters of the bay, sweeping in one mighty surge the life, growth, earth and stones before it; then retreating, carried all that a few moments before had beautified the surface of the land, covering the bay with an ocean of timber and left the island a desolate waste of rocks and chasms. The monumental granite towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, erected by the genius of Roebling, that loomed in solemn grandeur against the evening sky a few moments before, were gone. The granite pedestal of the monster statue of Liberty enlightening the Nations, tottered and fell with the heaving earth, and Bedloe's Island, on which it stood, sank to rise no more.

Manhattan Island presented a scene of desolation that sadly contrasted the blocks of verdure intersect-

ed with grassy streets. "The Brother's" Vault alone remained together with a small tomb that stood beside it, on which was the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of a victim of social injustice, Ooney McGuire" The spirit of Destruction sparing the work of that sublime mortal who, in the slums, or, in the walks of science, had only the good of humanity at heart. The place that but an hour before looked so fresh and beautiful, under the warm light of the setting sun, the charm heightened by the evening song of myriads of birds, was a desert waste. The waters of the bay that danced so merrily with touches of golden light in its shallows, was black, seething and turbulent, with the scum of mud, leaves and timber, covering it as far as the eye could reach, and the work of destruction was complete. The sky now broke a little to the west, revealing the two sublime founders of the former civilization in the air encircled by a band of radiant light; over their heads the bright star of Jupiter shone clearly from a region of pure calm and serene air. Its rays seemed to come and go, as though beckoning them to a home free from the horrors of the planet earth that had always been the abode of the ropacious life of the solar system. The city that had witnessed the regal feast of the Lawyers Club, the banquet of the successor of Washington, the radiant splendors of the Ball of the Century, the mighty spectacle of the Naval, Military and Civic parades, and the glowing tribute to virtue by the millionaire robbers of the people; the stones of whose streets had been pressed by Washington and Jefferson, as well as by the aching bones of the tramp; that had been the cheerless home of the gamin and the street girls; the streets that had been a gold mine for political boodlers for half a century; the streets that were bordered by the saloons, the wealthy gambling dens, the ten cent lodging houses, the offices of money kings,

brokers and penny restaurants; the slums, where dwelt the Chinese, the Italian, the Jew and the degraded American: the streets over which echoed the chimes of old Trinity as they rang out, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow;" the streets tramped by millions of sad, crushed, and hopeless toilers, in despair at the death of their wives and little ones; the streets that had witnessed the toil and sacrifice of the missionary and the reformer, as well as the strut and cant of the religious hypocrite; the streets where was heard the dying curses of the toilers, and the carnival of death under the lawyer chieftains and the toughs, was now no more. The earth rolled on in space, and the metropolis of the American Republic, with the teeming life of man that flourished around its beautiful bay, was obliterated forever.

EXPULSION OF COMUS—CONCLUSION.

Two weeks later an important meeting was held by the General and officers of the City. The sudden death of a number of citizens occasioned this event. Comus had been for some time training the young people for a variety theatrical exhibition representing various classes of the people of nineteenth century times. Under his superior management the young folks had succeeded in rendering with wonderful accuracy both the costumes and characters of that interesting age; acquiring even the manners and speech of merchants, politicians, swells and loafers. The exhibition naturally attracted public attention, and the great hall was filled in every part. The play opened with the squabble of the ecclesiasts, who contended furiously over their various creeds with the spirit of demons, and was followed by the class who distributed the products of the community, called the merchants, or, shop keepers, who lived off the profits of goods. The modes of adulteration, misrepresentation

and cheating, together with the ignorance of the buyers, were so cleverly treated that the absurd system caused violent laughter in the audience, as each new feature grew more and more amusing. Finally, young and old lost entire control of themselves, resulting not only in the stoppage of the play but in the death of several of the audience from laughing. This unlooked for tragic ending of the comedy placed Comus in a sad position with the General and officers whose duty was to care for the welfare of the people. Hence the meeting to consult over the disaster.

No one regretted the affair more deeply than Comus. Fully realizing his position, he was prepared for almost any condemnation. So, when the orders came that he must leave the city and country, it was as mild a punishment as he could reasonably expect. The curse of his unfortunate mimicry had fallen on him again. With a reluctance he had never felt before in quitting either the presence of gods, devils, or men, he departed without even taking farewell of the sublime artist, Keramicos, to go he knew not whither: heaven, hell and earth had banished him; some planet or star must be found for the scene of new exploits, but all in the regret of the moment was unconsidered.

Relieved by the faint light of a few clouds that were blackening as the waning moon receded farther below the horizon, the dark figure of a man wrapped in a long cloak was seen for a moment as he stood gazing towards the sky; the vision was quickly obliterated by the deepening gloom of night that only was left to bid an earthly farewell to the unfortunate mimic, Comus.

THE END.

Nineteenth Century Advertisements.

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Established, 1867. 67 James Street.

LODGINGS for men only. Per night, 10c and 15c; per week, 60c and 90c.

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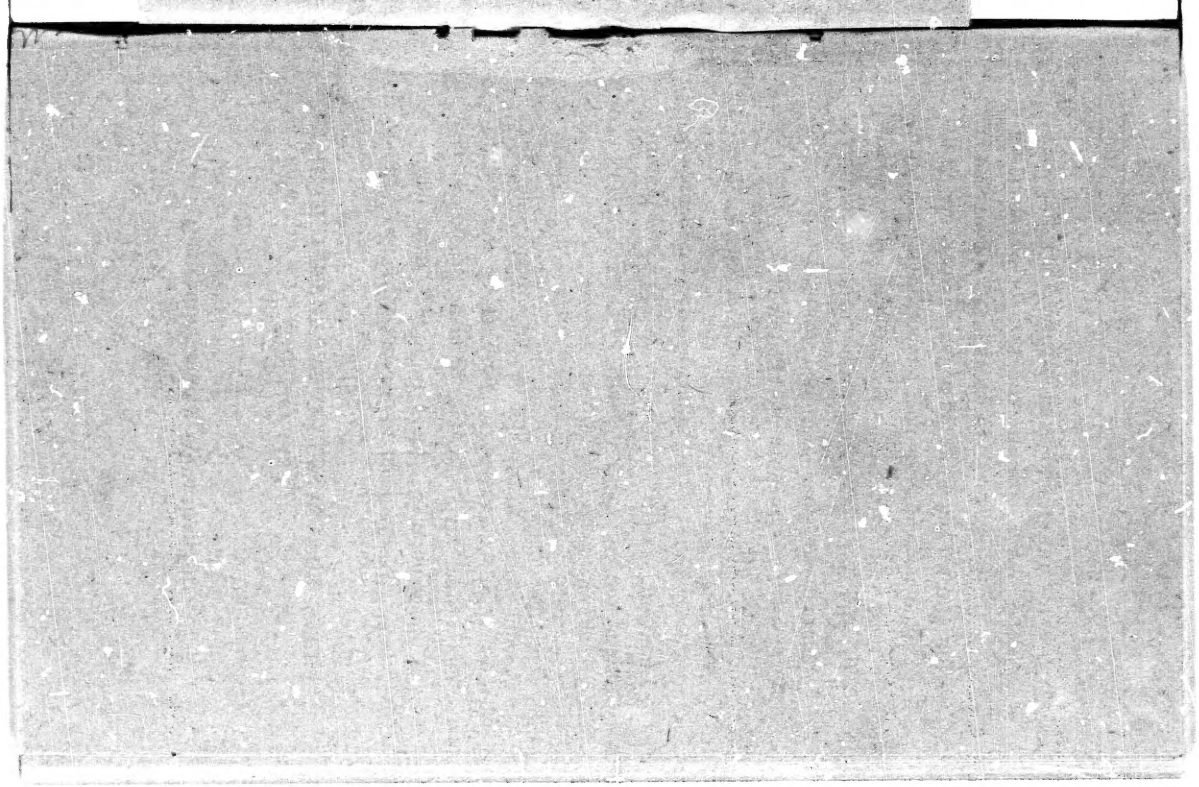

ERRATA.

Page	5,	line	11,	for "wite" read with.
"	54,	"	8,	" "even" " ever.
"	110,	"	1,	in title, coma after "St. Pauls."
"	122,	"	3,	for "knew" read know.
"	143,	"	21,	" "into" read unto.
"	147,	"	11,	" "barbarious" read barbarians.
"	149,	"	14,	" "woman" read women.
"	150,	"	4,	" "although" read altogether.
"	164,	"	2,	" "brightly" read briefly.
"	167,	"	4,	" "species" read spaces.
"	167,	"	16,	" "unconscionable" read unconscious.
"	178,	"	4,	" "chose" read chase.
"	186,	"	12,	" "from" read in.
"	208,	"	2,	" "rising" read kissing.
"	214,	"	12,	" "am" aim.
"	218,	"	15,	" "morning" read moving.
"	219,	"	26,	" "lighted" read lifted.
"	247,	"	22,	" "place" read phase.
"	261,	"	6,	" "America" read Ancona.
"	270,	"	8,	" "on" read in.
"	280,	"	10,	" "family" read finally.
"	284,	"	31,	" "shown" read shone.